THE SAT DAY EVENIN OST

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Volume 203, Number 6

AUGUST 9, 1930

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Beginning **Charlie Chan Carries On—By Earl Derr Biggers**

TRUST
DEL MONTE ASPARAGUS
to make any menu better

And why not? Spears, tender as butter. Grown in the heart of California's rich, water-level deltas—cut just as the tender spears push through the soil—packed with all the care and endless pains you'd expect DEL MONTE to take.

Truly, a feast for a king. And a feast that's ready the minute you want it. A cold vegetable—at home on the hottest day. A cool salad—that's almost made for summer. A dish that you *know* will be good—if you ask for this label you know so well!

OF COURSE DEL MONTE PACKS MORE THAN ONE *SIZE* OF ASPARAGUS

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ask for DEL MONTE Asparagus in the large No. 2½ Square can. Four sizes of spears, graded according to diameter of stalk and plainly marked on the DEL MONTE can as Giant, Colossal, Mammoth and Large. The smaller the size of spears, of course, the more spears to the can.

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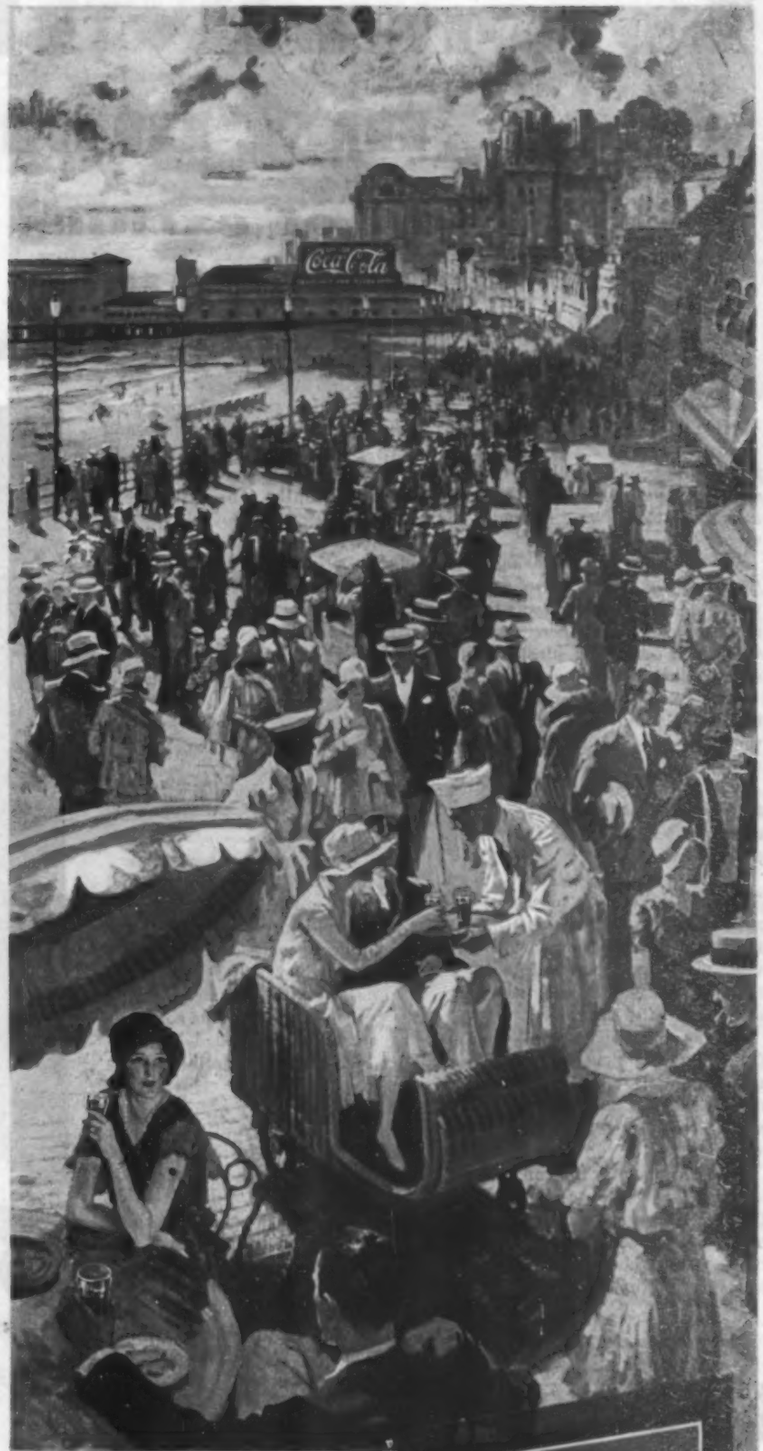
ask for DEL MONTE Asparagus Tips in the No. 1 Square can. Five sizes of tips, graded like long spears and plainly marked on the DEL MONTE can as Colossal, Mammoth, Large, Medium and Small.

THESE ARE TIPS, TOO

—packed, for your added convenience, in the Picnic size DEL MONTE can (9 oz.) in the same five different diameters of tips as in the No. 1 Square can.

Full net weight, in every DEL MONTE can. One quality—and *only* one quality—no matter where you buy.

Of course THE BOARDWALK is trimmed with soda fountains for *the pause that refreshes*



An artist interprets Atlantic City's Boardwalk. Sea air, sunshine and a refreshing pause for ice-cold Coca-Cola keep everybody in a holiday mood.

THE PICTURE shows that this famous playground is a place to walk. Everybody walks. Because you never need walk longer nor farther than you like. All along the way a thousand diversions invite you to pause and be amused. And, of course, such a place is trimmed with soda fountains and refreshment stands where ice-cold Coca-Cola offers *the pause that refreshes* . . . Happily, Coca-Cola signals this same pause clear across the country. Its quick, wholesome refreshment helps you to make play while the sun shines—to keep going places and doing things.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN—Grantland Rice—Famous Sports Champions —Coca-Cola Orchestra—Wed. 10:30 to 11 p.m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time—Coast-to-Coast NBC Network.

9 MILLION A DAY

Drink Coca-Cola Delicious and Refreshing

It had to be good to get where it is

You really should see my morning mail

It's full of exciting stories from girls about their complexions Be sure to read this letter

This letter from a ranch in New Mexico is just one of the dozens of warm, friendly letters I get every day from girls who read these Camay articles of mine. It's so *especially* interesting that I want to read it to all of you.

"If any one ever had a chance to try Camay out it has been I," the writer declares. "For I was raised in the east where there are few winds and only mild sunshine and an abundance of clear, soft water.

"Six years ago I came out here to live. I found high winds, continued sunshine, and alkali water to contend with."

You can imagine what difficulties this brought to a skin that was, my correspondent tells me, the fragile pink-and-white kind.

She tried one soap after the other, "often," she says, "paying high prices for them. But not one seemed to agree with my skin. Someone advised me to quit soap and use only cleansing cream. I tried that, but never felt really *clean*.

"I was almost in despair—when a friend gave me a cake of Camay. I tried it and the results were wonderful. Almost at once my complexion regained its former color and softness.

"I use Camay for my child's bath and my husband uses it too. In fact, no other soap will do since we have used Camay. It lathers so freely in our water. And it has such a lovely perfume. I always tell visitors and newcomers to our town what Camay has done for me and urge them to use it.".

There! *Isn't* that a nice letter?

And actually what this very charming person discovered for herself about Camay and her own complexion is just what 73 of the most eminent dermatologists in America discovered when they examined a chemical analysis of Camay and made careful, scientific tests of Camay's effect on all the various types of complexions.

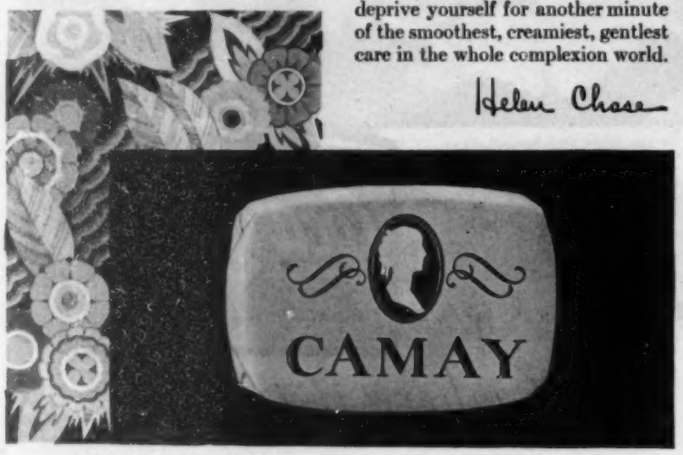
If you remember my earlier Camay articles (and I'm just vain enough to think *maybe* you will!), you'll recall that these physicians who have specialized in skin care and treatment are most enthusiastic in their scientific approval of Camay. They said, in effect, "Camay is gentle and unusually mild. It is the kind of soap we would prescribe for even the most delicate complexions."

Those of you who have made your own discovery that Camay is simply the perfect soap for your complexions are highly pleased, I know, to have such eminent scientific authorities agree with you!

And those of you who have yet to make this important complexion discovery can feel equally important when you join *your* enthusiasm to this scientific approval, the first ever received from such eminent authorities by any soap in all history!

So, if a fragrant Camay cleansing isn't already the most important item in your daily routine, don't deprive yourself for another minute of the smoothest, creamiest, gentlest care in the whole complexion world.

Helen Chase



What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

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CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

CHIEF INSPECTOR DUFF, of Scotland Yard, was walking down Piccadilly in the rain. Faint and far away, beyond St. James's Park, he had just heard Big Ben on the Houses of Parliament strike the hour of ten. It was the night of February 6, 1930. One must keep in mind the clock and the calendar where chief inspectors are concerned, although in this case the items are relatively unimportant. They will never appear as evidence in court.

Though naturally of a serene and even temperament, Inspector Duff was at the moment in a rather restless mood. Only that morning a long and tedious case had come to an end as he sat in court and watched the judge, in his ominous black cap, sentence an insignificant, sullen-looking little man to the scaffold. Well, that was that, Duff had thought. A cowardly murderer, with no conscience, no human feeling whatever. And what a merry chase he had led Scotland Yard before his final capture. But perseverance had won—that, and a bit of the Duff luck. Getting hold of a letter the murderer had written to the woman in Battersea Park Road, seeing at once the double meaning of a harmless little phrase, seizing upon it and holding on until he had the picture complete—that had done it. All over now. What next?

Duff moved on, his ulster wrapped close about him. Water dripped from the brim of his old felt hat. For the past three hours he had been sitting in the Marble Arch Pavilion, a cinema theater, hoping to be taken out of himself. The story had been photographed in the South Seas—palm-fringed shores, blazing skies, eternal sunshine. As it unfolded, Duff had thought of a fellow detective, encountered some years before in San Francisco. A modest chap who followed the profession of man-hunting against such a background. Studied clews where the trade winds whispered in flowering trees and the month was always June. The inspector had smiled at the recollection.

With no definite destination in mind, Duff wandered along down Piccadilly. It was a thoroughfare of memories for him, and now they crowded about him. Up to a short time ago he had been divisional detective inspector at the Vine Street Station, and so in charge of the C. I. D. in this fashionable quarter. The West End had been his hunting preserve. There, looming in dignified splendor through the rain, was the exclusive club where, with a few quiet words, he had taken an absconding banker. A darkened shop front recalled that early morning when he had bent over the Frenchwoman, murdered among her Paris gowns. The white façade of the Berkeley brought memories of a cruel blackmailer seized, dazed and helpless, as he stepped from his bath. A few feet up Dover Street, before the tube station, Duff had whispered a word into a swarthy man's ear and seen his face go white. The debonair killer wanted so badly by the New York police had been at breakfast in his comfortable quarters at the Albany when Duff laid a hand on his shoulder. In Prince's Restaurant, across the way, the inspector had dined every night for two weeks, keeping a careful eye upon a man who thought that evening clothes concealed successfully the sordid secret in his heart. And here in Piccadilly Circus, to which he had now come, he had fought, one memorable midnight, a duel to the death with the diamond robbers of Hatton Garden.

The rain increased, lashing against him with a new fury. He stepped into a doorway and stared at the scene before him. London's quiet and restrained version of a Great White Way. The yellow lights of innumerable electric signs blurred uncertainly in the downpour, little pools of water lay shining in the street. Feeling the need of companionship, Duff skirted the circle and disappeared down a darker thoroughfare. A bare two hundred yards from the lights and the traffic he came upon a grim building with iron bars at the ground-floor windows and a faintly burning lamp before it. In another moment he was mounting the familiar steps of Vine Street Police Station.

"Just Felt Him There, Sir, Breathing Hard in the Quiet Night. I Got the Torch Out and Flashed It On"

She Hesitated. "You're Rather Clever, Aren't You, Inspector?"

Divisional Inspector Hayley, Duff's successor at this important post, was alone in his room. A spare, weary-looking man, his face brightened at sight of an old friend.

"Come in, Duff, my boy," he said. "I was feeling the need of a chat."

"Glad to hear it," Duff answered. He removed the dripping hat, the soggy ulster, and sat down. Through the open door into the next room he noted a group of detectives, each armed with a halfpenny paper. "Rather quiet evening, I take it?"

"Yes, thank heaven," Hayley replied. "We're raiding a night club a bit later—but that sort of thing, as you know, is our chief diversion nowadays. By the way, I see that congratulations are again in order."

"Congratulations?" Duff raised his heavy eyebrows.

"Yes, that Borough case, you know. Special commendation for Inspector Duff from the judge—splendid work, intelligent reasoning—all that sort of thing."

Duff shrugged. "Yes, of course. Thanks, old man." He took out his pipe and began to fill it. "But that's in the past; forgotten tomorrow." He was silent for a moment, then he added: "Odd sort of trade, ours, what?"

Hayley gave him a searching look. "The reaction," he nodded. "Always feel it myself after a hard case. What you need is work, my boy. A new puzzle. No period for reflection between. Now, if you had this post ——"

"I've had it," Duff reminded him.

"So you have—that's true. But before we dismiss the past from our minds—and it's a good plan, I agree with you—mayn't I add my own humble word of praise? Your work on this case should stand as an example ——"

Duff interrupted him. "I had luck," he said. "Don't forget that. As our old chief, Sir Frederic Bruce, always put it—hard work, intelligence and luck, and of these three luck is the greatest by far."

"Ah, yes; poor Sir Frederic," Hayley answered.

"Been thinking about Sir Frederic tonight," Duff continued. "Thinking about him and the Chinese detective who ran down his murderer."

Hayley nodded. "The chap from Hawaii. Sergeant Chan—was that the name?"

"Charlie Chan, yes. But he's an inspector now, in Honolulu."

"You hear from him then?"

"At long intervals, yes." Duff lighted his pipe. "Busy as I am, I've kept up a correspondence. Can't get Charlie out of my mind somehow. I wrote him about a couple of months ago, asking for news of himself."

"And he answered?"

"Yes, the reply came only this morning." Duff took a letter from his pocket. "There are, it appears, no news," he added, smiling.

Hayley leaned back in his chair. "None the less, let's hear the letter," he suggested.

Duff drew two sheets of paper from the envelope and spread them out. For a moment he stared at those lines typed in another police station on the far side of the world. Then, a faint smile still lingering about his lips, he began to read in a voice strangely gentle for a Scotland Yard inspector:

"*Revered and Honorable Friend:* Kindly epistle from you finished long journey with due time elapsed, and brought happy memories of past floating into this despicable mind. What is wealth? Write down list of friends and you have answer. Plenty rich is way I feel when I know you still have space in honorably busy brain for thoughts of most unworthy C. Chan.

"Turning picture over to inspect other side, I do not forget you. Never. Pardon crude remark which I am now about to inscribe, but such suggestion on your part is getting plenty absurd. Words of praise you once heaped upon me linger on in memory, surrounded always by little glow of unseemly pride.

"Coming now to request conveyed in letter regarding the news with me, there are, most sorry to report, none whatever. Water falls from the eaves into the same old holes, which is accurate description of life as I encounter it. Homicides do not abound in Honolulu. The calm man is the happy man, and I offer no hot complaint. Oriental knows that there is a time to fish, and a time to dry the nets.

"But maybe sometimes I get a little anxious because there is so much drying of the nets. Why is that? Can it be that Oriental character is slipping from me, owing to fact I live so many years among restless Americans? No matter. I keep the affair hidden. I pursue not very important duties with uncommunicative face. But it can happen that I sit some nights on *lanai* looking out across sleepy town and suffer strange wish telephone would jangle with important message. Nothing doing, to quote my children, who learn nice English as she is taught in local schools.

"I rejoice that gods have different fate waiting for you. Often I think of you in great city where it is your lot to dwell. Your fine talents are not allowed to lie like stagnant water. Many times the telephone jangles, and you go out on quest. I know in heart that success will always walk smiling at your side. I felt same when I enjoyed great privilege of your society. Chinese, you know, are very psychic people.

"How kind of you to burden great mind with inquiry for my children. Summing up quickly, they number now eleven. I am often reminded of wise man who said: To govern a kingdom is easy; to govern a family is difficult. But I struggle onward. My eldest daughter, Rose, is college student on mainland. When I meet for first time the true cost of American education, I get idea much better to draw line under present list of offspring and total up forever.

"Once more my warmest thanks for plenty amiable letter. Maybe some day we meet again, though appalling miles of land and water between us make thought sound dreamy. Accept, anyhow, this fresh offering of my kind regards. May you have safe walk down every path where duty leads you. Same being wish of Yours, with deep respect,

CHARLIE CHAN."

Duff finished reading and slowly folded the missive. Looking up, he saw Hayley staring at him, incredulous.

"Charming," said the divisional inspector. "But—er—a bit naïve. You don't mean to tell me the man who wrote that letter ran down the murderer of Sir Frederic!"

"Don't be deceived by Charlie's syntax," Duff laughed. "He's a bit deeper than he sounds. Patience, intelligence, hard work—Scotland Yard has no monopoly on these. Inspector Chan happens to be an ornament to our profession, Hayley. Pity he's buried in a place like Honolulu." The palm-fringed shore he had seen at the cinema flitted before his eyes. "Though perhaps, at that, the calm man is the happy man."

"Perhaps," Hayley answered. "But we'll never have a chance to test it, you and I. You're not going, are you?" For Duff had risen.

"Yes, I'll be getting on to my diggings," the chief inspector replied. "I was rather down when I came in, but I feel better now."

"Not married yet, eh?" Hayley inquired.

"Married no end," Duff told him. "Haven't time for anything else. Married to Scotland Yard."

Hayley shook his head.

"That's not enough. But it's no affair of mine." He helped Duff on with his coat. "Here's hoping you won't be long between cases. Not good for you. When the telephone on your desk—what was it Chan said?—when it jangles with an important message, then, my boy, you'll be keen again."

"Water"—Duff shrugged—"dropping from the eaves into the same old holes."

"But you love to hear it drop. You know you do."

"Yes," nodded the chief inspector. "You're quite right. As a matter of fact, I'm not happy unless I do. Good-by, and luck at the night club."

At eight o'clock on the following morning, Inspector Duff walked briskly into his room at Scotland Yard. He was his old cheery self; his cheeks were glowing, a heritage of the days on that Yorkshire farm whence he had come to join the Metropolitan Police. Opening his desk, he ran through a small morning mail. Then he took up his copy of the Telegraph, lighted a good cigar, and began a leisurely perusal of the news.

At 8:15 his telephone jangled suddenly. Duff stopped reading and stared at it. It rang again, sharply, insistently, like a call for help. Duff laid down his paper and picked up the instrument.

"Morning, old chap." It was Hayley's voice. "Just had a bit of news from my sergeant. Sometime during the night a man was murdered at Broome's Hotel."

"At Broome's? You don't mean at Broome's?"

"Sounds like an incredible setting for murder, I know," Hayley replied. "But none the less, it's happened. Murdered in his sleep—an American tourist from Detroit, or some place like that. I thought of you at once—naturally, after our chat last evening. Then, too, this is your old division. No doubt you know your way about in the rarefied atmosphere of Broome's. I've spoken to the superintendent. You'll get your orders in a moment. Hop into a car with a squad and join me at the hotel at your earliest."

Hayley rang off. As he did so Duff's superior came hastily into the room.

"An American murdered in Half Moon Street," he announced. "At Broome's Hotel, I believe. Mr. Hayley has asked for help and suggested you. A good idea. You'll go at once, Mr. Duff."

Duff was already in the doorway, wearing hat and coat. "On my way, sir."

"Good," he heard the superintendent say as he dashed down the stairs.

In another moment he was climbing into a little green car at the curb. Out of nowhere appeared a finger-print expert and a photographer. Silently they joined the party. The green car traveled down the brief length of Derby Street and turned to the right on Whitehall.

The rain of the night before had ceased but the morning was thick with fog. They crept along through an uncertain world, their ears assailed by the constant honking of motor horns, the shrill cries of police whistles. To right and left the street lamps were burning, pale, ineffectual blobs of yellow against a gloomy gray. Somewhere back of the curtain London went about its business as usual.

The scene was in striking contrast with that the inspector had witnessed at the cinema the night before. No blazing sunlight here, no white breakers, no gently nodding palms. But Duff was not thinking of the South Seas. He sat hunched up in the little car, his eyes trying vainly to pierce the mist that covered the road ahead—the road that was to lead him far. He had completely forgotten everything else, including his old friend, Charlie Chan.

Nor was Charlie at that moment thinking of Duff. On the other side of the world this February day had not yet dawned—it was, in fact, the night of the day before. The plump inspector of the Honolulu police was sitting on his *lanai*, serenely indifferent to fate. From that perch on Punchbowl Hill he gazed across the twinkling lights of the town at the curving shore line of Waikiki, gleaming white beneath the tropic moon. He was a calm man, and this was one of the calmest moments of his life.

He had not heard the jangle of the telephone on Inspector Duff's desk at Scotland Yard. No sudden vision of the start of that little green car had flashed before him. Nor did he see, as in a dream, a certain high-ceilinged room in Broome's famous London hotel, and on the bed the forever-motionless figure of an old man, strangled by means of a luggage strap bound tightly about his throat.

Perhaps the Chinese are not so very psychic after all.

II

TO SPEAK of Broome's Hotel in connection with the word "murder" is more or less sacrilege, but, unfortunately, it must be done. This quaint old hostelry has been standing in Half Moon Street for more than a hundred years, and it is strong in tradition, though weak in central heating and running water. Samuel Broome, it is rumored, started with a single house of the residential type. As the enterprise prospered, more were added, until today twelve such houses have been welded into a unit, and Broome's not only has a wide frontage on Half Moon Street but stretches all the way to Clarges Street in the rear, where there is a second entrance.

The various residences have been joined in haphazard fashion, and a guest who walks the corridors of the upper floors finds himself in a sort of mystic maze. Here he mounts three steps, there he descends two more, he turns the most eccentric corners, doors and archways bob up before him where he least expects them. It is a bit hard on the servants who carry coals for the open fires, and hot water in old-fashioned cans for the guests who have not been able to secure one of the rare bathrooms, installed as a half-hearted afterthought.

But do not think that because it lacks in modern comforts a suite at Broome's is easily secured. To be admitted to this hotel is an accolade, and in the London season an impossible feat for an outsider. Then it is filled to overflowing with good old county families, famous statesmen and writers, a sprinkling of nobility. Once it accommodated an exiled king, but his social connections were admirable. Out of the season, Broome's has of late years let down the bars. Even Americans have been admitted. And now, this foggy February morning, one of them had got himself murdered abovestairs. It was all very distressing.

Duff came through the Half Moon Street entrance into the dim, hushed interior. He felt as though he had stepped inside a cathedral. Taking off his hat, he stood as one awaiting the first notes of an organ. The pink-coated servants, however, who were flitting noiselessly about, rather upset this illusion. No one would ever mistake them for choir boys. Almost without exception they seemed to date back to the days when Samuel Broome had only one house to his name. Old men who had grown gray at Broome's, thin old men, fat old men, most of them wearing spectacles. Men with the aura of the past about them.

A servant with the bearing of a prime minister rose from his chair behind the porter's desk and moved ponderously toward the inspector.

(Continued on Page 71)

"I'm Pamela Potter. I Presume You're From Scotland Yard"

MY WAR DIARY—By Benito Mussolini

17TH SEPTEMBER, 1915.

DEPARTURE. We are to be posted to the 11th, which is on the chain of Monte Nero. A medical sublieutenant of Rovigo, who is on the local headquarters, wishes to make my acquaintance and greet me. He offers me an excellent cup of coffee. We fall in. Lieutenant Izzo gives us a little advice. He says that at a certain point on the road we shall be within range of the enemy guns.

PHOTO SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC.

Benito Mussolini as a Corporal of the Bersaglieri, in 1915

"Don't let me see any stragglers."

The battalion does not seem to be much concerned. An iron class, the '84!

The morale is better than ever. The silly talk, which was rare before, is no longer to be heard at all. Spirits are high. A gunner of Corticella—a certain Mengoli—accompanies me for a bit of the way.

We pass through the encampment of the transport and the Alpini. The Bolognese gunner from time to time goes on in front of me to announce my arrival to groups of his friends. Many of them salute me heartily. Good luck! We cross the Isonzo. At Magozo—a little Slovene village where there are only two old women left, who feed upon the soldiers' rations—we meet a column of prisoners. We surround them. There are forty-six of them. An entire platoon, with a cadet officer and a noncommissioned officer. Their equipment is good. They are sitting on the ground in two ranks. Many of them are smoking. They have a satisfied air, especially the veterans. But the cadet officer who stands behind the rest is nervous. He bites his lips. He can hardly hold back his tears. Corporal Tafuri says to him: "Don't be afraid, you will be well treated in Italy."

"Glauben Sie?"—"Do you think so?"—the cadet asks doubtfully.

He is young—not yet twenty years old.

A Bersagliere of the escort tells me how they were captured. In front of the positions of the 33d Battalion of the 11th Bersaglieri there was a trench of formidable aspect. Last night the advance was ordered. A squad of Bersaglieri pushed forward unobserved right up to the wire and let off a tube of high explosive, following this by a furious assault with the bayonet. The Austrians were not expecting it and succeeded in firing only a few rounds. They held up their hands and surrendered.

"Good Italian, respect prisoners!"

We resume our march. We have to reach Hill 1270. We are on the mule track which leads to Monte Nero. We meet some wounded. Some lightly, who are smoking and smiling, others more seriously. One of these has his face covered by a newspaper. Underneath it one sees his face swollen and bloodstained. Two wounded Austrians—one slightly wounded, another more seriously; it looks as though his arms were broken. They are shown the way to the hospital section of the Sanitary Corps of Magozo. Enormously long columns of transport. Without mules the warfare in the mountains would not be possible. The most weary among us load their packs onto the mules.

Toward evening we come to the zone that is under the fire of the Austrian artillery. The shells whistle through the air with their characteristic hiss. They are alarming. Some of the Bersaglieri are rather upset. I, who am marching at the end of the column, encourage those who are near me.

When the first and understandable emotion has passed, the fatiguing march with fully loaded packs is resumed under the somewhat accelerated fire of the enemy artillery.

A shell bursts near a column of mules, but causes no casualties. Another falls and bursts in proximity to a group of Bersaglieri, sending up a whirlwind of splinters.

One Bersagliere cries out that he is wounded. He has had his collar bone broken. Another shell bursts near another group, in which I am myself. It breaks several large branches off a tree. We are covered with leaves and earth. Nobody wounded. The Austrians are shooting at random. It is growing dark when we reach the headquarters. We are awaited by a sergeant major. We have been marching for twelve hours. There have been no stragglers. And these are soldiers from the districts of Cremona, Rovigo, Ferrara and Mantua, who were born and bred on the lowest-lying plains of Italy. The ancient yet always young Italic stock! A Bersagliere from Mantua comes up to me and says:

"Signor Mussolini, since we have seen that you have a great deal of spirit"—he meant courage—"and guided us on our march under shell fire, we should like to be commanded by you." *Sancta simplicitas!*

We are numbered and divided up among the three battalions of the 11th Bersaglieri.

It is the hour of parting. Lieutenant Izzo, who is returning to Brescia with the excellent Corporal Biagio Biagi, from Cento, bids us good-by. We who have been assigned to the 33d Battalion resume our march in Indian file. It is ten o'clock. Beneath a flank of the mountain the cooking pots of the field kitchens are smoking. They are preparing rations. Rather scanty, but excellent. Macaroni, broth, a bit of meat. But many thirsty men in vain ask for water. We stretch ourselves out among the bowlders in the open air. It is not cold. A starry night and full moon.

Silence. A marvelous spectacle. We are on the heights! We are on the heights! Already baptized by gunfire. So ends the first day of war!

SATURDAY, 18TH SEPTEMBER.

This morning they divided us among the three companies of the battalion. It was a long business. Some of the corporals and sergeants helped us to pass the time by telling us some of the glorious feats of the 11th Bersaglieri during the first months of the war.

I am posted to the 8th Company. With me are Buscema, Morani and Tafuri. Toward evening we move off to go to our position. Instead of going by the mule track, we make an almost vertical climb up the mountainside. We have to get to Hill 1870. A fair altitude, you perceive. The climb shortens the way by at least three hours. But it is fatiguing—all the more since we have no mountain sticks and are carrying our packs. The men on the connecting posts showed us the way. Nobody lagged behind, but it was late at night before we arrived.

At ten o'clock the action began. There is the dry, sharp pam of the Italian rifles. The Austrian rifles hasten to return their ta-pum. The motorcycles of death begin to gallop. Their ta-ta-ta-ta has a fantastic velocity. Six hundred rounds a minute. The hand grenades rend the air. After midnight the firing is of an infernal intensity. Luminous rockets furrow the sky uninterruptedly, while there is desperate firing all along the line. Showers of bullets whistle over our heads. Cries of "Lie down! Lie down!"

I have to get up to yield my place to a wounded man whose arms are dreadfully damaged by the bursting of a bomb. He asks me for water in a pitiful voice, but the stretcher bearer asks me not to give him any. I cover the wounded man with my woolen blanket. It is cold. Just after midnight a formidable explosion makes us leap to our feet. An Austrian mine has blown up a part of the hilltop occupied by a platoon of the 8th Company. The stormy sky is cloven by a huge flash and an immense roar fills

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS

Italian Infantry Advancing Across a Stream Under Rifle Fire

Italian Cavaliers in a Front-Line Trench

the valley. Other slightly wounded men go by, who are going, without help, to the dressing station. The rifle fire diminishes. Toward dawn it stops. The first night of life in the trenches has been full of incident and excitement. Early in the morning our guns plaster the enemy positions with projectiles. Then even the guns are silent. There is mist in the valley. On the hilltop where we are, the sun is shining. In the encampment, the complete and thoughtful silence of soldiers on the morrow of a battle.

19TH SEPTEMBER.

I have observed with pleasure and with joy that the most cordial *camaraderie* reigns between officers and men. The life of continual risks binds hearts together. The officers seem to be brothers rather than superiors. That is fine! All the disciplinary formalism of barracks is done away with. Even uniform is almost done away with. It is forbidden, even in the shelters, to wear the fez cap. The traditional plume in the hat is done away with. We wear woolen caps instead, which the men æsthetically decorate with a star. One can speak to an officer without having to stand stiffly to attention. It is difficult in the mountains to stand stiffly to attention.

With such officers, those who talk of a strengthening of militarism with the inevitable victory of Italy are simply amusing themselves in following delusions. The made-in-Germany militarism has struck no root in Italy. Besides, this war, waged by peoples and not by armies out of barracks, marks the end of professional or caste militarism.

The vast majority of Italian officers came, on mobilization, from civil life. The whole of the junior officers consist of temporary lieutenants and sublieutenants who fight and die like gallant men.

Some of the officers want to make my acquaintance. There is a sublieutenant, Lohengrin Giraud. Young and brave. Recommended for the silver medal for military valor.

"I should like to have you in the 7th Company," Giraud says to me.

Lieutenant Cauda, of the Carabinieri, has come to fight as a volunteer. He is a Sardinian. Exceptional courage and coolness. He speaks slowly, like an Englishman. Lieutenant Corbelli, a Romagnole, from Russi.

A voice: "Is Bersagliere Mussolini here?"

"Here I am."

"Come and let me embrace you."

And we embrace. It is Captain Festa, of the 10th Company of the 157th Infantry, who are occupying our positions.

"Your journalistic campaign for intervention honors you and Italian journalism," he adds, in the presence of the Bersaglieri scattered about in the shelters.

"This is a terrible war, my dear Mussolini. We have in front of us barbarians who are up to every trick of war. But"—and here he turned toward the others—"have courage and, above all, the religion of duty!"

He goes away. He is a short, sturdy, bearded man. He wears spectacles. His men speak of him with veneration.

My company is ordered to the advanced posts, on guard.

Sunset. Corporal Claudio Tommei, a Roman, offers me a mountain cloak and a copy of the Rugantino. Many thanks. When, in Italy, people spoke of the trenches, their thoughts ran to the English trenches, dug out of the low plains of Flanders and supplied with every comfort, not excluding—so it is said—central heating. But our trenches here, nearly two thousand meters above the level of the sea, are very different. They are nothing but holes hollowed out among the rocks, or shelters exposed to all inclemencies of the weather. Everything is provisional and fragile.

It is truly a war of giants which the splendid soldiers of Italy are waging. It is not fortresses that we have to take by storm, we have to storm mountains. Here the rock bowlder is a weapon, and as deadly as a gun!

The evening wind brings up on high the cold and the reek of the forgotten corpses.

A clear night, starlit.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS

Italian Sharpshooters at Top of Monte Nero

ITALIAN OFFICIAL PHOTO., FROM BROWN BROTHERS

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Alpine Fighters Using Rope and Axes to Reach the Top of Snow-Covered Mountains. Above—Barracks on the Face of a Precipice

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS

Overlooking a Town Held by Austrian Soldiers

20TH SEPTEMBER.

Day has hardly broken when the captain calls me. I go with him to the most advanced trench. Sheltered by two sandbags full of earth, I can observe the contested ground with a relative tranquillity. It is a space of about one hundred and fifty square yards; not more. The hummock has lost its special features. It has been flattened and leveled by bombs and mines. Smashed bowlders, large stakes, barbed wire, tatters of uniforms, packs, water bottles—signs of the storm. The Austrians are hardly thirty yards away from us. They do not show themselves. There is no joking with our machine guns. The man who shows himself is struck down at once.

A Sicilian of great courage, a certain Failla, is standing outside the trench and throwing bombs. At one moment he has no more. Corporal Morani volunteers to take him some. He has hardly reached him when an Austrian bomb falls close to him. For a moment I lose sight of him. Great anxiety. But see, he gets up again and comes running toward us. He falls into my arms. He is only wounded. His face is filthy with dust and blood. His wounds are in the leg. He asks me to accompany him to the dressing station. We carry him on a stretcher; the stretcher bearers, Greco and I. Morani is calm and tranquil. Not a cry, not a groan. A true soldier's bearing. The medical lieutenant gives him a first summary dressing and assures me that the wounds are not very serious. We embrace. Morani is carried away on the stretcher; I return to my post. A written order arrives: "Bersagliere Mussolini is to report himself, with arms, to the headquarters of the regiment."

I put on my pack. An hour's march. The headquarters is stationed in a rough and modest wooden hut.

"First of all," the colonel says to me, "I have great pleasure in shaking your hand and I am glad to have you in my regiment; and then, I should like you to undertake a certain task for me. I should like you to stop here with me. You would still be in the front line with me, and exposed to

(Continued on Page 34)

The Champion From Far Away

How He Sang to Her, Danced and Bellowed Around Her

By BEN HECHT

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I AM very fond of this story. Not because it's any good, necessarily, but because Vanya Kovelenko is my favorite hero. And Vanya's friend, Gaspodin Charash, is my favorite villain.

Whenever I get confused from reading too many books, or depressed by the return of an old insolvency trouble, or merely bored by the innocent reiterations of existence—in short, about once every month, I look up Mr. Kovelenko—which must be done around three A.M.—and we sit down and discuss.

And listening to Mr. Kovelenko's slow and faltering saga filtering through as humpty-dumpty an accent as was ever brewed in the melting pot, a deep, philosophical calm takes hold of me. The hula-hula canyons of new Babylon, the electric hemorrhage of its Broadway, the fizz and pop of its nightmarish windows and Aladdinish geometries—these become phenomena of small import. Which is because my hero—for me, at least—is a creature of such dignity, mood and humor, of such Homeric troubles and earthy smell as restores man to his lordship of the universe and reduces his handiwork, from the Battery to the Bronx, to a sort of mechanical little toy.

As for Gaspodin Charash—him I have never seen. I have only my friend Vanya's word that he exists at all. But the Charash cannot be doubted. He is as inevitable as the wolf in Little Red Riding Hood or the strange gentleman in red tights who is known to have conferred with Doctor Faustus.

I will begin long ago, skipping, however, many vital but unrelated incidents in Mr. Kovelenko's saga, and introduce you to my hero under the most conventionally heroic of circumstances—to wit, in battle.

Perhaps you will remember that famous German victory over the Russians in the Tannenberg marshes in 1915, when a hundred thousand Germans fought a million Muscovites and slew half of them. My friend Vanya was there, standing for three days knee-deep in mud, unarmed, as were 75 per cent of his comrades; for, owing to a certain confusion inherent in the Slavic character, only one gun for every four men had found its way to this battle front. Vanya was there, feeling a trifle conspicuous in this carnage; for, despite his having settled a good foot in the soft ground, he still loomed over the heads of his fellow targets. At this time Vanya was twenty-three years old, weighed two hundred and thirty-five pounds and stood six feet three inches in his stockings.

For three days Vanya remained motionless in this shooting gallery, nibbling on a loaf of ironlike black bread, slapping his large hands against his sides to keep them from freezing off, and blinking with his pale, deep-set eyes at the witches' Sabbath in front of him. On the third morning most of Vanya's fellow targets were down, but our hero still stood munching on his bread and facing westward, as he had been ordered.

He was rewarded for his long vigil by the sudden appearance of an enemy. The curtain of fire and shell broke, the ear-splitting din subsided, and streaming across the well-churned marshes Vanya beheld the myriads of hell, all dressed in gray and heading for him.

A slight doubt as to his ability to stem this tide that was rushing forward to lay low his country, the beloved village of Shuvarov included, must have crossed Vanya's mind. However, it in no way deterred him. He felt cramped from three days' inaction, and not quite at his best. His head, too, was aching and his stomach—ah, what a stomach my hero has—grinding with a hunger which ordinarily would have brought tears to his eyes. Nevertheless, he did his best. He broke four Prussian heads, choked a lieutenant to death, kicked three jaws loose and bit off as many ears as came his way. Given firmer ground and a few minutes in which to recover his breath, Vanya might have turned the tide of victory—at least so it must have seemed to the wearied Uhlans who had flushed this snorting dinosaur in their drive across the marshes.

However, Vanya fell to earth, lay for a space staring up at a rain of boots, bayonets and rifle butts, and then closed his eyes. When he opened them again the day had gone. He was lying on his back with a sheet over him, to distinguish him from the living. It was dark. Figures moved around him. Pulling the sheet below his eyes, he counted them. Only six, and six were child's play for Vanya, provided his arms were still working and his legs stood up.

God was good, for Vanya found himself, except for a few sore places, still all in one piece and able to rise. So rise he did, and a monstrous-looking figure he must have been, bloodied and caked with mud as he resumed the battle of the Tannenberg marshes where he had left off. Two more Prussian heads ceased to dream of victory, and Vanya galloped into the night. During the darkness he walked, crawled and dragged himself through the bloody marshes in which his comrades lay embedded as richly as raisins in an Easter cake. He circled and doubled on his tracks, but continued to head always eastward. The day found him still moving, albeit he was hungry enough to eat his shoes, and toward dusk he smelled, as he put it, the ranks of his comrades.

A sentinel spied him, and here the incidents grow vague in Vanya's memory. He recalls some talk of his being a deserter, and the anger of some officers and, on the whole, a great deal of confusion, during which someone removed his coat and shirt and treated him to a hundred lashes—which had something to do with discipline, as far as Vanya could make out.

But whatever happened was of no great importance, for a week later, Vanya, this time with an empty pistol in his hand—through an oversight his company had been given

no bullets—was again playing target and facing the west, as had been ordered.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen found my hero very little changed. He has, in fact, a peculiarly personal memory of these years of disaster; for it is his hunger rather than the Prussians and all their hellish antics that he remembers.

"Oh, I was 'ongry!" says Vanya, and recites a list of battles as if they were no more than fast days; recalls a series of campaigns that bled a dynasty to death as a time of dreadfully restricted diet.

"Before the war," says Vanya, "I eat five, seex times evr-ra day. I need lots food, or I get seeck. The war come. No food. I am seeck all the time. I eat graas, I eat trees, I eat mud. Oh, I was verr' glad when the war finich. But no, eet ees worse. Mooch."

Worse it was, for Vanya's troubles began in earnest after Brest-Litovsk and the Bolsheviki. At first there was high talk and heroic singing as the proletarian sun burst over that bloody horizon. And Vanya reared his six feet three in the camp and sang of Bashkiria, whose women were plump and whose skies rained kumiss milk.

For two weeks, my hero, as far as I can make out from his modest confessions, inherited the earth indeed, drank vodka till his neck was bursting, pillaged and plundered, fell off bridges and slept upside down in mudholes. Altogether an epic fortnight, which the world watched holding its breath, and which Vanya Kovelenko dimly mistook for a high-class wedding in Shuvarov.

But all this passed and famine again descended on Vanya. With ringing head and shrinking stomach, the marching began again. Back to Moscow with plenty of bullets in his pockets; for it was Russians he was now ordered to shoot, Russians who had a monopoly on the food supply—which was Vanya's simple idea of the revolution, and at first an inspiring one—and from Moscow to Petrograd, and from Petrograd through mountains of ice into Siberia—so my hero fared. But shooting Russians—even fat and noble ones—brought no more filling into Vanya's stomach than making faces at the Prussians had done.

And here the revolution began to lose some of its charm for Vanya. Twice he was arrested and beaten into unconsciousness for raids on the commissar provision depots, and once, overheard mumbling about the prewar glories of Shuvarov in Bashkiria, where you could get a gallon of kumiss for two kopecks and where there were whole cows to eat, he was shipped back to Petrograd as a Czarist.

And here there were more beatings and less victuals than ever. And there was such talk and yelling as kept Vanya dizzy from morning to night; there was a confusion for which he would gladly have exchanged the Tannenberg marshes. It seems that Vanya had only to open his mouth in some simple, heartfelt comment on the food situation and he was at once set upon by crazy men, gabbled at, beaten and threatened with death.

Vanya still marvels at how he ever kept body and soul together during the two years he was a Red menace. He still marvels, too, over the way he was being continually rushed into the streets to shoot at people; sometimes in the middle of the night, when he was just forgetting his hunger in a God-given hour of sleep. And over the way he was captured five times by the enemy—whoever they were—and gabbled at all over again, and enrolled in a new cause and kissed on both cheeks and called "brother" and shoved behind new barricades. It was impossible, says Vanya, to tell what was going on, everything got so mixed up, everybody going crazy if you so much as contradicted a sneeze, and brother beating brother over the head with vodka kegs, even during moments of relaxation. In short, it was something, says Vanya, which cannot be described or even imagined.

However, in 1919 Vanya belonged to some sort of Group concerning which he is rather vague. He remembers that this Group used to invade restaurants and throw people out of windows; and that sometimes it would hold meetings on the highway and wait for the peasants to come driving their produce wagons to town. This Group had some sort of name, and for a time Vanya had high hopes it would bring back those first happy days of the revolution and free Mother Russia of all the elaborate and complicated troubles that were slowly making life impossible—at least for Vanya.

But no. Various other Groups, including the police, combined against Vanya and his comrades, harried them up and down alleys, and finally, after a disastrous battle, in which Vanya personally covered himself with glory—he was even mentioned in the enemy dispatches, printed that night in the newspapers, as the dangerous Hooligan Giant—scattered and drove them out of town.

And here Vanya's troubles assume a classic outline. With Mitka and Chizhik, two surviving members of his Group who were soon to perish—not of hunger, says Vanya, for if anybody could die of such a thing as hunger he himself would have been dead a thousand times, but of grief, for Mitka and Chizhik were men with souls—with these two soulful comrades, my hero, in answer to some primordial urge, endeavored to fight his way out of an absurd and civilized world.

He recalls such days of famine in this adventure as still make his eyes roll with terror; days when there were no houses to pillage, nights when there were no farms to raid; in fact, not a sight or smell of food from one end of the world to the other. Nevertheless, moving steadily northward and eastward, and hardly speaking to one another, these three Muscovite giants—for Mitka and Chizhik were men of stature—clawed their way toward the arctic regions. This whole passage is dim in my hero's mind, quite as if it were someone else who had made this pilgrimage into the north. But his memory brightens with their arrival at the Pechora River, which is the leading river in Archangelsk, says Vanya, but in no way, either for depth, beauty or comfort, to be compared to the Bugurusian that flows in Bashkiria.

Arrived at the Pechora and alarmed by the condition of his two friends, who were so done in by this half year of sorties, murders, skirmishes, pitched battles and forced marches that they could barely drag one foot after the other, Vanya built a large raft, and the trio lay themselves wearily down thereon and were borne slowly toward the northern seas. Occasionally they anchored in the shadows of some sleeping village and Vanya, half frozen though he was, fighting his way in and out of the market place, would return to share his spoils with his companions.

Tragedy, however, overtook the raft. Mitka died in a snowstorm, begging Vanya to play him some music on a fife which he fancied his friend was hiding from him, and Vanya, howling with grief, rolled him into the river. And a week later, Chizhik, the giant, began babbling like a child

(Continued on Page 40)

Moving Steadily Northward and Eastward, and Hardly Speaking to One Another, These Three Muscovite Giants Clawed Their Way Toward the Arctic Regions

THE BRIDAL

THERE was the usual insincere little note saying: "I wanted you to be the first to know." It was a double shock to Michael, announcing, as it did, both the engagement and the imminent marriage; which, moreover, was to be held, not in New York, decently and far away, but here in Paris under his very nose, if that could be said to extend over the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity, Avenue George Cinq. The date was two weeks off, early in June.

At first Michael was afraid and his stomach felt hollow. When he left the hotel that morning, the *femme de chambre*, who was in love with his fine, sharp profile and his pleasant buoyancy, scented the hard abstraction that had settled over him. He walked in a daze to his bank, he bought a detective story at Smith's on the Rue de Rivoli, he sympathetically stared for a while at a faded panorama of the battlefields in a tourist-office window and cursed a Greek tout who followed him with a half-displayed packet of innocuous post cards warranted to be very dirty indeed.

But the fear stayed with him, and after a while he recognized it as the fear that now he would never be happy. He had met Caroline Dandy when she was seventeen, possessed her young heart all through her first season in New York, and then lost her, slowly, tragically, uselessly, because he had no money and could make no money; because, with all the energy and good will in the world, he could not find himself; because, loving him still, Caroline had lost faith and begun to see him as something pathetic, futile and shabby, outside the great, shining stream of life toward which she was inevitably drawn.

Since his only support was that she loved him, he leaned weakly on that; the support broke, but still he held on to it and was carried out to sea and washed up on the French coast with its broken pieces still in his hands. He carried them around with him in the form of photographs and packets of correspondence and a liking for a maudlin popular song called Among My Souvenirs. He kept clear of other girls, as if Caroline would somehow know it and reciprocate with a faithful heart. Her note informed him that he had lost her forever.

It was a fine morning. In front of the shops in the Rue de Castiglione, proprietors and patrons were on the sidewalk gazing upward, for the Graf Zeppelin, shining and glorious, symbol of escape and destruction—of escape, if necessary, through destruction—glided in the Paris sky. He heard a woman say in French that it would not her astonish if that commenced to let fall the bombs. Then he heard another voice, full of husky laughter, and the void in his stomach froze. Jerking about, he was face to face with Caroline Dandy and her fiancé.

"Why, Michael! Why, we were wondering where you were. I asked at the Guaranty Trust, and Morgan and Company, and finally sent a note to the National City ——"

Why didn't they back away? Why didn't they back right up, walking backward down the Rue de Castiglione, across the Rue de Rivoli, through the Tuileries Gardens, still walking backward as fast as they could till they grew vague and faded out across the river?

"This is Hamilton Rutherford, my fiancé."

"We've met before."

"At Pat's, wasn't it?"

"And last spring in the Ritz Bar."

"Michael, where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Around here." This agony. Previews of Hamilton Rutherford flashed before his eyes—a quick series of pictures, sentences. He remembered hearing that he had bought a seat in 1920 for a hundred and twenty-five thousand of borrowed money, and just before the break sold it for more than half a million. Not handsome like Michael, but vitally attractive, confident, authoritative, just the right height over Caroline there—Michael had always been too short for Caroline when they danced.

Rutherford was saying: "No, I'd like it very much if you'd come to the bachelor dinner. I'm taking the Ritz Bar from nine o'clock on. Then right after the wedding there'll be a reception and breakfast at the Hotel George Cinq."

"And, Michael, George Packman is giving a party day after tomorrow at Chez Victor, and I want you to be sure and come. And also to tea Friday at Jebby West's; she'd want to have you if she knew where you were. What's your hotel, so we can send you an invitation? You see, the reason we decided to have it over here is because mother has been sick in a nursing home here and the whole clan is in Paris. Then Hamilton's mother's being here too ——"

The entire clan; they had always hated him, except her mother; always discouraged his courtship. What a little counter he was in this game of families and money! Under his hat his brow sweated with the humiliation of the fact that for all his misery he was worth just exactly so many invitations. Frantically he began to mumble something about going away.

Then it happened—Caroline saw deep into him, and Michael knew that she saw. She saw through to his profound woundedness, and something quivered inside her, died out along the curve of her mouth and in her eyes. He had moved her. All the unforgettable impulses of first love had surged up once more; their hearts had in some way touched across two feet of Paris sunlight. She took her fiancé's arm suddenly, as if to steady herself with the feel of it.

They parted. Michael walked quickly for a minute; then he stopped, pretending to look in a window, and saw them farther up the street, walking fast into the Place Vendôme, people with much to do.

He had things to do also—he had to get his laundry.

"Nothing will ever be the same again," he said to himself. "She will never be happy in her marriage and I will never be happy at all any more."

The two vivid years of his love for Caroline moved back around him like years in Einstein's physics. Intolerable memories arose—of rides in the Long Island moonlight; of a happy time at Lake Placid with her cheeks so cold there, but warm just underneath the surface; of a despairing afternoon in a little café on Forty-eighth Street in the last sad months when their marriage had come to seem impossible.

"Come in," he said aloud.

The concierge with a telegram; brusque because Mr. Curly's clothes were a little shabby. Mr. Curly gave few tips; Mr. Curly was obviously a *petit client*.

Michael read the telegram.

"An answer?" the concierge asked.

"No," said Michael, and then, on an impulse: "Look."

"Too bad—too bad," said the concierge. "Your grandfather is dead."

"Not too bad," said Michael. "It means that I come into a quarter of a million dollars."

Too late by a single month; after the first flush of the news his misery was deeper than ever. Lying awake in bed that night, he listened endlessly to the long caravan of a circus moving through the street from one Paris fair to another.

When the last van had rumbled out of hearing and the corners of the furniture were pastel blue with the dawn, he was still thinking of the look in Caroline's eyes that morning—the look that seemed to say: "Oh, why couldn't you have done something about it? Why couldn't you have been stronger, made me marry you? Don't you see how sad I am?"

Michael's fists clenched.

The Procession, Headed by the Bride and Groom, Started Down the

PARTY

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

Aisle. . . . Michael Managed to Murmur, "Beautiful, Simply Beautiful"

"Well, I won't give up till the last moment," he whispered. "I've had all the bad luck so far, and maybe it's turned at last. One takes what one can get, up to the limit of one's strength, and if I can't have her, at least she'll go into this marriage with some of me in her heart."

II

ACCORDINGLY he went to the party at Chez Victor two days later, upstairs and into the little salon off the bar where the party was to assemble for cocktails. He was early; the only other occupant was a tall lean man of fifty. They spoke.

"You waiting for George Packman's party?"

"Yes. My name's Michael Curly."

"My name's ——"

Michael failed to catch the name. They ordered a drink, and Michael supposed that the bride and groom were having a gay time.

"Too much so," the other agreed, frowning. "I don't see how they stand it. We all crossed on the boat together; five days of that crazy life and then two weeks of Paris. You"—he hesitated, smiling faintly—"you'll excuse me for saying that your generation drinks too much."

"Not Caroline."

"No, not Caroline. She seems to take only a cocktail and a glass of champagne, and then she's had enough, thank God. But Hamilton drinks too much and all this crowd of young people drink too much. Do you live in Paris?"

"For the moment," said Michael.

"I don't like Paris. My wife—that is to say, my ex-wife, Hamilton's mother—lives in Paris."

"You're Hamilton Rutherford's father?"

"I have that honor. And I'm not denying that I'm proud of what he's done; it was just a general comment."

"Of course."

Michael glanced up nervously as four people came in. He felt suddenly that his dinner coat was old and shiny; he had ordered a new one that morning. The people who had come in were rich and at home in their richness with one another—a dark, lovely girl with a hysterical little laugh whom he had met before; two confident men whose jokes referred invariably to last night's scandal and tonight's potentialities, as if they had important rôles in a play that extended indefinitely into the past and the future. When Caroline arrived, Michael had scarcely a moment of her, but it was enough to note that, like all the others, she was strained and tired. She was pale beneath her rouge; there were shadows under her eyes. With a mixture of relief and wounded vanity, he found himself placed far from her and at another table; he needed a moment to adjust himself to his surroundings. This was not like the immature set in which he and Caroline had moved; the men were more than thirty and had an air of sharing the best of this world's goods. Next to him was Jebby West, whom he knew; and, on the other side, a jovial man who immediately began to talk to Michael about a stunt for the bachelor dinner: They were going to hire a French girl to appear with an actual baby in her arms, crying: "Hamilton, you can't desert me now!" The idea seemed stale and unamusing to Michael, but its originator shook with anticipatory laughter.

Farther up the table there was talk of the market—another drop today, the most appreciable since the crash; people were kidding Rutherford about it: "Too bad, old man. You better not get married, after all."

Michael asked the man on his left, "Has he lost a lot?"

"Nobody knows. He's heavily involved, but he's one of the smartest young men in Wall Street. Anyhow, nobody ever tells you the truth."

It was a champagne dinner from the start, and toward the end it reached a pleasant level of conviviality, but Michael saw that all these people were too weary to be exhilarated by any ordinary stimulant; for weeks they had drunk cocktails before meals like Americans, wines and brandies like Frenchmen, beer like Germans, whisky-and-soda like the English, and as they were no longer in the twenties, this preposterous *mélange*, that was like some gigantic cocktail in a nightmare, served only to make them temporarily less conscious of the mistakes of the night before. Which is to say that it was not really a gay party; what gayety existed was displayed in the few who drank nothing at all.

But Michael was not tired, and the champagne stimulated him and made his misery less acute. He had been away from New York for more than eight months and most of the dance music was unfamiliar to him, but at the first bars of the Painted Doll, to which he and Caroline had moved through so much happiness and despair the previous summer, he crossed to Caroline's table and asked her to dance.

She was lovely in a dress of thin ethereal blue, and the proximity of her crackly yellow hair, of her cool and tender gray eyes, turned his body clumsy and rigid; he stumbled with their first step on the floor. For a moment it seemed that there was nothing to say; he wanted to tell her about his inheritance, but the idea seemed abrupt, unprepared for.

"Michael, it's so nice to be dancing with you again."

He smiled grimly.

"I'm so happy you came," she continued. "I was afraid maybe you'd be silly and stay away. Now we can be just good friends and natural together. Michael, I want you and Hamilton to like each other."

The engagement was making her stupid; he had never heard her make such a series of obvious remarks before.

"I could kill him without a qualm," he said pleasantly, "but he looks like a good man. He's fine. What I want to know is, what happens to people like me who aren't able to forget?"

As he said this he could not prevent his mouth from drooping suddenly, and glancing up, Caroline saw, and her heart quivered violently, as it had the other morning.

"Do you mind so much, Michael?"

"Yes."

For a second as he said this, in a voice that seemed to have come up from his shoes, they were not dancing; they were simply clinging together. Then she leaned away from him and twisted her mouth into a lovely smile.

"I didn't know what to do at first, Michael. I told Hamilton about you—that I'd cared for you an awful lot—but it didn't worry him, and he was right. Because I'm over you now—yes, I am. And you'll wake up some sunny morning and be over me just like that."

He shook his head stubbornly.

"Oh, yes. We weren't for each other. I'm pretty flighty, and I need somebody like Hamilton to decide things. It was that more than the question of—of ——"

"Of money." Again he was on the point of telling her what had happened, but again something told him it was not the time.

"Then how do you account for what happened when we met the other day," he demanded helplessly—"what happened just now? When we just pour toward each other like we used to—as if we were one person, as if the same blood was flowing through both of us?"

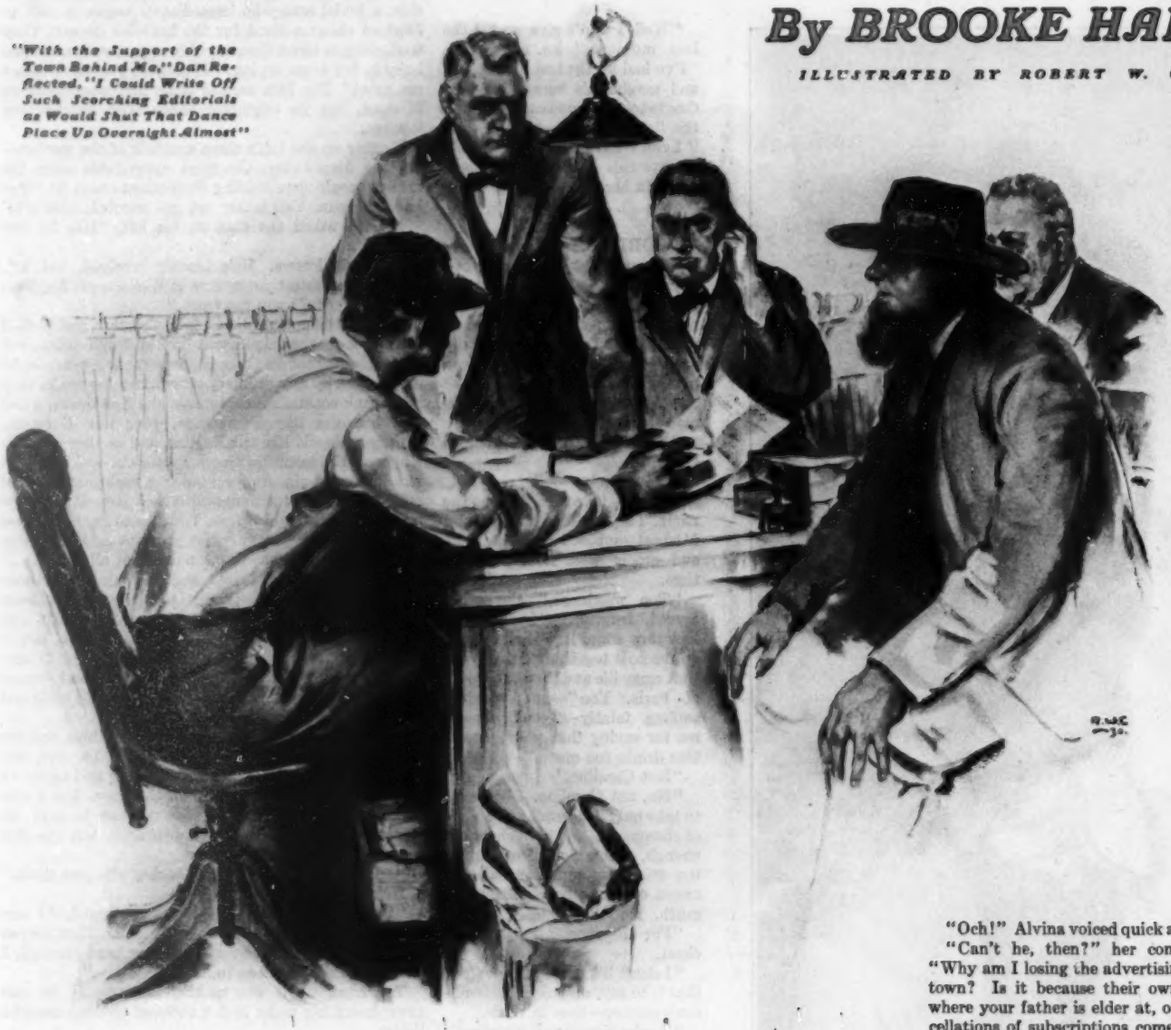
"Oh, don't," she begged him. "You mustn't talk like that; everything's decided now. I love Hamilton with all my heart. It's just that I remember certain things in

(Continued on Page 109)

THE BLOT ON BENNERSVILLE

By BROOKE HANLON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. CROWTHER



"With the Support of the Town Behind Me," Dan Reflected, "I Could Write Off Such Scorching Editorials as Would Shut That Dance Place Up Overnight Almost"

ALVINA HALLER sat in a booth in the Golden Bowl in Bennersville and spooned her strawberry sundae daintily out of its aluminum cup. The county commissioner sat opposite her and, whereas Alvina concentrated with a sort of childlike absorption upon the pink delight before her, the county commissioner concentrated solely upon Alvina. And the object of the commissioner's attention was, in some respects, no less pink and cream in color combination, no less tantalizing to the eye of man than was the strawberry confection itself. To the pink of Alvina's cheeks and the cream of her brow and neck was added a glint of amber gold showing at the sides of her small spring hat; visible at times, when her seriousness broke and she flashed a smile upward, was the young, blue light of her eyes.

"Over there she sat in that booth right opposite and smoked a cigarette," she confirmed solemnly. She put her spoon down carefully and picked up the paper napkin, behind which she went into a delicious low outbreak of laughter. She crumpled her gust of merriment up into the napkin again and put it down. "That Reading girl where visited Amy Dingledein," she explained, serious again.

"Why shouldn't she smoke, then, if she wanted to?" the commissioner relaxed from his rapt attention to inquire. He was young Dan Frischkorn, tanned and lean of cheek, and a little too long to fit comfortably into the booth.

"Och," Alvina made a small, reproving sound. "Why she shouldn't?" she returned primly. "Why should any girl smoke anywheres, least of all right up before the public eye in such a place as the Golden Bowl?" The memory of this spectacle overcame her again, and she searched frantically for her handkerchief to stem a fresh tide of giggles.

"It's the way you flash over from being serious onto being gay," the commissioner discovered. "It's that where gets me; where"—his color rose—"makes me want to kiss you always."

"Och!" Alvina reproved again. She glanced about in alarm. "This gives no place to talk of kisses," she said severely. She let a spoonful of cream melt lingeringly on her tongue. "I'm serious because I have had such scares thrown into me," she confessed, a little sadly. "First off it was pop. A terror I have had in my heart for him always and"—she touched the region where this organ beat—"it is there yet. Next, in the school ——"

"The thing I was speaking of"—the commissioner leaned nearer and his eyes were tormented—"is how I want to kiss you always and there isn't any place to do it in."

"Pop ——"

"It don't give any need to talk of your pop now," he said roughly.

"Need it does give." She chopped unhappily at her ice cream. "For a minute I forgot and was happy even, Dan, but—but it has come to his ears how we meet together still. I have come today for the last time to—to tell you I can't see you any more anywheres," she went on faintly. "Not even behind of his back, like this."

"Alvina!" He looked at her unbelievingly.

"We can't see each other any more, ever." The shining tangle of lashes hid her eyes.

"What do you mean? Not even ——"

"Not even here in the Golden Bowl as though we had met together by such an accident." Something shone on the tangled lashes. "Not even that you should come riding out toward the township school in the afternoons as if on a coincidence, or whatever."

"Listen once," he said despairingly. "Listen to me."

"I"—she faltered, avoiding his eyes—"I have got such a fear of my pop," she said at last. "Please try to see it as out of my eyes, Dan. Such a scene he made around the supper table last night, I could not eat even. I went early to bed, but my heart beat so that I could not sleep. He has a hate for you that will last for always, it looks like."

They stared at each other. Dan had pushed his drink aside and Alvina let her sundae melt into a pink-and-white, nondescript liquid.

"When I came from Philadelphia back," Dan said slowly, "and bought up the Clarion and went into the race for county commissioner, it did not bother me none that I was bucking into one of the big men of the town. That Ira Haller had been commissioner for five terms I knew, but ——"

"That they should diselect him just when the salary was boosted up is what got into him some."

"But I didn't care. I don't care even now that he is trying to bankrupt my paper."

"Och!" Alvina voiced quick alarm. "He can't do that."

"Can't he, then?" her companion inquired grimly. "Why am I losing the advertising of half the stores in the town? Is it because their owners are church members where your father is elder at, or not? Why do such cancellations of subscriptions come in as though to snow us under even? Why did I just yesterday"—he made a hopeless gesture—"lose out on such a contract to advertise the new Cedar Gardens through the summer?"

"Och, Dan ——" Her eyes sought to help him.

"But all that is neither here nor there." He groaned softly. "That Ira Haller should turn out to be the father of you is what I had not expected ever."

"But you knew, surely, that he had such an Alvina." Her eyes were soft and dark suddenly; her pursed lips chided him.

"That he had such a little something with light pigtails and thin legs, I knew, certainly." A grin broke through his misery at the recollection. "What I never, never dreamed"—the grin faded—"was that it had grown up into such as you."

Alvina expelled her breath softly. Their hands crept, as though without volition, across the table. They met and clasped.

"Och!" Alvina shook hers free then in quick alarm. "Not here," she cautioned.

"Not anywheres," he amended bitterly.

"Not anywheres," she confirmed sorrowfully. "Believe me, Dan, it has got to be that way. Even now I should not be here." She stood up.

"Wait!" Panic came into his voice. "You can't walk out on me like this, Alvina, and never, and never ——"

Failure had never been in Dan Frischkorn's scheme of things, and he surveyed it now blankly. Practically everything he'd wanted had come to him, as the recent election had come, after a little brisk skirmishing. Now, for the first time in his twenty-eight years, he was confronted with a situation in which skirmishing availed him nothing. He had seen a girl he wanted, and she was standing looking down at him, her soft cheeks flushed, her lips trembling in an unmistakable negative.

"It don't make any happiness for me to be saying good-by to you, Dan," she said, her voice catching on his name, "but I have given my word over to pop last night. That I make a fool of him right in front of the whole town, he says."

Dan could find no words. Charlie Muller, who dispensed sodas at the Golden Bowl, was staring interestedly back at them. Three high-school girls had come in and were giving them curious glances.

"He may be the one to tell pop—that Charlie Muller." Alvina's eyes were frightened. "G-good-by," she choked.

He caught her hand, but under the stare of Charlie Muller, under the amused scrutiny of the high-school girls, there wasn't anything to do but drop it again, limply.

"Alvina!" he cried, as she turned away.

The screen door of the Golden Bowl snapped. The sunshine outside the door shone for a moment on the neat amber scallops on either side of Alvina's trim little hat. She was gone.

Dan groaned softly. He realized that he was still an object of interested speculation in the Golden Bowl, and got hastily to his feet.

"All at once on all sides everything has got to go wrong," he reflected bitterly, jamming the starter in his little car. Only that morning the important-looking manager of Cedar Gardens had come in to say that he could not, after all, sign that advertising contract. This afternoon—Dan drove blindly down Market Street and came to an abrupt stop in front of the little one-story office of the Clarion—he was unable as yet fully to comprehend what had happened to him this afternoon. The girl who was the one girl anywhere in the world had said she could not see him, even secretly, again. Dan stared dazedly at the window of the Clarion office. How proud he had been of that neat lettering a short time before: "The Bennersville Clarion" and, down in one corner, "Daniel Frischkorn, Editor and Publisher."

"Ach, what makes it?" Pain burst from him in savage words. He plunged up the steps and through the door of his office. Albert Bittner was laboring over chain-store handbills in the rear room. The chain grocery alone seemed to be immune from the inimical influence of Ira Haller; that was because it was under outside management. But Cedar Gardens was under outside management too. Dan kicked a wastebasket miserably.

"Did anything turn up?" he inquired.

"Miss Gertrude Kobenschlag come in with the Ladies' Aid notes a'ready," young Bittner reported, "and that Effie Lingenfelter called on the phone up with such items of news about the reception to the new minister."

Dan grunted. "Did any such advertisers come in?" he asked.

Bittner thought, chewing gum reflectively. "I guess anyhow not," he concluded.

Dan sank heavily into his chair. He leafed papers absently. Try as he would, he could not concentrate on business today. There were bills for parts for the wheezing old press, bills for repairs to the tumble-down old building, a "please remit" on his last statement from the paper-supply company.

"If I could see her sometimes, only," he groaned. "What kind of luck is it that I meet her two weeks after I am elected commissioner in opposition to her pop?" He put this despairing question to the unresponsive walls. "What kind of luck is it that I have to use up all the money I get as commissioner to pay off the debts on this here paper?" He stalked up and down, he stared for a long time unseeingly out at Market Street, but no solution came to him. Difficulties seemed, rather, to thicken about him. "No prospects I got to marry a girl anyhow," he concluded helplessly, "even if she would stand up to her pop, and that she will never do. With this place going bankrupt on me——" He paced again. "With that Ira Haller working against me night and day ——"

His eye lighted on the telephone. "Perhaps I could yet argue that Raffensberger into signing," he thought moodily. He called the number of the new dance hall on the outskirts of the town. All Bennersville, as he well knew, was up in arms against Cedar Gardens. "A sink of iniquity," Dan had heard it called. "Such a menace to the morals of the young. That there roadhouse!" The city fathers were looking at one another with outraged righteousness tinged with a little bewilderment. How had such a canker of modernity broken out on the placid surface of Bennersville?

Dan Kicked a Wastebasket Miserably

"Well," Dan thought grimly, "I've got to get money where I can." He got his connection.

Harvey Raffensberger proved immovable. "We got orders from up higher not to run any ads in the Bennersville Clarion." This was his stubborn reply to every argument. "Handbills? Och, handbills!" He hesitated a little. "Only this morning we sent our order fur such bills to Hallersburg over," he said smoothly. "What do I mean—higher up? Such a Harrisburg company," he said. "Och, no, they ain't to be bothered on such trifles."

"Look here, Harvey," Dan said desperately. "Give me at the least the name of this company."

"That I got orders against." Harvey hung up with finality.

"Whew!" Dan mopped his brow. "Better and better it goes," he thought. "Now they send their printing even outside of the town."

He went to the window, and his eye was caught by a substantial-looking procession proceeding down Market Street. It consisted of four men, walking two abreast, and totaling nearly half a ton of Bennersville's foremost citizenry. As he watched, the procession crossed the street and slanted its course toward the door of the Clarion office.

Amos Hartzel, the proprietor of the Emporium Dry Goods, puffed up the steps; Earnest Puntzmaier, who controlled the Community Coal and Ice Company and was in the plain garb of the Amish sect, toiled after him; William Longenecker, of the Longenecker Construction Company, followed in his wake, and behind him, a little red as to face and moist as to brow, came Ira Haller himself. Dan blinked.

"Come in, gentlemen," he invited. He cleared chairs and set them in a row. He sat behind his desk and surveyed these pompous and prosperous fronts with one eyebrow elevated.

"Young man"—Earnest Puntzmaier's neck swelled with his responsibility as spokesman—"we have come as representatives of four sects in the town to solicit your help in such a public cause." He cleared his throat and a shadow fell upon his plump countenance. "There has come such a blot on the fair surface of Bennersville," he said. He looked to the other three and their heads moved heavily in confirmation. "It has opened up alongsides of us such a—such a ——" Indignation choked his speech.

"Roadhouse," Amos Hartzel supplied. "That there dance hall where is operating at the crossroads."

"Pitfalls are spread out these days for the feet of the young"—Puntzmaier shook his head sorrowfully—"so that it is next doors to impossible to raise them up into the fear of God. Bennersville has always been free from such. From dance halls it has been free, from motion-picture theaters, and all such wanities. Now it comes these ungodly outsiders and ——"

"Sly they are, too," William Longenecker observed sadly, "and do not make the attempt into the town to come. On the outside of it they operate, drawing our sons and daughters off from the church socials and into such jazz enwironments as it gives in cities even."

"Jazz"—Amos Hartzel picked up this strange word as though it had been a hot coal—"jazz orchestras they bring in from near and far, from down and up the state. You speak up to him how it is, Ira." He turned to Mr. Haller.

The other three were silent and looked to this fourth. They were big men, but he was a bigger one. They were powerful in the community, but he was more powerful. They owned prosperous businesses in Bennersville and maintained fine farms in its environs, but Ira Haller's activities were bounded not even by the lines of the county itself. He had three farms, an interest in a little canning

(Continued on Page 95)

"We'll Elope on Him." Dan Caught Her Hands. "It's the Only Way. Say Yes Once"

TENANTS FOR THE SKY LINE

By Boyden Sparkes

WE WERE riding in an automobile out of Long Island toward the Queensborough Bridge, that seemed in the darkness to be the weaving of some monstrous spider. Beyond it the great buildings of Manhattan appeared as a single mass from which the tallest towers rose as peaks from a mountain, lit by fires that stained the drifting fabric of a cloud where it was impaled on the highest spires of commerce.

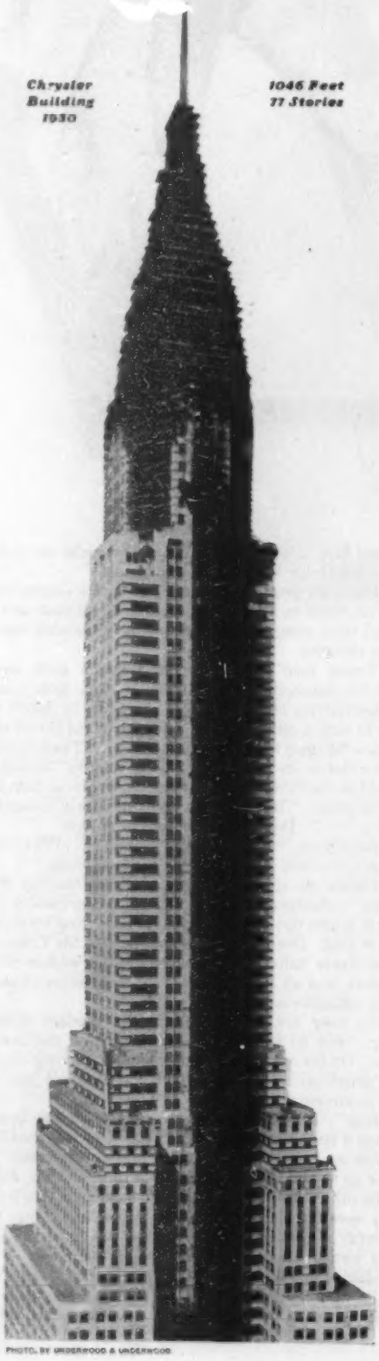
"The work of wizards?" echoed my companion. "You may call them that if you want to, but I know them to be hard-working, doorbell-ringing salesmen. Architects, engineers and contractors speak their pieces about tall buildings and make predictions as to how high they may rise for the accommodation of the next generation. But if it were not for salesmen, those honeycombed cliffs would not be built. You see it now as a sky line. I see it as a commodity—something to be bought and sold to keep alive the spell of enchantment that gives it existence."

This man who spoke is the head of one of the largest organizations in New York devoted to the leasing of office-building space. He is captain of a determined crew that devotes itself to the capture of tenants for the buildings of his clients. The Spanish Main of these indefatigable hunters is contained in the myriad levels of Manhattan office buildings. Sometimes their enthusiasm plus a bit of information takes them off to Chicago, or Boston, or Philadelphia, but generally they find their game in the more than 2000 structures on the lower half of Manhattan that exceed ten stories in height. Twenty-two of those buildings are from forty to seventy-seven stories. One is now becoming a steel skeleton that will support eighty-five stories. I have seen tabulated figures of another that will lift itself 120 stories above the street level whenever these salesmen discover a way to meet an economic "if." To me these salesmen seem as interesting as any group that finds shelter in the dizzy cells they market. The best of them, their champion this year, is worthy of consideration.

"He had not made a dime in eight months," his boss told me. "Then one day he was going from the roof to the street level, floor by floor, of a relatively old office building overlooking the harbor. About ten floors in the building were occupied by an oil company—a vast concern, with wells, refineries, pipe lines, ships, chains of filling stations and other properties in many states and foreign lands. Its extensive activities are kept in order by an army of clerks. Those clerks and the records they keep must be housed somewhere. New York is the most convenient place, when all the circumstances are considered. This salesman looked at the name of the company on the doors of floor after floor. He has learned by experience that when he has called on forty concerns and been rebuffed, the law of averages begins to work powerfully in his favor. After eight months he was certainly entitled to a break—to a big commission. So he opened the door of the president's reception room and walked in.

"If I gave you all the facts of that sale it would not be as dramatic as you would like to have it. So I'll tell it quickly. He sold that firm a twenty-year lease on fourteen floors of a midtown skyscraper that was then merely a hole in the ground. The total rental for the twenty years will be around $6,000,000, but our firm and that salesman do not have to wait twenty years to collect the full commission. That was paid when the lease was signed.

"The overhead of my department, without counting drawing accounts, runs about $100,000 a year. That money is spent in ways that help the salesmen. Nowadays a city real-estate office is an establishment. Formerly one man would do everything and anything—rent stores, rent offices, rent houses, collect, arrange mortgages and do a bit of insurance business whenever the opportunity offered. Today everything is departmentalized. In our concern there are five major departments, each headed by an executive who is a specialist. My specialty and that of my fifty salesmen is office space.

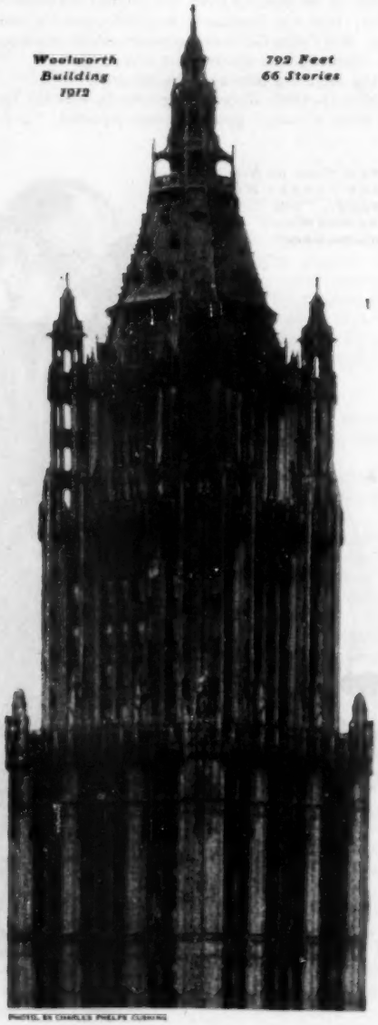


Chrysler Building 1930 — 1046 Feet 77 Stories

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Manhattan Co. Building 1927 — 927 Feet 70 Stories

PHOTO. BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING



Woolworth Building 1912 — 792 Feet 66 Stories

PHOTO. BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

"We do a gross business in this commodity of as much as $3,000,000 a year. Last year fifty salesmen divided a total of $351,000 in commissions. Their individual shares ran from nothing to $100,000. The man at the top was that fellow I've been telling you about who went eight months without making a dime."

Some days later I met the star salesman himself and asked how he had consummated that deal for fourteen floors in a building that existed at the time only as an architect's plan. His manners, his appearance and, above all, his eyes, inspire confidence.

"It was not fourteen floors," he said; "it was seventeen. Three floors are occupied by tenants with short-term leases, so that the firm can acquire that much additional space when there is need for expansion. If you think I just walked into that office 'cold turkey' and arranged the deal, you are mistaken. It took months to complete the transaction.

"In the first place, it was something more than a hunch that caused me to go after that particular prospect. We have in our office an astonishingly complete picture of the office-space market in New York. We call it the expiration file. It is a card-index record of almost every office-space tenant in Manhattan. There are about 30,000 of these, but the file includes more than three times that number of cards. The cards are indexed three ways—by the name of the tenant, by the address of the space it occupies, and, finally, according to the time of expiration. This enables us to know precisely what leases expire in a given year."

A Building Within a Building

"CONSEQUENTLY, when I went to call on that oil firm I knew that it had been in and out of the market for the past four or five years. I knew that it had renewed its lease for one year. This in itself is sufficient information to establish that a tenant is getting restless. Probably it cost $100,000 to build that expiration file, but it has paid for itself times without number. It is, in my judgment, one of the things that give a broker associated with a big company an advantage over the free-lance broker.

"In our firm, Manhattan Island below Fifty-ninth Street is blocked out into territories. A traveling salesman for a manufacturer may have a dozen or more states in which to hunt for business; I am restricted to a comparatively few city blocks—but they are tall blocks. In the region below Chambers Street, where is sheltered all the financial district, there are three territories. One of them is mine. As helpers I have a junior broker and a canvasser.

"The chief thing I had to accomplish in making that deal for seventeen floors of office space was to persuade the executives of the tenant company that our firm was equipped to analyze their problem for them and give them expert advice. Our relation to them became that of lawyer to client, or doctor to patient. It was never our purpose or intention to sell them space in a particular building. What we undertook to do was to find them whatever they might require.

"Naturally the best sales argument is to convince a tenant that you can find him better space than he is occupying for less money than he is paying. Remember, too, I was not trying to induce a satisfied tenant to move; I was offering to find space for a dissatisfied tenant. First of all, we determined what part of town was best suited to this tenant's needs. When we had settled on the midtown section of New York we began to consider whether it would not be wise for the company to erect its own building. There were comparatively few sites available in the region selected. One splendid big building then in course of erection was ruled out because its floor layout would have increased the vertical travel between departments. We wished to reduce that to a minimum.

"The building finally chosen was merely paper when our negotiations began. When the lease was signed the excavation was still three months short of completion, and nearly two years elapsed before the company was able to move into its new quarters.

"The building plans were altered materially in order to improve its accommodations. All its space is contiguous. Vertical travel between departments has been held to a minimum. Even so, certain banks of elevators serve this company exclusively. What it occupies is, in effect, a building within a building."

This salesman and his contemporaries are the least welcome among all the thousands who thread their ways along the vaulted corridors of buildings that were regarded as remarkable ten to twenty years ago. The managers of those older buildings regard the salesmen as plains Indians regarded the buffalo hunters who accompanied the builders of the transcontinental railroads. They may be living symbols of progress, but that is not what they are called in certain of the older buildings of Manhattan. The words applied to them by men whose tenants are being lured away are the sort of words used by angry first mates, top sergeants and mule skinners.

The truth is that every new office building that is erected in New York City is regarded by owners of older buildings as fresh competition, and competition is often regarded by a losing competitor as wicked. Through their associations, national and local, building owners and managers have long been trying to work out some code of ethics that would tend to restrict the indiscriminate canvassing of tenants for the purpose of getting them to move. These ethical considerations have been reduced to writing, they have been adopted in conventions, but the soliciting continues.

Even though the expiration files of the various brokers show that a tenant's lease has ten years to run, that tenant will be induced to move if his situation suggests that he is cramped or otherwise unhappy. How this is managed was explained by one of the most skillful of New York's real-estate brokers. He is a veteran tenant hunter.

"Look here," he said, spreading on the table before him a thick sheaf of plans. "This is a new building going up not far from Grand Central. We are trying to fill it with tenants. The annual rent roll will be about $3,500,000 when the building is occupied.

"Now, then, we know of a company that is crowded in its present quarters. It has been taking care of expansion by housing several of its departments in near-by buildings. That arrangement is inefficient, of course. We know that the heads of this firm are prepared to pay $250,000 a year for the right kind of space, and that they will sign a twenty-year lease. That means $5,000,000 rent, and it means a commission of about $75,000 for us. The only obstacle in the way of collecting it is that this company has a seven-year lease on the premises it now occupies, and for which it pays $100,000 a year. That is an obligation of $700,000. We know we can rent that space, so we have completed the first part of the transaction by taking over the lease.

"Across the street from the tenant's present location is a company that will be glad to get half of the space. Somewhere we will find a tenant for the rest. Selling in this business is full of just such little tangles. But there are also some schemes for making the work easier. For example, when we are trying to fill a new building we always look for bellwethers."

An Office in the Clouds

THAT puzzled me for a while, but I soon found out that Col. Charles A. Lindbergh is a bellwether. His office in a recently finished New York skyscraper is a fairly small and in itself a totally insignificant bit of this commodity. Yet the fact that Lindbergh had leased an office in that building had the same effect on others engaged in the aviation industry that the presence of a queen bee in a new hive would have on swarming bees. The building has become an aviation center, housing firms that sell airplanes, airplane accessories, gasoline, oil, airplane transportation, and a variety of other concerns interested in the flying business. All this has resulted from getting Colonel Lindbergh as a tenant. The owners of the building are under an obligation to this distinguished rent payer not to exploit his presence outside the trade. His name has not been placed on his door, and comparatively few of his nonflying office neighbors are aware of their glamorous association. One reason is that he slips in and out of the building like a wraith. All the elevator operators in the bank of cars which serve his floor are under instructions to close the door of a car as soon as he enters, and take him to his floor. Appropriately, that floor is so high that occasionally his windows are obscured by something that resembles fog. The fog is cloud.

In a neighboring tower, into which Colonel Lindbergh might shoot a paper wad if he were so disposed, there is another type of bellwether. This is a man who is the playfellow of many influential politicians. Fifty floors above the city streets, he is frequently the host at large gatherings. No ordinary walls inclose those parties. They are paneled with wood that once was mortised into the Georgian house of a British nobleman. There are layers of Oriental rugs on the floors, and $250,000 seems not to be an extravagant estimate of the total cost of the furnishings. This figure grows even more reasonable in the light that falls from a curious mural decoration that moves throughout the day just above the panel line. It is an illuminated glass screen that enables the host's guests to tell the latest stock-market prices without more effort than is involved in rolling their eyes.

This disposition to capture bellwether tenants is common to all renting campaigns waged for new buildings. Sometimes a prospect is of sufficient importance to make extraordinary effort worth while. A few months ago an instance of this might have been seen in the office of the president of a large company which is a leader in its field of business. At that time, marble columns and other disintegrated bits of the grandeur of the Waldorf-Astoria were being carried on shabby scows past Sandy Hook to be dumped deep in the Atlantic Ocean. What is destined to be the tallest of all buildings was then merely the Waldorf-Astoria

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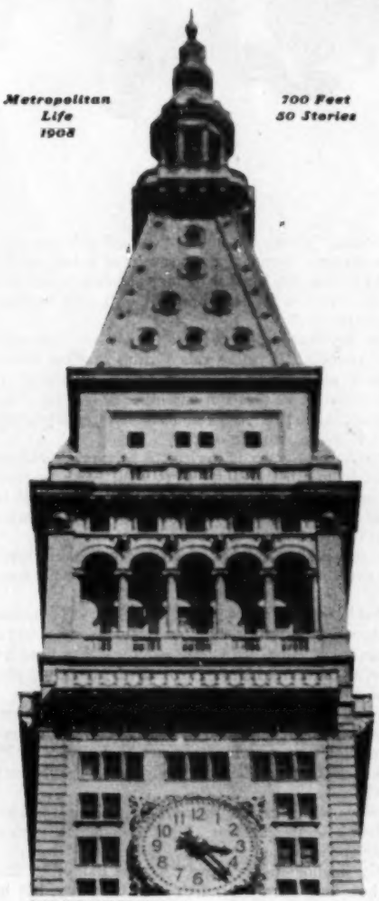
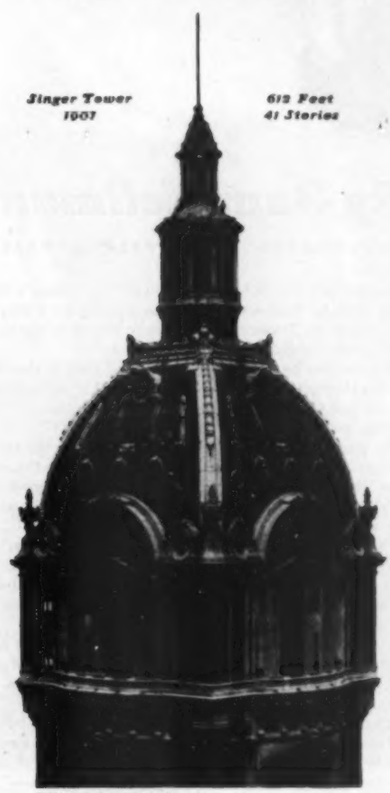


Metropolitan Life 1908 — *700 Feet 50 Stories*

PHOTO. BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING



Singer Tower 1907 — *612 Feet 41 Stories*

PHOTO. BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

OLD HOLE IN ONE

I Shows Old Brush-in-the-Face What He Thinks He Wants to See, and Then Stands Off While He Maces Out a Few on His Own

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN JEWELL

BEING a golf pro's not altogether a matter of winning California opens, indorsing athletic shirts and getting ghosted in the papers. It's a long slice from being a soft spot. There's more rough to the job than fairway, more bunkers than birdies. That's my gospel, brethren; as for the text, let's consider the case of Major Bartholomew Bendix.

I'd hardly signed on with Hiawatha when I gets infested with the major. He's a spindly old bozo in the senior sixties with handlebar soup strainers and a thatch of brows that make his eyes look like they were laying in ambush. I'm in the shop getting the low-down on the layout from Baldy Bruce, the club maker, when I draws my first load of him.

"I desire instruction," says he, without prelims.

"Beginner?" I asks.

"Beginner!" snorts Bendix. "Young man, I've played golf for thirty years. I was sinking twenty-foot putts when you were a puling pup."

"I see," says I. "What's the trouble—hooking your drives?"

"I never hook a drive," snaps the major.

"Off on your short work?" I ventures.

"My approaches never were deadlier," he comes back. "I sank a sixty-footer from the rough this morning."

"Splendid!" I exclaims. "What'd you go around in?"

"Eighty-two," replies Bendix.

"And the second nine?" I inquires. Eighty-two on a tough course like Hiawatha for a guy within earshot of slow music and the Twenty-third Psalm isn't in the score cards.

"You weren't hired, sir, to be facetious," glowers the major. "Not in ten years have I shot over an eighty-five."

"In that case," says I, "coming to me for lessons 's like taking news to Newcastle. I can do nothing for a player who can roll up Hiawatha's eighteen in the early eighties. That's perfect golf for a man of your ——"

"My age can be of no interest to you," cuts in Bendix, scowling through his bristles. "It's enough for you to know that I'm not satisfied with my game and require ——"

"Very well," I shrugs. "What is it you wish?"

"He wants to make a hole in one," volunteers Baldy.

"That is it, precisely," declares the major. "Birdies and eagles I've made by the score, but never have I cupped the ball from the tee. I'm determined to do so," he adds, with fierce earnestness.

"I'm afraid," says I, "this is a spot where determination shears no sheep. Anyhow, what could I do for you? Accidents aren't taught. You can't educate a person to draw a certain number out of a hatful of 'em. A hole in one is chance in its purest prewar form."

"I disagree with you, sir," returns Bendix. "It is not altogether chance. It is more often the just reward of accuracy. I understand you've shot several aces—two of 'em in one game, if I'm not mistaken."

"That's true," I admits, "but none of 'em was billed in advance. One was a topped iron that ran through a sand pit into the cup, another a mashie pitch that took an unexpected spin and backed into the pay-off, a third ——"

"Nothing," growls the major, "can get quite as ridiculous as modesty. You may not be aware of it, but you were brought to this club because of your ability to place shots. And you were brought here through me. I hope to acquire the technic ——"

"But, my dear sir," I protests, impatient, "there's no technic about it. If you're able to drop your tee shots on the short greens—and an eighty-two's the tip-off you are—you can do all that I or any other golfer can. I'd be razzed out of the P. G. A. if I undertook to teach you divot diggers to make a hole in one."

"That," says Bendix off the ice, "is a thought that leaves me cold. I'm a better judge as to what I can be taught than the P. G. A. I shall be here in the morning at ten. Reserve an hour for me." With which he stiffly bows himself out of the shop.

"What does the old walrus mean—he brought me here?" I asks Bruce, who's been listening in with his tight Scotch grin.

"That he did," declares Baldy. "There are two hundred and fifty members in this club, but the major votes 'em all. You can't get casual with the casual water around here without an order from him. He owns the land Hiawatha's on, and what he says goes."

"Yeh," I grunts, "and if that early American doesn't make a hole in one I guess he'll be saying 'what' to me."

"I wouldn't be surprised," comes back Bruce. "Pros move in and out of here fast and freely, but the pay's pretty, isn't it?"

"Pretty pretty," says I, "but a mere pittance if you have to deliver holes in one for it. What's the matter with the old antelope—has he lost some of his marbles?"

"Only the hole-in-one agate," returns Baldy. "I don't know how long Barmy Bendix's been that way, but he's

been the pest of the pasture for the ten years I've been here. His bug sure keeps me busy. Every time he hears of a lad knocking off an ace I've got to make a duplicate of the club the deed was done with. I'll bet I've turned out over a hundred."

"He ought also have you make a duplicate of the wrist," says I. "Has it ever occurred to the old boy," I adds hopefully, "that he might have better luck on another course?"

"Another course, your mid-mashie!" scoffs Bruce. "The major's played 'em all from Bermuda to Beverly Hills, not to mention a flock of forays into foreign parts, but he's particularly hopeful about Hiawatha. Notice anything peculiar about the layout here?"

"How do you mean?" I asks.

"The short holes," explains Baldy. "Six three-pars—two more than you'll find elsewhere. Bendix laid out the links and gave himself the breaks. It kills us off as a championship course, but what's that to him? He's going to make a hole in one if ——"

"He didn't go far enough," I interrupts. "He should've had a couple of ten-foot holes with greens shaped like bowls, so the ball'd roll in no matter where it landed. At that, I think I can make the major happy."

"Only one thing will," says Bruce.

"He's going to get that thing," I assures him. "Can you keep a secret?"

"Perhaps not in the style to which it's been accustomed," comes back Baldy, "but I guess I can keep it off the streets. Shoot."

"The green on the ninth is blind," says I. "What's the matter with having the caddie kick one in the first time Bendix gets on?"

"Nothing," returns Bruce grimly, "excepting that you're here because the last pro had the same idea. The old man got suspicious and sweated the truth out of the bag toter. Anyhow, what's a hole in one without witnesses? And a caddie's not a witness. Roll 'em down another fairway, feller."

"Sweet spot I've picked for myself," I growls. "There wasn't as much jack at Jericho Park, but most of the guys over there were satisfied to get off the tee in one."

"Hiawatha," says Baldy, "never was a pro paradise, but it might become one without notice. Should the major just happen to sink a solitaire while you have him in work, there'd be nothing too fat for you. He'd probably slip you half his property, his daughter's hand in marriage ——"

"Even that," cuts in a laughing voice, and I turns around to flush a damsel who's got everything. "I'm Clara Bendix," she explains to my wide-eyed stare. "Has father been after you already for accident instruction?"

"He has," I tells her. "He wants me to teach him to fall off the Woolworth Building and catch sparrows in his pockets on the way down."

"It amounts to the same thing," agrees Miss Bendix; "but that's nothing to my immediate ancestor. He's determined to make a hole in one and you're the Aladdin he's counting on to deliver the lamp. You've made five or six of the nasty things, haven't you?"

"Yeh," says I, "and I've got other records too. I've had the measles twice and ——"

"How intriguing," observes the major's daughter; "but what do you expect to do for father?"

"It's all fixed," I returns. "I'm having a ball made of steel and a cup of magnets ——"

"Lovely," interrupts Miss Bendix; "but wouldn't he notice the weight while teeing?"

"Well, of course," says I, "if you're going to obscure the big idea with a lot of unconsidered trifles ——"

"It also occurs to me," she goes on, "that it would be quite difficult to pry a ball loose from a set of magnets powerful enough to pull it a hundred and fifty yards or so. Father, you know, would want that ball."

"Doubtless," says I, "so I guess we'll have to call it off. Baldy, pick up that idea and put it away with the one we had for making goldfish out of broken club heads. . . . By the way, Miss Bendix, how's your game?"

"Fair," she answers, "but my putting lately's been nothing to dismiss the schools for."

"Putting," I assures her, with enthusiasm, "is one thing I can teach."

II

PROMPTLY at ten the next morning the major appears at the shop, laid out in enough knickers to make sailcloth for a four-masted schooner. He looks like a South American condor caught in the collapse of a circus tent. However, I notices with something considerably less than horror that his daughter fair's with him.

"I just came along for the ride," she whispers to me. "Aces, aces, nothing but aces?"

"Sure," says I. "I'm going around in your last birthday."

"Let us proceed to the sixth tee," suggests the old gent, and we proceeds to the shortest hole on the course—a hundred-and-forty-footer that's just a sand trap between jump-off and pay-off. The green's a small, sloping shelf that calls for plenty of stick-um on the ball.

"What now?" I inquires.

"For the present," returns Bendix, "I wish to observe your technic. Shoot a few."

Which I does. With a mashie niblick, the handiest club in my kit, I lays a dozen or more on the carpet, half of 'em close enough to the pin to come under the head of "gimmes," even if you're playing with Harry Lauder. The major watches every move closely, but without comment.

"Don't you ever drop one in traps?" asks Miss Clara.

"For years," I replies, "I voted from 'em. Even today I have to remove my shoes every three or four holes to shake out the sand."

"At Hiawatha," scowls Bendix, "our paid professionals are expected to take their golf seriously. I, for one, do not find you amusing. Let me see that hand grip of yours."

I shows old Brush-in-the-Face what he thinks he wants to see, and then stands off while he maces out a few on his own. For all his years, the major's nobody's dub. His

(Continued on Page 88)

"Never Mind Replacing the Turf," Says Bendix Wearily. "After He Gets Done We'll Returf the Place"

The Wrong Side of the Tracks

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

We Always Managed to Sit Apart and Talk, or He Would Have in His Pocket Some Book to Read Aloud to Me

II

I HAD supposed that after my strategy had succeeded and I had attended the Christmas party at the Malcolms' house, the ladder to the top of Fording society had been scaled and I need not worry or scheme any more. But though two of the other nice girls asked me to play with them on Saturday afternoons, or to go home after school and stay for supper on Fridays, there were other parents who would not let their daughters invite me, and this partial exclusion hurt more than if I'd been entirely outside.

Whenever there was a party to which I was not to be asked, I always heard of it, not through Dorothy Malcolm but through Elsie. She would come racing over to our house on the Saturdays when I had no one to play with, and say, "Well, maybe I'll be good enough for you today, when all your fine friends are busy."

Or she would attempt to imitate, by using a high voice and affected manner, the comments of the mothers who were aligned against me: "But we really cannot let our deah little daughters associate with those dreadful people on the other side of the tracks!"

Her malice was shrewd enough to wound, but I gave no sign of the perturbation she caused, just as I would not relent and join her and the children in our wretched neighborhood in their games.

I recognized the existence of a twofold feud against me—one on my own, the wrong side of the tracks, and the other among those families on the right side who were either not so sure of themselves or not so kind-hearted as Mrs. Malcolm. I was not displeased by my unpopularity with the Germans and Norwegians, of whom Elsie was the leader. I determined, if possible, to win over the nice girls whose friendship I wanted.

As I have said before, I am today called "thick-skinned" by certain people on two continents. It is taken for granted that all social climbers are insensitive. But this is a complete misuse of the word. The successful climber cannot be. Certainly no one was ever more sensitive than I was. Only, my perception of slights and snubs was less powerful than my ambition. If I had been really unconscious of the fact that I was not welcomed in the social stratum toward which I was striving, I could never have figured out a campaign by which to attain my goal. This has been true of all my career since, whether in Los Angeles or New York or in London, where, today, I occupy a position more distinguished than that held by any other American.

There really seems to me, in retrospect, no essential difference between my struggle to be presented at the Court of St. James's and my struggle to be accepted unqualifiedly as a member of the élite in a town of fifteen thousand in Illinois. In neither case did I count on personal popularity, for I found out at an early age that my good looks and the charm I had for certain people were often a handicap; I depended upon what I could offer that the leaders wanted. In London this was easier, but in Fording, when I had no money, where I lived in a shabby house to which I could never invite anyone, I had a more difficult problem.

As we grew into the early teens, it no longer sufficed to buy candy from my carefully hoarded pennies and give it to the other girls; I still helped them with Latin or algebra if they needed help, but they took this for granted and felt under no obligation to me because of it. The two things they were all interested in now were boys and clothes. Boys liked me. I was physically strong and fearless, and if I fell from a pony or from a borrowed bicycle, I never cried. But their liking me did not, of course, in itself increase my popularity with the other girls. I had to find some way to turn masculine admiration to account. In so doing I laid the foundation for a lifetime of turning to account my attraction for the other sex.

Mrs. Lemar

The psychiatrist whom I consulted last year, when, for the first time, my health seemed insufficient for the strain life had put upon it, told me that I was one of the few patients he had ever seen who had fixed upon an ambition in childhood and never deserted it. Sometimes, he said, artists or writers did, but rarely anyone else. Later on he told me that he had concluded I was essentially an artist, only that, instead of colors or words or symbols, I had used my own self and, with the persistency a sculptor might show in carving a statue out of a marble mountain, I had carved out my life. It was his idea that I should try to write this record of my career. I agreed to it for a reason of my own, too sentimental to tell a scientist. But I must not wander from the point.

During my junior year at high school, Dorothy Malcolm and one of my other allies went East to boarding school, and the group of desirable associates decreased to four, only one

of whom had ever invited me to her house. Some of the boys were away, too, but there were several seniors in high school on whom the girls who remained at home counted for escorts to the simple parties and football games which made up the usual autumn social life.

Robert Lord, the captain of our team, an unusually good-looking boy, was almost eighteen, and was not only an athletic hero but as the only child of the owner of the new and thriving furniture factory—the smoke of which darkened the air around my house—he was by far the most desirable young man in town. Except when on the football field, however, he was painfully shy. He refused to dance, even when a team from a neighboring town was entertained on the evening after a Saturday game, and he had never been known of his own volition to speak to a girl. Just before Thanksgiving I happened to go back to school one afternoon to see the English teacher, Miss Sarah Winston, and I found him alone in her classroom. When I came in, he blushed, and in answer to my question about Miss Winston, he stammered out the fact that she had left word for me to wait for her return.

As I sat down at my accustomed desk, which was across the aisle from the one he was occupying, I saw that he was struggling over the writing of an essay headed, The Heroines of Shakspere.

For a few minutes I pretended to be interested in the book in front of me, but as he chewed on his pencil, rumpled his thick, dark hair and showed such acute distress, I could not refrain from speaking to him. In as matter-of-fact way as if he'd been a girl, I offered to help him. Again my gift of imitativeness aided me, for I had become great friends with Miss Winston and now repeated, almost word for word, her precepts about writing.

I showed him how to outline his theme, to make notes of each point he wanted to bring out, with illustrations, and I added—without quotation marks—her favorite dictum that simplicity was the essence of good writing. He had been struggling to express himself in long and unfamiliar words; now, with a little gentle guidance, he composed a straightforward, clear paper which delighted him.

During the hour and a half before she came back, I think he forgot that I was a girl. Then, when she joined us and praised his work, his uncontrollable blushes showed that he had remembered. As quickly as possible he left, stumbling against her table, and slamming the door without even a word of gratitude to me.

Miss Winston smiled. "You ought to be a teacher, Ruth. But we'll talk of that some other time. It's too late now to talk about the play I asked you to come here to discuss, so you run along and I'll see you tomorrow."

I now suspect that she had not only arranged for Robert and me to be alone but that through the window she had seen him loitering on the sidewalk. I was astonished, however, when he joined me, said he was going my way, and even took my books to carry. Perhaps because it was dusk and we had been so impersonal in the classroom, he lost a little of his self-consciousness; he thanked me for helping him, and then asked me if I were going to the Thanksgiving dance to celebrate the last game.

"No, I don't think so," I answered, then held my breath. "I—I wish you'd let me take you."

I can still remember the ecstasy of that moment. From a near-by lawn came the scent of burning leaves, the street lamps were just being turned on, and the air was deliciously cool. I was almost unbearably happy.

"I'd love to," I managed to say.

"I'll call for you about eight. Where do you live?"

By this time we were almost in the center of town, where the shops were, and not far from the hated railroad tracks which divided the social sheep from the goats. "I've got to do some errands," I answered. "I'll tell you just where my house is tomorrow."

At the dry-goods store I left him. Something of my rapture had gone, for I realized that he had been so aloof from girls that he took for granted I was one of the group whose families his own knew, and I was terrified lest he regret his invitation when he learned the truth. Nevertheless, I went to the silk counter and priced a delectable pale rose material out of which I had determined to make, in the intervening three days, a real party dress. I told the clerk that I'd forgotten my pocketbook, so I'd come in the next day and get it, but she was a kindly woman who had seen me in there with Dorothy, and began measuring off the lengths.

"You can pay for it the next time you're passing by," she said. She helped me choose a pattern and select thread, and when I reached home I hid this package in my room before I went down to help with supper. I changed into the old clothes I always wore there, and I moved about with quick capableness, made biscuits and set the table, and afterward—for my mother felt badly—washed all the dishes and mopped the kitchen floor. But these, my own surroundings, seemed alien to me. I felt myself to be a sort of princess in disguise, upon whom a wicked fairy had cast a temporary spell. I really belonged in that other world across the tracks, where maids in uniform announced to their mistresses that carriages were waiting, and where, at big parties, women wore gowns with trains and men wore dress suits. Why I believed that this was my natural environment, I do not know. But I almost convinced myself, as I tried to convince others, that my father had not been a trainer of horses, but the scion of a wealthy and aristocratic Boston family, which had cut him off because he married beneath him. I hinted that my stepfather bullied and disliked me, and at least this part was true. More and more of the housework was put upon me as my mother's ill health increased, and Uncle Otto, as I called him, tried his best to have me leave school, but my mother, who rarely defied him, was too New England in character to consent to this, and I told him that in the long run I would earn more money by being educated.

The one thing I did enjoy at home was sewing. My mother, who had been such a skillful seamstress, had taught me how to use her machine and how to embroider and hemstitch and finish garments neatly by hand. She still had scrap bags bulging with pieces of linen and silk, and bits of lace and ribbons left from her former customers of the theatrical world which I would coax her to give to me. If it had not been for the social bee which at such an early age got into my bonnet, I might have become a really great dressmaker, for I had an innate sense of design which, years afterward, was to

(Continued on Page 63)

I Felt Like a Veritable Cinderella When, at Seven o'Clock, He Called for Me at Miss Winston's

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 9, 1930

National Teamwork

THAT the recent prolonged session of Congress proved a source of irritation to the people, and even of disturbance to the country, admits of no argument. This was especially true of the extended debate over the tariff. The differences of opinion between the President and Congress, particularly the Senate, did not add to the feeling of general confidence; and though sympathy seemed to side with the Executive, yet for quite a period it was generally felt that Mr. Hoover did not stand up to Congress in sufficiently big-stick fashion. Further to roughen public sensibilities, as it were, violent controversies arose regarding several of the most important national issues before the country, especially the new tariff, the policies of farm relief and the naval treaty.

This summary might seem to indicate a considerable degree of discord or even of failure on the part of Congress and the Administration. Therefore, it is not only fair but entirely suitable to call attention to quite another side of the picture. In reality, a fine piece of teamwork between the President and Congress has been achieved in respect to many important and constructive proposals. We do not know whether credit should go chiefly to Mr. Hoover or to a number of hard-working members of Congress who have shown themselves more interested in carrying out helpful programs than in placing their names in large headlines on the front page. But evidently neither the President nor they are first and foremost publicity hounds by nature, or they would not have put in so much toil in return for legislation of a desirable character, and yet of the kind that fails to bring spectacular glory to those responsible for its adoption.

When Mr. Hoover urged the removal of prohibition enforcement from the Treasury Department to the Department of Justice, many people said it could not be done. But the transfer has been made. Then, too, whatever one may think of prohibition, Mr. Hoover's promise to strengthen enforcement has resulted in greatly increased numbers of persons in Federal prisons, and many changes have been made in the personnel which has this work to do. A most far-reaching program of Federal prison reform has been undertaken, with very large sums made available for putting these reforms into effect. All this would have been quite impossible without a large measure of coöperation between the executive and the legislative branches of the Government.

In the field of foreign relations, entirely aside from the naval treaty with Great Britain and Japan, important changes have been made in respect to Latin-America, especially in regard to Nicaragua and Haiti. An incipient Mexican revolution was nipped in the bud largely because of the policy adopted by this country. In addition, final debt settlements were made with several European countries.

Legislation was passed reorganizing the Federal Power Commission, the Tariff Commission, the Narcotics Bureau and several other important bureaus or services of various kinds, all along lines of greater efficiency and helpfulness. The income-tax rates were reduced, changes were effected in regard to the Government's building program and the relation of the Government to the merchant marine. The Indian Bureau has been reorganized and a careful study made of the conservation of Western lands. Nor does this exhaust by any means all the studies, reorganizations and changes undertaken or actually effected.

It is, of course, not our purpose to evaluate all these activities, many of them the joint work of President and Congress, although the initiative in a good many cases seems to have been with the executive branch. It would be impossible, in any brief mention, to estimate the worthwhileness of so many unrelated changes and adjustments of government policy and procedure. It would be strange, indeed, if no mistakes had been made, with such a sea of piled-up troubles, tackled all at once and more or less disposed of in less than two years. Then, too, it is the invariable custom of administrations to claim credit for all accomplishments within their respective terms of office, pretty much regardless of former preparation for these achievements. This may be good politics, but it fools no sensible person. History does not chop itself into compartments that way.

Yet, with every allowance made, it is clear that the past sixteen or seventeen months have been marked with vigorous life in matters of Federal legislation. The errors made will appear as time goes on. But many of the changes effected have not been of a debatable nature. They had been desired generally, but had not been driven through before. Reorganizations of this type do not show up big in the newspapers, but they are intended to make for the more effective functioning of government. It takes real work—and teamwork at that—to carry through such programs, for they are not of the kind that makes votes. After all, the real test of good government is the ability to function in ways that do not necessarily make votes, but which are for the public benefit. That is the kind of government which people take for granted and never thank anyone for.

Crime and Immigration

A SIGNIFICANT feature of the criminal activities of gangsters and gunmen in Chicago and other large cities concerns itself with the make-up of these groups. This point is rarely referred to publicly, but it receives plenty of attention in private conversation. We see no reason why it should not be mentioned in the open. Naturally, there is no desire to hurt the feelings of the vast numbers, the great majority, of law-abiding and desirable citizens of similar national origins. But facts are facts.

The earlier strains from which so large a portion of American population has descended have their faults and their criminals, but that is not the point at issue. The sole fact to which we now call attention is the undue preponderance in present-day organized criminal activities of certain of those very groups which it was the blunt purpose of the immigration laws to keep out as fully as possible.

The evidence is monotonously overwhelming; it comes day after day in the newspaper items under the head of crime news. These kidnaping, liquor ring, holdup, pay-roll banditry and shooting rackets are too largely the work of the offspring of that type of immigration which the majority of the people of this country decided some years ago to reduce to a minimum.

There are plenty of criminals, of course, who are descended from the earlier immigrations, but it is obvious that certain other groups are contributing far more than their relative share to the rackets of the day.

Those who have opposed immigration restriction have argued that the first generation often provides a smaller criminal element than the second, possibly because the first generation still carries with it the restraints of the old country. But it seems to us that the argument works the other way. If the second generation of certain strains cannot stand the freedom of this country, then why let in more immigrants, to give birth to children who grow up into criminals? We have quite enough to do caring for those that are already here, without asking for more trouble.

Thus, it is shortsighted to take the view that the problem of digestion, of Americanization, concerns only the foreign born and unnaturalized in our midst. It is infinitely greater than the first generation only. But that very fact shows the futility of leaving the gates as far open as they are. Even under the present restrictive laws nearly half a million aliens come in legally, or illegally, every year. Ultimately, a method must be formulated by which the limited number of immigrants who are admitted shall be better adapted to our national setting and needs. But this involves intricate and controversial questions; it is not quickly done. Meanwhile many hundreds of thousands are coming in at a time when employment is not active. Why not reduce immigration from all countries by fifty per cent until a more scientific formula for admission is worked out? Both from the point of view of unemployment and from that of absorbing undesirable or even criminal elements, the patent need is for further restriction.

Tree-Conscious

THE purchase by the Government, early this summer, of large privately owned timberlands in the Yosemite National Park was significant not only of the determination to eliminate, as rapidly as possible, all private ownership within national-park boundaries but of the growth of tree consciousness on the part of the American public. When a check for $3,298,685.61 on the United States Treasury was delivered to a representative of the owners at the Federal Reserve Bank in San Francisco, the largest remaining area of privately owned timber in the Yosemite passed into control of the National Park Service, which is charged with conserving in their natural and primitive state all reserves assigned to it.

More than 15,000 acres were involved, and the purchase was made possible only by the generosity of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in contributing half the sum, Congress appropriating the other half. This action brings what is said to be the finest remaining stand of sugar pine into perpetual government ownership, to afford recreation and provide beauty for the millions who will visit Yosemite.

But no such purchase could have been made if the people who elect congressmen to office were not learning to value their forest resources more fully as time goes on. The truth of this statement is shown also by the success which has met the efforts of the Save-the-Redwoods League and by the increasing volume of travel in both the national forests and the national parks. There is meaning also in the fact that an unusually large number of books about trees have made their appearance in recent months, two of them dealing entirely with the big trees, or giant sequoias, of California.

Trees have their commercial side, of course, and we do not for a moment mean to minimize the tremendous importance of lumbering, of commercial forestry and of the whole range of wood-products industries. In the long run, it is doubtful if there need be any radical failure to harmonize the necessities of industry and the preservation instinct. Forests have many purposes and serve many uses, but none of these are hindered by preserving outstanding and distinctive areas. The fullest and highest uses and functions of our rich endowment of trees are not served best by cutting them indiscriminately. It is fortunate that the public shows a growing appreciation of this natural resource, for out of knowledge and appreciation will come the highest and most scientific use of trees.

THEY TOLD BARRON

Notes of an American Pepys in Wall Street

War and Peace; Oil and Water

Edited by Arthur Pound and Samuel Taylor Moore

THIS chapter contains random notes made at home and abroad during the last days of the war and those difficult years that immediately followed it. Travel, to a man of Mr. Barron's physique, meant more than ordinary discomfort, and the secretaries who accompanied him testify to the difficulties of his numerous European journeys.

In this chapter also one may see something of the great international race for oil. Mr. Barron, with his firm grip on old friendships, defended Doheny to the last breath. Mr. Stewart and a host of oilmen cross these pages.

PARIS, September 5, 1918.

Kerney was appointed Creel's representative in Paris because Wilson knew him when he ran a paper in Wilson's home town. Kerney has questioned whether he is equal to what ought to be done in Paris.

PARIS, September 9, 1918.

Atterbury says our soldiers are playing with the French children and making love to the girls and drinking red and white wines, but he has never seen any soldier drunk.

September 13 or 14, 1918.

Interview with Herbert N. Casson, London.

"Lord Beaverbrook began business life on the Stock Exchange of Toronto. He and Bonar Law came from New Brunswick. Beaverbrook and Bonar Law, with Northcliffe, put Lloyd George in office."

LONDON, September 17, 1918.

I noticed yesterday that London was polishing up its tall hats, and I previously learned in Paris that all the leading dressmakers are full up with orders. Paris has concluded that the end of the war is in sight. It has determined to be gay this winter and resume its former function as world entertainer.

LONDON, September 26, 1918.

Doctor Hillis, Mr. Furber and I spent three-quarters of an hour with A. J. Balfour at the Foreign Office this afternoon.

Mr. Balfour said he would be very much surprised if Wilson was not in favor of closer relations between the English-speaking peoples. Any remarks of Mr. Wilson's opposing closer relations might be referred, he thought, to political exigencies, as, of course, Mr. Wilson was a very strong party man.

Mr. Balfour said that everywhere he himself spoke he advocated, and he had advocated it in a hundred speeches, a closer relation between the English-speaking peoples, and knew of no reason why anybody should not advocate such a desirable end. He would be very bitterly disappointed if it was officially opposed.

LONDON, September 27, 1918.

Dr. E. J. Dillon said: "The disaster to the British Army which began March twenty-second was the greatest in the history of the Empire. The booty as measured in Germany was enormous, and the Germans got copper wire enough to last them for a year.

"Germany wins unless Austria is broken up.

"The United States will dictate the peace settlements. We should have made peace before this, but for the Americans coming in. Now Germany is beaten. The war may run a year and a half longer, according as the timbre of the German people supports the war."

NEW YORK, December 20, 1918.

William Boyce Thompson said: "In Russia 7 per cent had everything and 90 per cent had nothing. One per cent of the 7 per cent was German and represented efficiency. When the war broke out, this 1 per cent was lost and Russia was lost.

"The United States is still making trucks and shells which will never be used.

"The Republican Party has got to be progressive and nominate a progressive man on a progressive platform. We do not yet see the man."

(Continued on Page 101)

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Walter C. Teagle

WIDE WORLD PHOTO.

James B. Duke

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Earl Balfour

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Robert W. Stewart

POST SCRIPTS

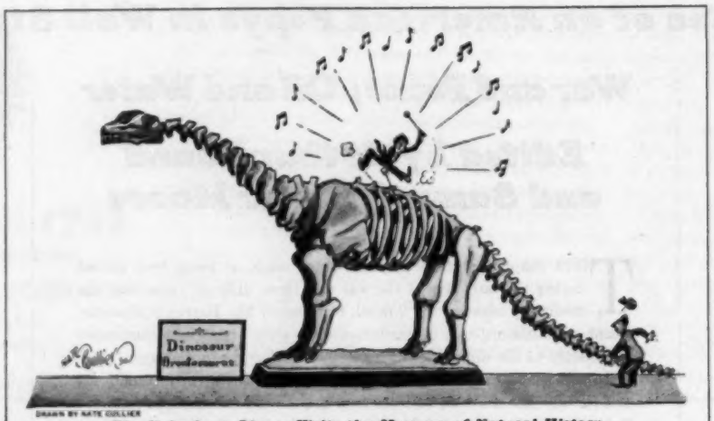
Mind Over Matter

I CANNOT play the new games
That clever people play,
Where syllables are tossed about,
And words begin with A.
I've quit attending parties
At intellectual homes—
They tire my cerebellum
And blight my chromosomes.

I held my end up bravely
When simpler things were played,
And once, in a creative mood,
I fathomed a charade;
I shone at Spin the Platter,
Excelled at Blind Man's Buff,
And went home early when, at times,
The kissing games got rough.

But now I am bewildered
By current parlor games,
For either they're acrostics, built
On Russian generals' names,
Or else they call for knowledge
Of medical technique,
Or test your skill with anagrams
In medieval Greek.

No longer it's sufficient
To meet at someone's flat,
Play Forfeits for an hour or two
And let it go at that.
Instead, they set you quizzes
On U. S. Grant's campaigns—
I cannot play the new games,
I haven't got the brains!
—Harold Angell.



DRAWN BY KATE GOLLMER

The Xylophone Player Visits the Museum of Natural History

DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

"Yes, of Course, I Still Love You"

The Reunion

THE cheery, facetious letter from the Reunion Committee. The realization that dear, dear, you have been out of the Old College ten years and won't it be nice to get back and see the boys. The inclosed blank design. The check to the committee for fifty dollars "to cover all expenses." The ride on the sleeper. The walk around the campus. The feeling that ten years ago the elms and the grass and the dormitories must have been a good deal less shabby-looking.

The class dinner at the Passout Inn at the seashore. The simulated enthusiasm. The first speech—most of it highly censorable. The second—ditto. The third, fourth, fifth and sixth—also ditto. The singing of football songs, and the realization that you've forgotten all the words and most of the tunes. The classmate whom you don't recognize, who sat next to you in Anthropology 5. The class All-American athlete who can now play one and a half sets of ping-pong without getting too badly winded. The classmate nobody remembered ever seeing before, who now seems to own half of Wall Street.

The headache next morning. The trip in busses back to the college. The morning with nothing to do. The luncheon on the campus—chicken salad and vanilla ice cream with crushed strawberries. The donning of the Indian suits, your class costume. The costumes of the other returning

(Continued on Page 108)

DRAWN BY ANGELO

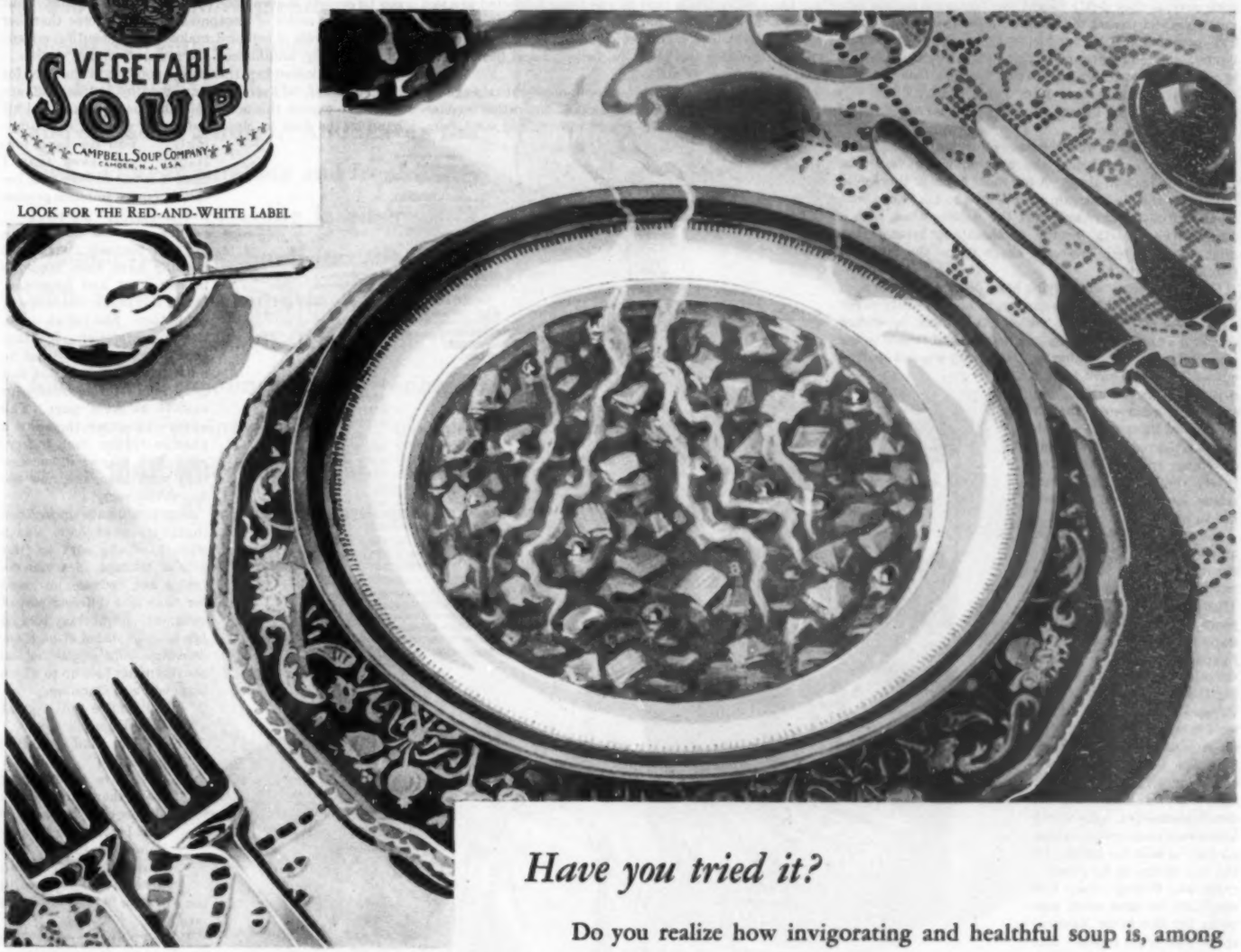
"But, Jerome Dear, We Must Go Out and Leave You Once in a While. We Have Our Lives to Live"

DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Editor of the Book Review Supplement (to Minion): "You're Fired! You've Written a Review Without Using the Words 'Implicit,' 'Naive,' 'Milieu' or 'The American Scene'!"

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The invigorating summer luncheon··soup!



Have you tried it?

Do you realize how invigorating and healthful soup is, among all the cold foods you eat at this time of year? Soup is now a great summertime favorite from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Thanks, largely, to the irresistible quality and the welcome convenience of the 21 different Campbell's Soups — already cooked for your table. Prove it to yourself. Serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup, with its 15 vegetables, for luncheon today. It's a delightful meal! 12 cents a can.

Your choice:

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

Like the sound of this music,
So sweet to my ear,
Is the dinner-bell saying:
"Your Campbell's is here!"

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Captain Murray

THE BELL BIRD

IV

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

THE fair wind hauled westerly, then northwest, and stiffened. Down came the big balloon sails for a good rest, and a little later the topsail jib and fore, main and mizzen topsails followed suit, the three last snugly furled. Sally watched the hands aloft with envy as they deftly fought the fluttering canvas into neat rolls and passed the gaskets to secure it. She knew how to put a neat harbor furl in the mainsail of a sloop, hauling out the bights and working them into the final one in a smooth, weatherproof parcel, but one look at Hapgood's face deterred her from going aloft. There was a hard look about his mouth and eyes that discouraged volunteer assistance.

Under her lowers, with the strong quartering wind blowing out of a crystal-clear sky over snowy wave crests, Democracy foamed along. A few more hours of this would put her in the Gulf Stream on a course to take her about north latitude 40 until well past the Azores, when, with a fair windward berth for the northeasterly breezes that might be expected, she could shape it for the Strait of Gibraltar.

Captain Murray was driving her. Not only did he wish to win his owner his bet on the run inside of twenty-seven days under sail alone, but, perhaps even more, he wished to be rid as soon as possible of a man he had reason to detest. Like most big auxiliaries, Democracy was not sparred out as she might have been if dependent on sail alone, and she was burdensome, though with easy lines. Now with sheets lifted was her best point of sailing, and the harder the breeze the better, up to hurricane force that might force her to heave to.

Ralph had come on deck and was talking to Edna Worden and Professor Bates, indifferently oblivious of Captain Murray, who was in his usual position when taking a watch, leaning against the hand line rigged over the low quarter rail on the weather side, watching the fill of his sails. The Paysons and MacWilliamses were in the deck-house at their interminable game. Blow high, blow low, they would be fixtures there for the voyage, their interest in its marine details abstracted. Suzy would sometimes break away, calling on Day to take her hand. Of the two things to do at sea—cards and flirting—Suzy had small use for cards when material for the other nautical sport was to be found. But women thus inclined have a scent for other people's incipient attraction to each other like a pig for truffles. Without any sensory evidence so far, beyond that of her sixth, Suzy knew that Hapgood and Avis were resisting a mutual attraction; that Sam would go to the mat with Sally before the voyage was over; that Professor Bates, actually a youngish and attractive man, was finding Edna more and more to his taste; that Payson would like the chance of starting something with herself, feeling safe in leaving his young wife to MacWilliams' entertainment, and that Edna's French maid was already *au mieux* with the chief steward. She was watching Hapgood covertly as she played, and she wondered if he had run into a barbed-wire entanglement around Avis. It would never have occurred to Suzy that he might have rigged one himself. Yet that was precisely what had happened. His sudden fierce resolve that there need be no scruple in the case of bell birds, the allies of man-eaters or man cheaters, had crumbled before Avis' radiant beauty as she came into his room.

The fact that Avis had come down his private gangway was not accusatory, as the coat room had access to the cabin alleyways, though usually locked off for greater privacy. No, there had been more to it than that—a feeling like a superstition that he was being subjected to a test to determine whether he were after all merely rich and self-indulgent or a man who could appreciate the pathos of that to which this beautiful bell bird had been forced, and befriend her as such.

But he had not been able to steel himself entirely against her poignant charm. She had thanked him rather incoherently. Her bare, beautiful arms had stretched out to him, and her eyes were starry against a face that was colorless except for the double red line of her parted lips, as she held up her face for his kisses. The impression Hapgood received was not that of a sweetheart trying to entice him but of a loved woman who might have been bidding him farewell. The farewell of Brunhild or of Eurydice. Orpheus could not have taken the latter in his arms for the final embrace with so great a longing or more utter despair than had Hapgood clasped Avis in his own.

"They Were the Sort of Men You Might Meet Anywhere, Looking for Fun and Gayety and a Spice of Adventure, if it Could be Managed Without Vulgarity or Scandal"

He had loved to kiss her from the first, and he did not try not to love to kiss her now. In the fervor of those sweet parted lips he ignored for the moment what his sailing master had just told him. But he realized in time that if he were now to yield, then all that he had said to her became mere romantic-drama piffle, mouthfuls of lofty-sounding, dishonest slush that was no more than a sop to smooth the way for the vulgar affair. It must put on Avis the *cachet* of cheapness that was worse than her compulsory rôle of bell bird, make her the beautiful adventuress reaping, and himself the rich and willing victim.

So he had kissed her, then said a good night that was for him, at least, a heartbreaking good-by. Avis had appeared to expect this action of him, for as he had laid his hand on the door to close it after her she had said, smilingly: "You do love me, Happy—more even than I have it in me to love you, because you are so much greater than I am."

Suzy, who was now watching him narrowly, could not possibly have been made to believe what had happened. It was not within the scope of her nature. She put an opposite interpretation on Hapgood's strained face—that he must have gone too fast and got a repulse, from an ulterior motive on Avis' part. The same old game to make a passion-ridden man marry. Suzy had played it successfully with Mac, and now she was rather sorry.

Sam would have understood instantly that Avis was a woman of the sort to find greater triumph in a man refusing her because he loved her than in a different sort of conquest. Democracy tore on her way, a symbol of high endeavor. Sally pirouetted on the tips of her toes up to where Hapgood was standing.

"You've got a great ship, Happy."

"I'm glad you like her, Sally."

"I love a good boat more than anything in the world. By a good boat I mean one built by honest craftsmen that know their work and love it. They build some of their own sound souls into her."

"Why, Sally——" He checked himself in time to keep from saying: "I didn't know you had ideas like that," but Sally guessed it. She flushed.

"Well, isn't it true?"

"Of course it is. That's one reason I'm so fond of the old girl. She was built more than twenty years ago in a yard father had taken over. He stood high with all who worked for him, and they gave him their best. He loved to go down and watch her grow and talk to the men."

"She must be like your old home," Sally said.

"Yes, a home that can be mobilized. In a foreign port I go ashore and run about, and come back when I'm tired to the domestic bed and board. More than that, she's helped fill the family strong box. At sea all those skilled artisans that built her safeguard us. Once in a hard gale, when she got an awful wallop that shook her from stem to stern and scared everybody, father said: 'That's all right.

(Continued on Page 26)

The speckless City of Sunbrite

"I love the shiny gleam of my new porcelain sink—especially after its Sunbrite bath! Sunbrite takes off spots and stains in a hurry. And leaves the sink so sweet smelling and fresh!"... Every kind of cleaning is easier with "double-action" Sunbrite. Because, while Sunbrite is removing visible dirt, it is *purifying* as well. Its unique two-fold power—cleaning and sweetening—makes everything like new. Sunbrite saves time and money—and hands! Order a supply for your cleaning today.

Swift & Company

Soak your dish towels in Quick Arrow White Soap Chips' hot snowy suds. Just a rub and a rinse—they're sweet and clean!

(Continued from Page 24)

Old John Newton got out her frames and floor-timbered her, and the McFarland boys planked her up. She's not going to drown us.' And when the skipper was worried lest some of the calking be driven in and start her leaking, he said: 'No fear. Abram Tibbett and his son calked her the last time. Nothing's going to let go.'"

"That's what a ship's soul is," Sally said. "It's the composite of the spirit of the men who created her. If they were honest, then she's honest; and if they skimped, then she'd skimp. Let you down sometime."

"Precisely. There's more to it than that though. She is entitled to the treatment of any other thoroughbred. Work her as hard as you like, but don't neglect her."

"Still more," Sally amended; "she mustn't be humiliated by anything unworthy of her."

"I've often thought of that," Hapgood said slowly. "It has sometimes made me sick to see an owner turn his splendid vessel into a Tiberius galley. He wouldn't do it with his shore home, so why his floating one?"

Sally nodded. "It was different with Tiberius' galley, because that thing was moored out in a lake and meant for luxury and cussedness. She wasn't built to take chances with reefs and shoals and hurricanes. The chances are she was thrown together by a gang of slaves."

"That's just the point. They wouldn't have cared if she had sunk suddenly with her drunken revelers during some saturnalia. The chances are they'd have been glad if she'd drowned all hands. Maybe she did." He was silent for a moment, then said: "Mind you, I don't guarantee that Democracy's parties have always been so darn correct as concerns her guests. There have been some pretty mixed crowds in southern waters—politicians and their womenkind. On one cruise father sent her down and entertained by proxy, through his general agent, and he said that the glass and china breakage on that voyage came to nearly as much as the champagne and cognac. But financially it paid, and then some."

"Hot," said Sally.

"Yes, they partially wrecked her below decks, and the agent was a total wreck. But he got what he went after. They still talk about that cruise down there. It shifted the reins of government in two states, but everybody was happy. The progressive parties won and promptly turned pacifist. Nothing like winning an issue to make you pacifist."

"Like winning a big hockey match," Sally agreed. "You're willing to let the bruises heal before the return event." And she added, as if to herself, a little moodily: "It's the same when you are victor in a moral struggle."

Hapgood gave her a quick look. "What do you know about moral struggles?"

"I've had 'em. I'm not entirely the boisterous kid most people think. Did it ever occur to you that the rough stuff might be a sort of prophylaxis for the soft stuff? Or the rough stuff of a different sort? You can wear yourself down by fasting and prayer, or you can do it by tennis and swimming and lacrosse."

Hapgood laughed. "Well, I hadn't thought of you as needing a hair shirt and heavy masonwork, Sally. You seem more like an ancient Olympian athlete to me."

"Well, I guess they weren't so sexless between events." The color flooded her face.

Hapgood pretended not to notice it. He had taken it for granted that Sally romped as children like to romp, and that her violent or rhythmic and almost constant physical exercise of some sort was not a sort of self-inflicted grinding process, as a rodent is said to have to grind down its front teeth against one another to keep them from piercing its tissues.

He saw her suddenly in a different light—that of a very lovely and wholesomely minded young woman who, though she liked gayety, detested such demands of the flesh as were not legitimately ordained and obeyed. He could understand the attraction she must exert for a certain class of hedonist that was not athletic, yet not necessarily unattractive. Such men were apt to be expert feminists, and evidently Sally had encountered them.

He said in an elder-brother tone, "You've got to learn to tell the sheep from the goats, Sally."

"Well, I'm not crazy about sheep. They're not so hot."

"You're right. I put it tritely. Let's say the sportsmen from the sports."

"That's better," she admitted. "But it's not always so easy. There aren't an awful lot like you and Sam."

"Thanks for both of us. You are entirely right about Sam, though he's rather more than a mere sportsman. He is a kindly philosopher of the smiling sort, and a wise counselor. The trouble with him is that he is shy about his counsel. Or perhaps he believes it better to let a child burn its fingers a little than to tell it that the stove is hot."

"I'm right about you too," Sally said.

"It would rejoice me, to be sure. I'm in the unsmelted stage. Everything has always been made easy for me. Sam told me once that there were two ways to acquire virtue. One to avoid evil and the other to fall for it and then reform."

"The last sounds more interesting," Sally said, "if it does sound like the cynic school. The trouble is you might not carry through. There's Mr. Day with the masks and foils and things. I told him I'd take him on."

Hapgood watched the exercise, indifferently at first, then with abstraction for the play itself, but a growing concentration on Sally. She was, he thought, about as sound a type physically, mentally and, no doubt, spiritually, of American young womanhood as it would be possible to find.

He had passed the night, alternately naming himself a fool, a dupe, a snob, a pharisee. Never once did he give himself any credit for his behavior either toward Ralph or toward Avis. It was pretty certain, he thought, that he would take up Ralph's proposition. He was tired of idling, and if the thing was good enough for Ralph to make so determined an effort to get into America and take it to the leading expert promoting capitalist to make a specialty of such, and this man had seen fit to give him a second interview, then it could not be so bad. But for Hapgood to take it up meant his continued contact with Ralph and with Avis, and Hapgood doubted his ability to stick to his resolutions under such conditions.

It might wind up by their marrying. It might even begin that way—by his marrying this young woman who was kown out in the Far East as the Bell Bird, for her

(Continued on Page 49)

It Needed But a Glance at the Fencers to See That Sally Was Now Opposed to a Master Swordsman

What controls oil quality?

Is the oil you buy for your engine just crude oil from which the "black stuff" has been removed? No—you know it is not. You realize that oil for your engine does not come out of the ground —it comes out of a manufacturing plant. Yet why do you occasionally find intelligent motorists buying oil for their engines because it was "made from a particular crude"? Perhaps it is because they do not know this important fact: from *any* crude a DOZEN oils of widely different quality can be made! Crude oil in itself can never control the lubricating character of an oil, because every refining method *changes* the lubricating properties present in the crude. What *does* control lubricating quality? The manufacturing! The *completeness* with which an oil meets ALL the lubrication needs of your particular engine is determined by the maker, not the crude. Mobiloil stands first among oils because it is a complete *full-duty* oil. It meets ALL these lubrication needs of your engine:

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3 RESISTS HEAT—lasts long. With the high speeds of modern fast driving Mobiloil does not "use-up" quickly. With Mobiloil you use less oil.

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If any one of these properties is lacking in the oil you use, or in the wrong proportion for your engine, that oil is a DEFICIENT oil. Mobiloil is a *full-duty* oil because it is made by an experienced technical staff not excelled in the oil world, by oil chemists who are widely experienced in the selection of the world's best crudes, by lubrication engineers who have made a detailed study of the engine of your car. The grade of Mobiloil recommended for your engine on the famous Mobiloil Chart is a genuine *full-duty* oil for that engine. Mobiloil is MADE by the Vacuum Oil Company.

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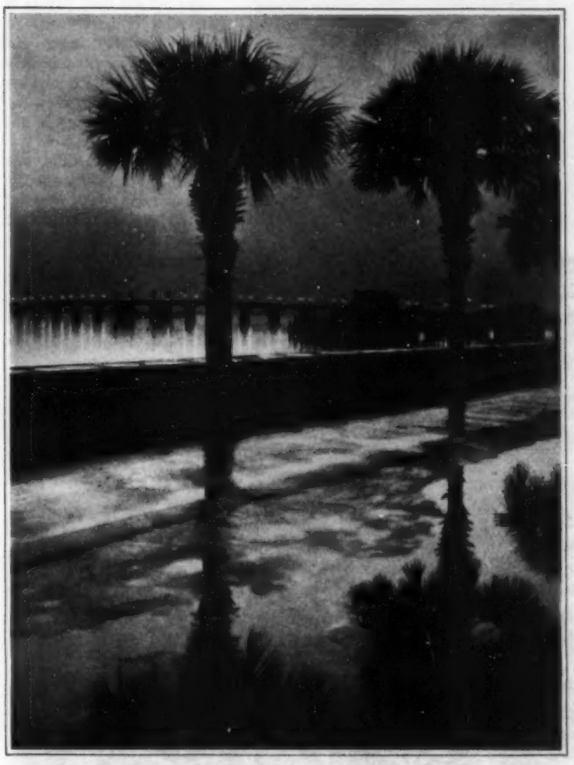


The Lions Bridge Across the Matanzas River, Connecting St. Augustine With Anastasia Island

POINTS SOUTH

By GARET GARRETT

ST. MARY'S, FLORIDA.

THE palm tree natively growing is a sign pointing to the subtropics. The first specimens will be disappointing because they are marginal, living on the fringe of their world, and like all marginal things—marginal farmers and marginal urbanites—they are grim, discontented, marked by struggle. Marginalness is a strange fact. In the particular instance it seems always so accidental and plausible. A tree in the stones, a farmer on hilly land, a worker with his family in a mean house on the edge of a rich city—there is in each case an explanation of how it happened. Yet there is no world of any kind, animal or vegetable, without its irreducible fringe, as if in every separate design, social or organic, there might be a law of tapering benefit. In a gregarious world, as in one of solitary things, it is the same. There appears no exception.

The palm is a solitary thing, with no natural advantage in standing many together, except to be more admired; and this self-security is owing not to strength of root or fiber but to cunning. The tall, mighty hardwoods of the North strip themselves of leaves to meet the winds of winter, else the invisible adversary would blow them down. But the palm tree is not a system of trunk and branches. It is a system of fanlike leaves, or fronds, a few at a time, rising in endless succession from a perpetual center. The common palm-leaf fan is from a species in which the divisions of the frond adhere at the edges, forming a web; in nearly every other species the divisions are free blades from the spine out, hard, flat and very sharp, so that as the whole frond, which, full grown, may be twenty feet long, turns its back to the wind it presents a series of knife edges on which the wind slices itself to pieces. After that the wind will go on about its business.

There is very little strength in the trunk of a palm tree. It is not a trunk, really. It is the cumulative mummy of all the fronds that have disappeared. The older fronds bend outward from the center to let new ones through; gradually then they surrender their greenness, turn yellow and fall away, but not until they have knitted their stems together at the base to uphold the new growth above. Thus, round by round of old stem fiber, a palm-tree trunk is built. The neatness with which the knitting is done makes the principal difference between a common palm and the royal palm. They may stand very high and still be safe, because of the way the blades of the frond slice up the wind and give it no leverage against the trunk. If it is a fruit-bearing tree, the fruit grows next the trunk at the base of the frond stem, and cannot be shaken off. A wind of hurricane violence might lay a whole tree down; no wind could shake the coconut off as if it were an apple. Thus man was obliged to climb for his coconuts, and that was good for him.

Now, wanting coconuts still, and wanting them more convenient, he will reduce the stature of the palm tree, no doubt, as he herds it into groves. Never in a coconut grove, however, will he hear anything like the sound a breeze makes gently stirring in an apple orchard. The blades of the frond will always chatter in a dry, derisive manner; and against the sky in a midnight wind even a commercial palm tree will make you think of a skinny witch waving her arms in a shawl.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

The sound of Jacksonville is like the sound of a Texas city. From the clangor, the movement, the feeling of high tension, from general appearances, too, you might think you were in Texas, only the people are not Texans. They are not a race as Texans are; the uniting principle among them is economic. For familiar purposes they shorten the spelling to Jax and boast of two things—that they work for Florida more than Florida herself knows, and that they are hardheaded. In fairness to itself, Jacksonville says: "The inside history of Florida's reaction to the attempt of outside speculators to promote a dangerous discounting of future values shows, in many pertinent paragraphs, that a sane regard for the future stability of the state rather than a consideration of immediate and ephemeral profits dominated the administration of large financial interests controlled in Jacksonville."

Which is to say, Jacksonville did not go broke in the real-estate boom. This was owing partly to hard-headedness certainly; it was owing somewhat, besides, to the fact that as the doorway city, there at the top of the state, jealous mistress of Florida trade, she was the last general store on the way to bonanza. The boom had to be fed and clothed and lodged; it created an enormous demand for building materials. While it lasted, Jacksonville had more business than she could handle.

The scars of a real-estate boom are, after all, not very deep. That would be true anywhere; in a country where the vegetation is semitropical and luxuriant, they are all the sooner hidden from casual view. You have to look for them, really. The fact is that Florida, as a state, is much richer than before the boom. She has many more miles of paved road, more towns, more buildings, more people, more industry, more of everything than before, even more money. Anything that was well enough made to stand up is so much to the good. And what will fall down does at least represent money spent on the state premises. Florida lost only a fantasy of sudden wealth.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

The key to Florida lies here in St. Augustine, and you might easily miss it, because it is so carelessly buried beneath a commercialized myth. "Florida," says the municipal folder, "was discovered in 1513 by Juan Ponce de Leon in his search for the fabled fountain of youth. . . . Historical research has substantiated that it was near the site of the fountain of youth that Ponce de Leon landed." Note the extraordinary luck of the man. Seeking the fountain of youth, he passes through strange waters, lands on an unknown shore, and there it is—right there.

As you approach the city there is a sign: Fountain of Youth. Turn Left. Two Blocks. Or if you come the other way, you will see at the city gate a billboard on which the scene is painted. Ponce de Leon as a sign maker would imagine him, in something to resemble armor, right forearm elegantly at rest on his sword, gazing at a round hole in the ground. Near the hole some Indians kneeling. Back of Ponce de Leon a line of soldiers with a cannon among them, ready to shoot the Indians if they stop being worshipful.

In this romantic representation of the event, which is official and corresponds crudely to the one on St. Augustine's folder, there seems to be nothing the matter with Juan himself. Why was he so obsessed to find the fountain of youth?

But in the private museum by the fountain there is another representation, guaranteed to be in genuine oil on canvas. There Ponce de Leon is an old man, propped against a palm tree, surrounded by shipmates who are evidently thinking how they shall get him aboard ship again.

(Continued on Page 31)

On the New Tamiami Trail Across the Everglades, Florida

"Oh...here are the rugs I want to see..."

"Yes, aren't they pretty!"

And this! It is Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series No. 4660.

This, too! It is Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series No. 4620.

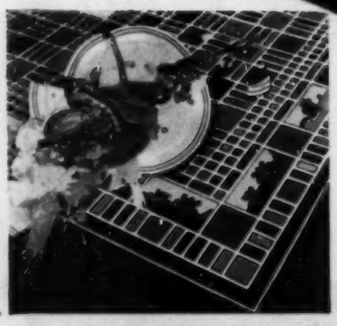
No wonder so many women admire this pattern! It is one of the new decorative effects, exclusively Armstrong. When you go into the store, ask to see Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Decoresq Series No. 20010.

THE good news about Armstrong's Quaker Rugs spreads quickly among women on the alert for something new to "pretty up" the home.

The patterns are so modern, so distinctively Armstrong. The colorings are so cheerful, so tastefully blended. Never has such richness been put into rugs that cost so little!

And of course *these* are the rugs that are surface-sealed by the special Accolac Process. It is this gloss-smooth lacquer surface that keeps the beauty *in*, and the dirt *out*. Dust, stains, even the worst grease spots wipe right off.

Clean an Armstrong's Quaker Rug as often as you like—the surface is waterproof. So is the sturdy felt base on which the rug is built.



No harm done when sticky food drops on an Armstrong's Quaker Rug. A mop-stroke, and the rug is clean.

Everything considered, it's quite natural that so many women *should* ask for Armstrong's Quaker Rugs today when they are shopping for smooth-surface floor covering in department, furniture, and linoleum stores.

To cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker Floor Covering is offered in 2, 3, and 3¼ yard widths.

You'll recognize these new-type rugs by the Quaker Girl label pasted on the face of each.

This label is a *written promise* of full value and service for the money you invest—no matter how little it is.

FREE Shopping Guide

A new folder, "Style-setting Beauty in Work-saving Rugs," shows *all* the Armstrong's Quaker Rugs in actual rich colors. Write to the Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 3008 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's (A) *Product*

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

Hear the Armstrong Quakers on the air every Friday night, 10 o'clock, Eastern Daylight Time, WJZ and coast-to-coast network.

(Continued from Page 29)

if at all; and behind him in the vermilion mist is his dream. Nude figures energetically rising from a wild fountain in a manner believed to express a feeling of sudden youth.

This is no more true than the billboard, of course. What happened must have fallen between the two extremes. Ponce de Leon had, doubtless, some decay upon him, the signs of it appearing sooner then in a man than now, and yet he was not come to chronic arthritis. A robust man, of early middle age, perhaps, exploring the edge of a new continent, and beguiled at having found even here one of the very old legends of the world, deriving from the innate wistfulness of common human nature—namely, the legend of miraculous rejuvenation. Landing on the coast of Florida to raise the Spanish flag, he experienced that sense of expansive, unlimited well-being which does in a mysterious way permeate the tissues in this environment. It is Florida, and that is all anybody knows about it—the same today as it was then. Ponce de Leon said what everybody says: "What's this? Suddenly I feel as if I might live forever." Then they came to a spring, and he said, out of that feeling of well-being: "Maybe this is the fountain of youth we've heard about." There was that kind of Spanish humor. Besides, fresh water, free of sulphur, is scarce in the vicinity, even to this day, and the Spaniards did very well to find it at once.

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

An Air View of Jacksonville, Florida

It is a very good spring, probably authentic. It belongs now to a corporation. There is a park around it and a museum near by. For twenty-five cents you may hear a young man intone a historical lecture in this-is-the-very-spot manner; a young woman will draw you a glass of water out of the spring, and then, after drinking it, you may look at your reflection on the surface of the water, to see if anything has happened. The very young are bored by all this; they have to be urged to drink. They never look at themselves in the water. It is too silly. Those of middle age ask if two glasses will do more than one; they always look, and they turn away smirking. Each one looks with the eyes of memory. What is remembered is the image of youth.

Ponce de Leon might sooner have believed his spring was really the fountain of eternal youth than that 400 years later the annual winter migration of Americans to Florida, there to play in the sun, would be a number greater than all the Spaniards then existing, and they were at that time running the world. In this prodigious migration, always increasing, there is some deep, secret survival of the human belief in a fabulous thing—specifically, in a second source of youth. A fountain of youth is too bald. Nobody believes that. Nevertheless, the persistence of the Ponce de Leon pleasantry and the fact that it pays both a corporation and a city to commercialize it cannot be without meaning. It is easier for Americans to accept magic than old age. Before we could afford Florida we consumed enormous quantities of patent medicines for their fabulous properties. Now Florida is the miraculous preparation. The label does not say what it is. That would be fatal to the power of suggestion. All it says is that here is the essence of youth. Taken daily, in the sunshine, it will give you a sense of life extension. And so it does. You may say it is faith, or you may say it is the way the sun shines on you, but whatever it is, it happens in Florida.

AT A STOP SIGN IN FLORIDA.

"Where is Bigtown?"

"This is Bigtown."

"The town itself?"

"This is the town itself. You're in it now—right in it."

"Is this all?"

"No, stranger, this ain't all. This is the beginning; the seed, so to speak. You ask if this is all. You wouldn't ask an acorn why it ain't an oak, now, would you? You know yourself why it ain't an oak. It ain't had the time. Ask the acorn how it knows it will be an oak. Ask it that. Then you'll be asking something."

"All right. How do you know this will ever be a big town?"

"That's it. Now you're right. That's a question I am here to answer. We've got here ——"

You know the rest—climate, location, surrounding fertility, opportunity, enterprise, expectation. All they need to be a big town is people. If it were already a big town, it would be a city, needing only more people; if it were already a city, it would be a great city, wanting still more people.

This hunger of the town for people is like the hunger of an organism that must find the food it grows on, and either grow or die. It is a sign that the urban development of this country is yet in the stage of gristle. The hunger of the animalcule is equal to that of the whale. Only the ratios differ. The passion of a seedling town in a new country to grow, as in Florida or in the West—that may be understood. But what of old Southern cities that are seized with it again, or, perhaps, consciously for the first time? It is as if a necessity were upon them to achieve a second growth. They are achieving it, in fact, as the new census figures show. Every city in the South is exerting itself to increase its population; some more than others; all under the contagion of one idea. Growth is exciting; in a curious way, growth sustains growth. You never can say finally why a city grows, or why one grows and another stands still. It grows because it grows, or withers because it does not grow.

In 1800, the population was, roughly, nine-tenths rural. In 1900, it was six-tenths rural; agriculture still dominant. Now it is less than one-half rural. The urban population is dominant. Yet the hunger of the town for people is apparently undiminished. Fortunately so, in one case, because for all the growth of urban population the means wherewith to feed it—that is to say, the productive power of agriculture—has increased even more. There is a potential surplus of food and there is an actual surplus of labor on the soil.

MIAMI, FLORIDA.

The aristocrat would not choose this world—not as it is. He cannot say that what he minds is the injury it puts upon his ego, so he calls it a vulgar, standardized world or makes an æsthetic case against it. One recently wrote an essay to say that, in fact, many cannot enjoy what only a few have enjoyed before. They are defeated beforehand. All this amazing diffusion of satisfactions and enjoyments is a delusion. What really happens is that a few are despoiled of their distinctive pleasures. He cites the case of a man who, before motor cars, went and built himself a house in beautiful solitude by the sea. Now he sells it,

(Continued on Page 60)

PHOTOS. COPYRIGHT BY PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

A Section of the Moat of Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Florida

The Business Section of Miami as Seen From Biscayne Park

CARTOON AND COMEDY

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"My Bairnies, Tell Your Friend He'll be Mair Welcome This Afternoon, After He's Had His Dinner at Hame"

DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

"It Was a Magnificent, Languorous, Exquisite and Adorable Place Drenched in Golden Sunshine." "You Liked It?"

DRAWN BY A. L. CASSEL

"He Hasn't Found That String of Pearls Yet, Mother"

DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

"I Told Him That Last Line of Fine Print Was From the Latest Suppressed Book"

DODGE BROTHERS

SIXES AND EIGHTS

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

In action, the Dodge Brothers Six achieves a new peak of six-cylinder performance and economy. For comfort, it has astonishing leg-room, head-room and elbow-room—plus ever-welcome space in which to carry things. For safety, it has a silent, strong Mono-Piece Steel Body, and positive, self-equalized internal hydraulic brakes. For value, this fine, big, handsome and dependable motor car is offered at the lowest price of any six in all Dodge Brothers history.

DODGE SIX
$835
AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

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MY WAR DIARY

(Continued from Page 7)

artillery fire. I should like you to relieve Lieutenant Palazzeschi of a part of his administrative work and, in your hours of leisure, to write the history of the regiment during the period of this war. This is a proposal that I put to you, you understand; not an order."

Col. Giuseppe Barbieri is a Romagnole of Ravenna. He has, in fact, the lines of a Romagnole.

I reply, "I prefer to remain with my comrades in the trenches."

"Then we won't speak of it again. Will you have a glass of wine?"

The colonel's wine is not good, but for want of better ——

I asked that I might be changed into the 7th Company so as to be with Lieutenant Giraud, and my request was granted.

Some Bersaglieri attached to the headquarters expressed their great surprise at my refusal.

"I am at the war to fight, and not to write!"

As I go up the mountain again, I pass close to the kitchens. There is a huge twelve-inch shell not exploded. A little farther on the corpse of an Austrian, abandoned. The dead man is still biting between his teeth a strip of the collar of his tunic, which, strange to say, is still quite intact. But underneath, showing through the rotting flesh, I can see his bones. He has lost his boots. Very naturally; the boots of the Austrians are much better than ours. Just before reaching the trenches, I meet Giraud with my new captain, Adolfo Mozzoni. I report to him my conversation with the colonel. He congratulates me on my refusal, which he calls "very noble."

"I, too, am something of a journalist," he says to me, "and we will write a journal of the trenches together."

11TH OCTOBER.

Life in the trenches is the natural, primitive life. A bit monotonous. Here is the time-table of my days: There is no reveille in the morning. Everyone sleeps as long as he wants. By day we do nothing. One can go—at the risk and danger of being hit by the implacable sniper—to see one's friends in the other companies; one plays at *sette e messo*, or, if there are no cards, at pitch and toss; when the guns thunder, one counts the rounds. The issue of rations is the only variation of the day: For liquid, they give us one cup of coffee, one of wine and a little brandy; for solid food, a bit of cheese which might be worth threepence, and half a tin of bully beef. Good bread, and almost as much as one wants. Of hot food there is no question. A little time ago the Austrians blew up everything—mules, dixies and cooks.

There is one hour in the day which the Bersaglieri always await with impatience and anxiety—the hour of the post, which is beginning to come up regularly. That is Jacabone's business, so far as the regiment is concerned. Our postman is the Calabrian Suraci. When the cry of "letters" goes up, all come out of their shelters and crowd round the distributor. Nobody thinks of bullets or shrapnel any more.

Every morning, when the coffee is being issued, disputes and quarrels arise between one Bersagliere and another, and above all, between the Bersaglieri and the corporals. Strange! They are men who may be killed at any moment, and they quarrel for a cup of coffee. But the fact is easily explained—for coffee is the only liquid which the soldier desires and drinks both with pleasure and with benefit; and then, nobody believes that he has got to be killed; and, finally, it is out of a profound sense of distributive justice. When the rations are not the same for all, shouts go up of:

"Camorra! No camorra!"

Unfortunately, there is *camorra*—dirty work—in the soldiers' sense of the word. The soldier who is in the front line, and ought to be sacred, does not get more than a fraction of what he ought to get according to the regulations. The coffee, the chocolate, the wine, the brandy go through too many drivers', corporals' and orderlies' hands. The *"camorra"* seems to be a normal fact, but it is very irritating to the men, especially in wartime. One often hears them saying *"Governo ladro!"*—thieving government.

The *"camorra"* ends by exercising a depressing influence on what is called the morale of the troops. I think that, if it is necessary, in order to make these men contented, to abolish the abuses of this little *"camorra"* and to issue abundant and rightful rations of coffee, the problem is one of easy solution. Import, if necessary, all the coffee of Brazil.

16TH OCTOBER.

An exceptionally quiet night. Even the Austrian sentries had a rest. No ta-pum. This morning, sun. Artillery projectiles are passing over our heads, high up, very high, but one cannot make out where they come from or what they are aimed at. Temporary Lieutenant Morrigoni informs me of his promotion to temporary captain. He will leave the company. Lieutenant Fanelli is going off to hospital. He has very bad feet from cold and damp. Two wounded by rifle fire. Issue of chocolate sent by an unknown friend.

"There is somebody who remembers us!"

The Libera Stampa of Locarno reaches me with an article dedicated to the memory of Julio Barni, who fell on the field of battle. Poor and heroic friend. The survivors among us will always remember you!

To fall as a prisoner into the hands of the Austrians—that is an eventuality which alarms my comrades. "We'd rather be killed," they all say.

This explains the very small number of Italian prisoners made by the Austrian army. Those of our regiment number less than ten, and all of them were taken by surprise.

Here, nobody says: "I am going back to my village"; we say: "To go back to Italy." Thus, Italy appears, perhaps for the first time, in the consciousness of so many of her sons as a single living reality; as the common fatherland, in fact.

17TH OCTOBER.

SUNDAY. The morning begins quietly. There is a marvelous sun overhead. But, suddenly, towards nine o'clock, an Austrian eleven-inch shell passes over our heads with its ferocious whistle. It bursts far off, down toward the Slatenik. A little while afterwards another shot, with shorter range. A third, two hundred yards below the post that we are holding. A fourth behind us. The Austrians are firing at random. They are bombarding the zone. Teasing fire, as we call it. There is the whistle of a sixth round. I feel it above my head. Nearer, nearer, nearer; it passes sixty centimeters above our heads. Petrella and I lie motionless on the ground. The minute of waiting seemed very long to us. The projectile burst less than three yards from the place where we are. The mere wind it raised has completely uncovered our shelter. A frightful detonation. A hail of enormous splinters and stones. A tree has been uprooted. Some rocks split to fragments. We find ourselves literally covered from head to foot with dust, stones and twigs.

"Are you alive?"

"Alive!"

The sling of my rifle has been cut right in half by a splinter. My mess tin and haversack are riddled with holes. Petrella's rifle has its stock smashed. All the neighboring trees show rents in their bark. We are miraculously unhurt.

Major Cassola's orderly, the Milanese runner Terzi, comes running from one shelter to another and shouting:

"Bersaglieri of the 33d! The major's orders; retire with arms under the cliff!"

We obey. The whole battalion is now assembled underneath a rock in shelter from the eleven-inch shells. I pass in front of battalion headquarters. There is the major, Captain Mozzoni and Captain Vestrini. My face is black with dust.

"What has happened to you, Mussolini?" they ask.

"The last eleven-inch burst near me."

"You had a narrow escape."

For the second time in a week I have been in serious and immediate danger of death. Had the projectile burst only one pace farther back, I should have been reduced to fragments.

Jannazzone says to me: "If I were you, I should take a candle to Montevergine!"

The bombardment did not go on. Mine was the last round. We go back to our shelters. During the quiet afternoon many stop to observe the enormous hole produced by the burst of the eleven-inch shell. I find a still warm splinter which must weigh about two kilograms. I put it among my war souvenirs. The heavy guns cause fewer casualties, perhaps, than those of medium and small caliber, but they exercise a depressing influence upon the spirit of the men. The infantry soldier feels himself unarmed, quite powerless against the guns. When the artillery is bombarding our positions, every one of us is like a man condemned to death. The shriek announces the projectile, and every man asks himself: "Where will it burst?"

Against gunfire there is no possible defense, except that provided by the shelters, which are not very deep and anything but solid. They are simply stones piled one on top of another, with sods of earth between them. One has to stay motionless, to count the shells and wait for the bombardment to finish. There is another reason why guns make an impression on the soldier, and that is the kind of wounds which they produce. The rifle and machine-gun bullets do not do the dreadful damage of an artillery projectile.

Only one man was killed—a corporal major of sappers of the 27th Battalion. A Milanese, so they tell me. He was beheaded by a fragment of the eleven-inch. Towards evening I go to fetch water and I pass near to the place where they have buried him. It is in a corner, beneath a rock, near to a hairpin bend of the mule track. On the cross, underneath his Christian name and surname, there is a short and affectionate epitaph. He was a brave man. At the foot of the cross there are some picture post cards. Somebody has sprinkled leaves on the newly turned earth. At the Cottages—these are simply two wooden hovels—I find the Milanese corporal major, Garbagnati, again. He is in charge of the rations. He offers me something to drink. There is a mule column arriving. One hears them a long way off through the clatter of their hoofs on the stones of the path. A quiet evening.

18TH OCTOBER.

A quiet night. A sunny morning. In the afternoon the symphony of our guns begins. They are firing from all the summits. We did not know so many batteries existed. There go our 75's. They have a sharp and angry hiss and burst.

The six-inch guns are imposing. The explosion of their shell is almost jovial in its deepness. The eight-inch have a short, dull roar. Then there is our dear old twelve-inch. It comes from far away, beyond the mountain, like a pilgrim. It passes over our heads slowly and solemnly. One's ear can follow it through the whole of its trajectory. One cannot hear the discharge of the gun, it is so far off, but we hear the explosion of the shell. The burst of an Italian twelve-inch makes the whole mountain rock. If the enemy artillery depresses us, our own artillery raises our spirits. When our guns are in action, the Bersaglieri are beside themselves with joy. They go round from shelter to shelter, they whistle and sing.

The infantry soldier has only one desire—always to hear the voices of our guns—always, by night and by day. When the Austrian guns are firing and our own are silent, the impatient Bersaglieri will protest against our artillery, which is saving its ammunition. Action of our artillery lasted a couple of hours.

Fatigue parties carrying ammunition pass by. There are cases of bombs upon which is written: *Haut, Bas, Eviter les chocs.* The advance is imminent. How symptomatic! The Bersaglieri never speak of a fight, an action or a battle; no, they say, "advance." It seems to them simply axiomatic, intuitive and necessary that any battle of ours must resolve itself into an advance.

It is not always so. But this general and unique use of the word is another symptom of the spirit of aggressiveness which animates the Italian soldiers, and of their certitude of victory.

The thing that has surprised and moved me most of all in this first month of the trenches is the incredible stoicism shown by the wounded Italian soldiers. My first shelter is on the mule track. I have my window on the street. Everything passes beneath my eyes. I have seen dozens and dozens of wounded men. The lightly wounded—those hit in the arm, for instance—go to the hospital by themselves. Some of them, though their flesh was lacerated by shell splinters, were calmly smoking cigarettes. Not a single groan. It is extraordinary! It is admirable!

A man of Mantua, his arm almost cut off by a splinter, is going all by himself to the dressing station. And he says to the lieutenant who is hastily attending to him to give him a dressing:

"Lieutenant, cut the rest off; and make them give me a bit of bread!"

This stoicism is the product of the atmosphere in which we live. No wounded soldier cares to show himself weak and afraid of his own blood before his comrades. But not that only. There is a deeper reason. One does not groan over a wound when one is running the continual risk of death. A wound is a minor evil. However, the proud silence of these humble sons of Italy under the pain of their flesh torn by redhot steel is a proof of the magnificent solidity of our race.

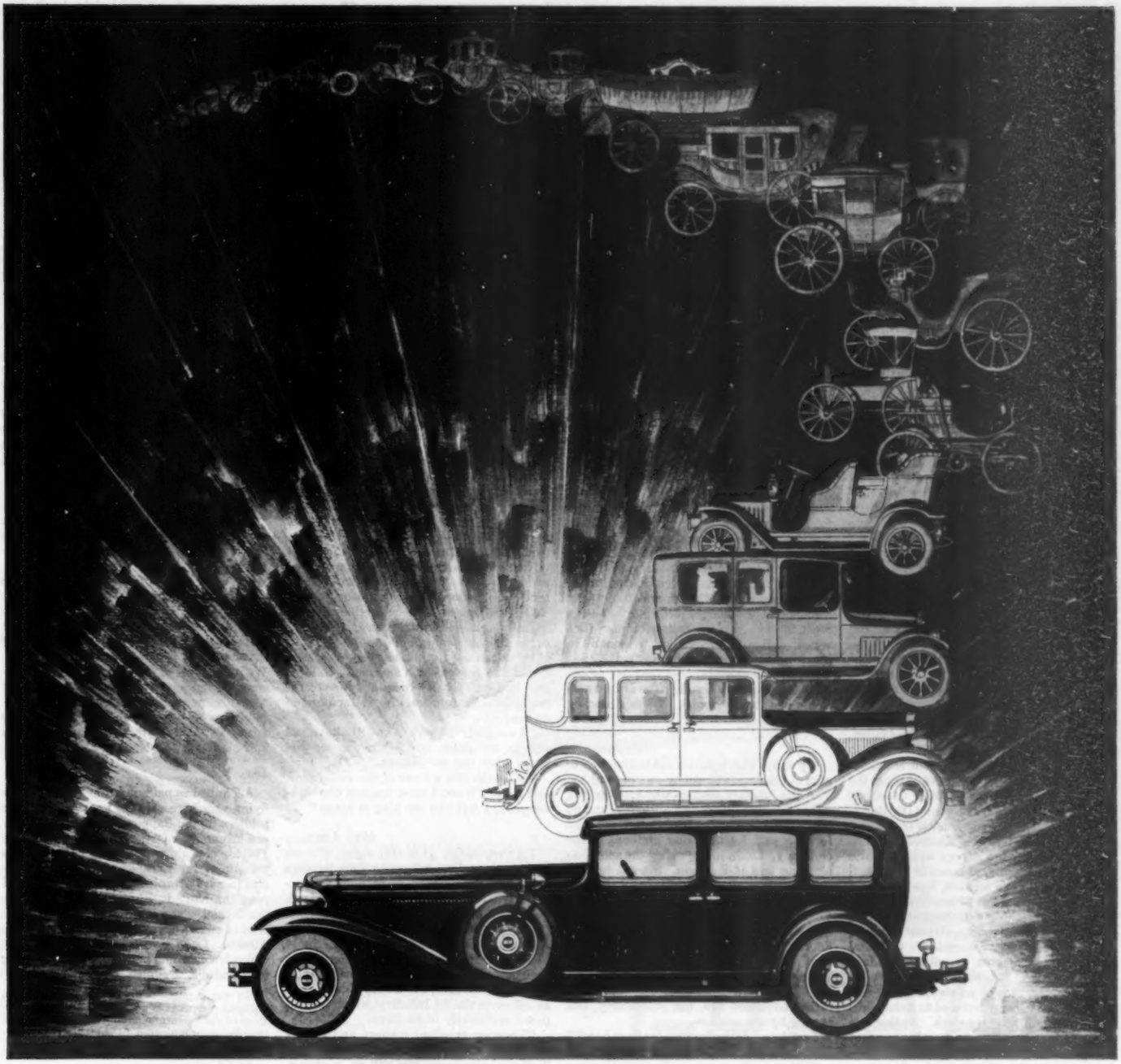
19TH OCTOBER.

A restless night. Distant and heavy bombardment. They say it is in the direction of Tolmino and Gorizia. The action seems to be fixed for tomorrow. Sun. The majestic formidable concert of our artillery begins. The man who has stood—even for a single day—under the bombardment of a hundred guns firing simultaneously receives an unforgettable, overwhelming impression. By evening, we are simply stupefied. Our nerves no longer react.

A few words of war slang, in vogue in my regiment:

Baule—a fool.
Scalcinato—a poor soldier.
Fifa—fear.
Svirgola—a gunshot.
Omnibus—a twelve-inch shell.
Pizzicare—to wound.
Spicciarsela—to be in an uncomfortable position.
Pallottola intelligente—a bullet which only wounds.
Pipa—a telling off.
Girare la matricola—ditto.
Far scrivere a casa—to steal something from a man.
Far camorra—to take the lion's share.
Far fesso—ditto.
Essere fuori uso—not up to the strain of war.
Vedere il mago—to lag behind.
Avanzare verso le cucine—to retire.
Tagliar la corda—to run away.
Portare a casa la ghirba—to get home safe and sound.

(Continued on Page 38)



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AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY . AUBURN, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 34)

The *ghirba* is a vessel of waterproof material which serves to carry water, wine or coffee.

21st October.

Yesterday the Austrians fired on the stretcher bearers who were going along the mule track at the bottom of the valley. One stretcher bearer was mortally wounded. It is in the zone from Tolmino-Monte Nero that since this morning the guns have been most loudly rumbling. The advance of our regiment ought to be beginning in an hour. My battalion is in reserve between the 27th and the 39th. The captain has recommended me for promotion to corporal, with a very flattering report. Midday.

A voice shouts from above: "All into shelters!"

I delay a little, but two shells which pass close to our shelter force me to jump into our hole. The artillery concert begins. Long hours of waiting and immobility. Our guns go on thundering all the time to protect the advance of some squads of the 27th Battalion. Five A.M. We come out of our holes, in spite of the usual little Austrian gun which is firing shrapnel at us. In the half light the men wounded in the action pass by. The first is a sergeant. Then come two captains—Morozzo and Mirto. This last has his head bandaged. He goes by calmly smoking a cigarette. The 39th Battalion has had fifty-four wounded and not one killed. Meanwhile the Austrians have set fire to the little wood so as to hinder our advance. The high-leaping flames turn the horizon red.

22d October.

Three mines of colossal proportions have been exploded by the Austrians on top of Jaworcek, raising a tornado of rocks and stones. Nobody hurt.

Today, the second day of the action. The guns keep on thundering. On our left, on the Little Jaworcek, very lively rifle fire.

23d October.

Yesterday evening, when night had fallen, four rounds of eleven-inch shells. Then, in two periods, intense Austrian rifle and field-gun fire. After that, all quiet during the night. The division has sent a telephone message of good wishes to the 11th Bersaglieri, on the anniversary, both tragic and glorious, of the battle of Shara-Shat. The second in command of my squad, Mario Simoni, of Camerino, who was in Libya and was Colonel Fara's servant, has often told me what happened at Shara-Shat.

We know nothing definite about the results of our action. Lieutenant Colonel Albarelli has been wounded. Corporal Major Corradini goes by with a bandage round his head. It is not serious. Here are two killed, victims of an eleven-inch shell. One of these has been reduced to a shapeless mass, wrapped in a tent cloth. At this moment—ten A.M.—the daily symphony of our guns is beginning. A flight of crows flying low. In the afternoon the Austrians bombarded the position held by my company for three hours. These are the uncertainties of being in reserve. We went to ground in time. Some wounded.

I don't understand why they make a daily issue of brandy to the soldiers. A very small quantity, it is true, but it gets the men into a very bad habit. The everyday drop predisposes to the glass of tomorrow. Besides, there are men who sometimes manage to drink too much and provide a far from edifying spectacle. The only punishment that I have known inflicted was, in fact, inflicted on a corporal, who, having drunk too much brandy, was reduced.

Our war, as on the other fronts, is a war of position, of exhaustion. A gray war. A war of resignation, of patience, of tenacity. By day one stays below ground; it is by night that one can live rather more freely and quietly. All the bright colors of the old warfare have disappeared. Even the rifle is beginning to become useless. One goes to the attack on a trench with bombs, with murderous hand grenades. This kind of war is the most opposed to the temperament of the Italians. However, with our marvelous faculty of adaptation, we have become accustomed to the war of the trenches, to the war of mud, to the continual hidden danger which puts the nervous system to a very severe test. The resistance to the discomforts and the cold of the mountain heights is extraordinary in men who come from countries where it never snows. I have often overheard the following assertion in the conversations of my comrades:

"If only we were on the plains and in open country, the Austrians would very soon be done for."

24th October.

A night of absolute quiet. A delicious sunny morning. The first gunshot is Italian. Is the action over? I know nothing. Rampoldi, who comes to my trench, says that some of our detachments got as far as the burial ground of the Austrian officers, but he cannot tell me if they stopped there. I shall know this before long, as our battalion will shortly relieve the 39th. The afternoon is quiet also. I am called to the tent of Lieut. Giuseppe Pianu, temporary commander of the 82d Company of Alpini, which is about to retire to Hill 1270.

Pianu is a Sardinian, and he has all the physical and moral qualities of the Sardinians. There are other officers in the tent. Among others, the medical sublieutenant, Scalpelli. Much gossip. We all pose together for a photographic group. I hold a bomb in my right hand. Pianu, a very gallant officer, tells me unknown or very little known episodes of the first Italian advances in the zone of Monte Nero. I accept his invitation and stay to dine with him and the others. The menu of a large restaurant: *risotto*, roast meat, a *frittata*, fruit, a sweet. The wines: ordinary Chianti and Grignolino in bottles. It is a good-by dinner. The Alpini, who have silently prepared for their departure, are already filing down the mule track. Pianu has his tent struck. We say good-by with fraternal cordiality.

28th April.

Up early. The Volaja was kind enough to give us a last snowstorm by way of good-by. The first infantry soldiers who are relieving us are arriving. We get on our packs and go down. First halt at the Pierabech-Navagnist fork, to wait for the other platoons of the company. Down in the valley the snow has all gone and it is warm. Second halt at Forni, so that all the companies of the battalion may assemble. Two hours' liberty. Lunch at the Crown Inn. Reali with me. A light and clean little room on the upper floor. On the walls a fine pen-and-ink portrait of Camillo Cavour, with the following inscription in French: "Premier Ministre du Roi de Sardaigne." An old woman, of rather advanced age, but still hearty, sits sewing by the window.

I ask her: "Is the frontier far from here?"

"Not much. Two hours or more."

"What is the name of the first German village beyond the frontier?"

"Lackau."

"Have you been there?"

"Only once. At Lackau there is a big sanctuary, and every year before the war people used to make pilgrimages to it. It is a five hours' walk. You go by Pierabech and go up the Fleons Valley."

Then the old woman tells me the episode of the evacuation of Forni, which happened a few months ago, under the threat of an enemy incursion.

"One day, all of a sudden, the mayor gave us all orders to go away. Nobody stayed in the village. All the houses were shut up and abandoned. Such confusion! Such despair! The poor families did not know what to do or where to go. We stopped at Ivaro, others at Rigolata. Women and children were crying. Heartrending scenes. We stayed away forty days, and they seemed to me like forty years. But if they were to come back a second time, I should not go away again, even if I were certain of being shot dead by those dogs. I am so old!"

But the case will not be repeated. Our defenses in the zone of the Upper Degano are simply formidable. For them to come down would mean sacrificing themselves to useless massacre.

We leave for Comeglians. A few Bersaglieri stragglers stayed in the meadow. Two are dead drunk. They carry them off on stretchers. Along the road we pass other soldiers whom excessive potations of wine have laid on the ground. Not an edifying spectacle! That's what war is like at the back of the front. In the front line the men are sober and decent. When they get to the back areas they take to their old bad habits of befuddling themselves in the drink shop. Here is Comeglians. Pretty. Its surroundings are certainly among the most panoramic of the whole of Carnia. This region clutches one's heart.

29th April.

A radiant, sunny morning. The woods display all the most delicate shades of spring verdure. There is happiness in the transparent clearness of the horizon, in the Degano dashing its impetuous waters against the rocks, in the whiteness of the solitary church which dominates the place from the top of the steep rock, in the smoke of our kitchens made ready behind a perpendicular cliff which gives us—so a competent person says—completely dead ground. Today there is more silence and more order in the place. Sentries are on guard at the cantonments. Comeglians, too, like all the other villages of Carnia, has no young men. One sees a few old men and many children and women. I had occasion to make the mayor's acquaintance; he is landlord of an inn.

"I am glad," he says to me, "to have had you as my guest, and I hope to see you again when the war is over."

He speaks like a lover of the mountains, and says: "When I have reached the highest peak, I feel like the king of kings."

30th April.

Up very early. It is still night. Put on packs. From Comeglians to Villa Santina is thirteen kilometers, eight hundred meters. We reach Villa Santina toward six o'clock and halt in a field near the station to eat our only meal. The sublieutenant, Antonio Isola, a lawyer of Catania, comes to see me. It is the first time we have seen each other, but we have known each other, by correspondence, for a long time. He is an officer in the 3d Infantry, which is composed exclusively of Sicilians.

"They are excellent soldiers, and I don't say it out of local patriotism! My little Sicilians have given, and will go on giving, a magnificent account of themselves. They want nothing better than to go in with the bayonet."

We leave Villa Santina at 8:12 on a special train. Drinking and singing in the carriages. We pass Tolmezzo and Amaro without stopping. A short stop at the Stazione per la Carnia. In the train as far as Chiusaforte. From there to Dogna on foot. Halt for the night.

1st May.

Up at dawn. We take the road by the Dogna Canal; a very fine, newly made road, fit for wheeled traffic. Formerly there was nothing but a primitive mule track. Work was begun by the 4th Company of the 5th Sappers and Miners, and was continued and finished by territorials and by gangs of workmen. This road is a piece of work which ought to be seen by all those who deny to us Latins all capacity for organization and perseverance. This road, which, tomorrow, will form an excellent commercial link between Dogna and Touvin, represents the *ne plus ultra* of modernity. At every bend there are watch houses guarded by sentries; tunnels hollowed out of the rock which would give shelter to the troops in case the valley was bombarded; there are drinking fountains with spouts; and a cable way which shortens the so-called clambering stretch. After marching for seven kilometers and reaching a height between nine hundred and a thousand, we halt. We have arrived. Part of the company bivouacs in a little group of abandoned cottages, while my platoon and the 2d put up tents.

The captain has a parade of the noncommissioned officers of the company and announces to us that two messages praising our company for war service done up there have come from the headquarters of the Upper Degano sector.

The mountains here are steeper than those we have left. In front of us we have the Montasio, a regular wall, whose summit reaches 2754 meters and is capped with snow.

2d May.

I slept in a tent again; the first time for months and months. The first time was at Caporetto, in September, after I was called up. Sweet sleep—deep and refreshing.

This morning, bright sun. The Degano surges loudly below us. The valley is narrow—or, rather, there is no valley. The mountains rise precipitously on the right and still more so on the left. A few hours of intense labor has transformed the camp. We put a layer of pine branches and sweet-smelling moss on the floor of the tent. At the sides we planted trees to hide ourselves from view from above. One breathes again. The simple life. I think of Rousseau and his Return to Nature.

3d May.

A Taube has paid us a first visit, but was flying very high. Got to know some of the soldiers in the Sappers and Miners. They are interventionists. One of them, Necola Pretto, of Valdagno, Vicenza, gave me a volume of the writings of Giuseppe Mazzini to read. Absolutely quiet afternoon. I read the Nuit de Rimini. A pity that the text is thick with misprints. Mazzini catches hold of one. I devoured the Letter to Carlo Alberto. I had read it in my student days. There is something prophetic in that writing of Mazzini's. I copied in my notebook:

No war is possible for France that is not a national war; that is not supported by the passions of the multitude or which is not fed by an impulse communicated to the thirty-two millions who compose it.

And farther on:

The great things are not accomplished by protocols, but by divining one's own age. The secret of power lies in the will.

And still farther on, in the article entitled, Some Causes Which Have Hitherto Hindered the Development of Liberty in Italy—1832:

Leaders are wanting; there were wanting the few to direct the many; there were wanting the men strong in faith and self-sacrifice who could seize hold of the seething indignation of the masses and grasp the consequences at a glance; who, boiling with generous passions, could concentrate them in one passion only—that of victory—who could calculate all the scattered factors; who could find for all the word of life and order; who could look forward, not behind; who could throw themselves between the people and the obstacles with the resignation of men condemned to be victims of the one or the other; and who could write upon their banner Succeed or Die, and could maintain their promise.

Is there in these extracts a divination of today's events?

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Signor Mussolini. The second will appear in the issue of August 23d.

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TENANTS FOR THE SKY LINE

(Continued from Page 15)

site, a big bank account, some mortgages, architects' plans and an imposing board of directors. It was the chairman of this board—of Empire State, Inc.—who discussed with the company president some of the advantageous features of establishing an office in an eighty-five-story building. If that company moves into the new building, other concerns in the same kind of business are more than likely to follow it. I suspect this lease was signed not long afterward, because former Gov. Alfred E. Smith is a most persuasive talker.

Naturally, as chairman of the board of the company that owns the building, Governor Smith has more important things to do ordinarily than sell space; yet, unless that space were sold, and sold promptly, his problems would tower as high as his 1100-foot building.

Another matter with which he had to concern himself in recent times was an arrangement with the Navy Department for the erection of a 200-foot mooring mast for airships. The mast will extend from the apex of the building, a naked elevator shaft. Airship passengers for Germany and elsewhere in Europe may begin their journey across the ocean in an elevator that will rise from what once was the fascinating corridor called Peacock Alley.

That mooring mast is itself a subtle appeal to prospective tenants, for whom all these big buildings have an appetite in proportion to their size. Tenants are something about which the owners begin to concern themselves very often before the demolition of the old building which the new one is to displace; and the shrewd owners do not seek to save brokerage commissions. Even though a person of the consequence of Al Smith is enlisted for occasional service in a rental campaign, it is a broker who closes the transactions.

In the temporary offices of a tremendous building now in course of construction, there is a rental manager who came on the job before the tenants of the old building on the site began to move out. He is not a salesman in the ordinary sense of the word. He is a mechanical engineer, and when the shining, 1000-foot tower is complete, he will be, so to speak, its high priest, with a salary of $25,000 or $30,000 a year. Then his chief concern will be to keep his tenants satisfied. He will have to guard his building against the ravages of age, so that those tenants will not become prey for the tenant raiders who will, all too soon, come on behalf of newer and taller structures.

Filling a New Building

This man, a few years ago, was placed in charge of the renting operations of another huge building, in which there were 825,000 square feet of rentable area to be leased. Leases for half the space were signed a year before the building opened. When the building contractor finally turned it over to the owners, only 20 per cent of the space was unsold.

"On such a job as this one," he explained, "I would not dare to try to find enough tenants with a temporary force of brokers working solely for this building. There are too many millions of dollars at stake. The first thing I did here was to prepare 700 sets of plans of the building, so as to provide a copy for practically every real-estate firm and broker in the city. You have to seine with a big net to catch enough tenants to pay a $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 or $5,000,000 rent roll. The net we are using is made of all the brokers in the city. If we had even a few salesmen of our own engaged in this work, those few might discourage the other brokers from working in our behalf. Therefore all we do is to help the brokers sell. This arrangement is becoming increasingly popular. Consequently the hundreds of brokers who roam the corridors of occupied buildings in search of restless tenants are all selling the same merchandise, and at the same price. What each one must do to get a client is to sell himself, to convince the ones he seeks to interest that he is a trustworthy and experienced person.

"There is no way of knowing in advance what it is going to cost to fill a big, new building with tenants. The brokerage commissions are only a part of it. The real-estate board specifies what those commissions shall be. For a lease of one year or under, the commission is 3¾ per cent; the lowest commission on a full term of twenty years is 1½ per cent.

"In one building for which I acted as rental manager during the period of construction, we paid $112,000 in commissions to make $9,000,000 in rent. But, in addition, we spent about $50,000 in advertising and between $80,000 and $100,000 in other expenses, including my salary and the salaries of my assistants. What we rented was 715,000 square feet of floor space. That is a lot of space in the heart of New York City.

"In some of the finest of the new giants, space is being leased at prices varying from $1.50 a square foot for the least desirable quarters, up to $7.50. Good, well-lighted space may be had for a price ranging from $2.50 to $3.25 a square foot. That is typical for an office eighteen feet wide by twenty-eight feet deep, which is about standard for a small office. When a single tenant leases a floor or a number of floors, naturally the price is shaded."

Much more important things than price disturb the minds of the executives who decide whether the offices of a firm shall be moved from an old location. A change of address is usually impeded by the same sentimental bonds that make a family reluctant about moving from a neighborhood in which it has long been rooted. Old associations with other firms, with banks, lawyers and allied business enterprises, with clubs and restaurants, make them slow to move. Often an element of superstition is a factor. Men get a fixed notion that the success of their business has hinged to some degree on luck. They are fearful of changes that might influence luck.

All these things tend to stay the hands of those who are urged to sign a lease for new premises. Another of the concrete terrors is that old and valuable employes may be so inconvenienced by a move that they will resign.

Large establishments in New York that have moved in recent years have all thought enough of this phase of the problem to make surveys of their employes' routes to work before making a decision. One of the concerns which moved from downtown to midtown some months ago did lose some of its people who lived on Staten Island and in New Jersey.

To these, the change meant the loss of an hour each day. Rather than move to a neighborhood more convenient to the new offices—in some cases this would have involved selling a house—they preferred to find another job.

The mere act of moving is a disturbing factor. A manufacturing company which has 1500 employes in its New York offices, and tens of thousands in its numerous plants elsewhere, moved its offices not long ago. As soon as it had signed a lease for new space in a building about four miles distant from the old location, representatives of moving men began to apply for the job. Office moving is a highly specialized business in New York.

The firm that was selected was one that had given satisfaction in moving the general offices of one of the largest of American insurance companies, one of the great automobile concerns and several large banks. The manufacturing-company executive who was saddled with responsibility for the undertaking told me about his experience.

"We'd been in the old quarters for twenty years," he said, "and grown and grown. Then we took this lease on the new premises for twenty years. So you can see moving was a fresh adventure. In my career with the firm it had never happened, and probably my career will be finished before we move again. Anyway, the work was wished on me. You think there are prima donnas in opera? You should have heard me soothing some of our executives who thought the office space assigned to them was not so desirable as that given to some other executives! That was only one of the problems, but it was as persistent as shellfire."

Moving Day at the Office

"One of the things that gave us a great deal of satisfaction was the fact that we were moving into an absolutely new building. It was so new that it was unfinished when we prepared to move. We had about 500 truckloads of furniture, files, other records and equipment. A caravan does not need to cross a desert to be a caravan. There must be many such caravans weaving through the traffic of New York City from time to time. When you stop to think what frightful disorder and losses might occur to a great business if anything happened to its records while in transit, you can appreciate with what dread we regarded the job.

"We were elated, however, because we were going into a new building. Indeed, the topmost stories were not quite finished when we started to move in—the first tenant.

"Each piece of our furniture—every desk, chair, table, filing cabinet, typewriter and adding machine—had been given an identification tag. There were red tags for one department, blue ones for another, and so on through the colors of the rainbow. When we had exhausted the rainbow we distinguished other departments with tags bearing a combination of colors. Besides, each tag bore numbers and symbols, so that a glance was sufficient to key every piece of furniture to its proper department, floor and room. Moreover, the thousands of pieces of this puzzle were registered on an elaborate set of floor plans.

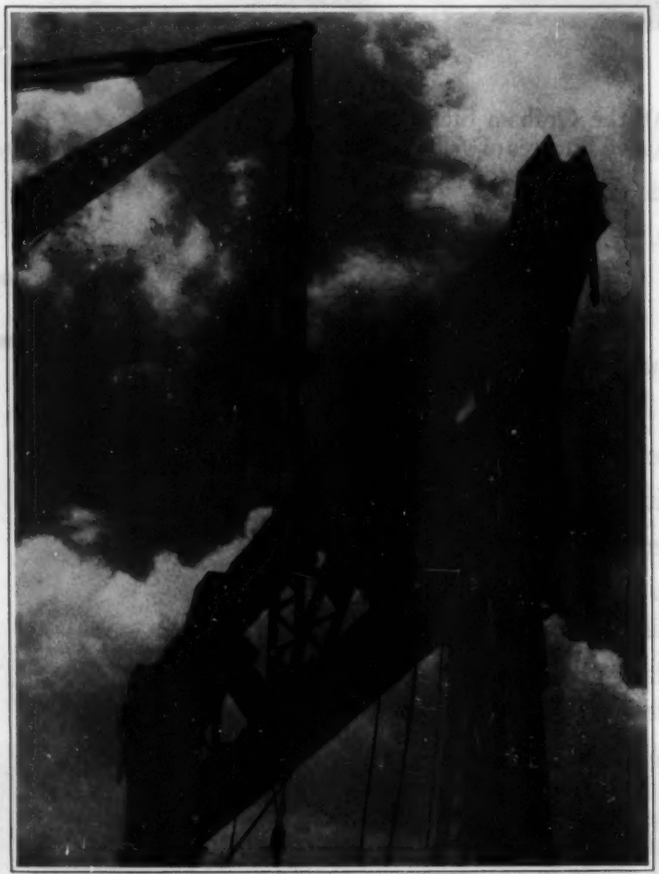
"In the new building, in addition to the master floor plans, there were copies of the furniture plan in every room; the telephones were all connected and, as a special precaution, there were sly little chalk marks on the floor to indicate the position of each piece.

"We did all our moving at night, after the first day, when we discovered that paying double time to the movers for night work was cheaper than paying them for hours of standing in New York traffic."

The elevators are the neck of the bottle on such a job. One large company tried to move too swiftly into new offices not long ago. Eighty loads were hauled from the old offices in one night. Only one elevator had been kept in service. The result was that a huge building was completely disorganized because the employes of other tenants, arriving in the morning, found their way to the elevators barred by mounds of furniture. The cost of moving the general offices of these large corporations that buy the high-altitude areas of New York City is usually figured on a load basis. In recent times the cost of one such move amounted to $80,000. Moving men say that $5000 jobs are a commonplace in their business.

These moving contractors read the news of the mergers of big corporations with more interest than almost anyone else. They have discovered that the physical merger which occurs after the financial details have been worked out usually means a large job for one of their number. Some of these concerns now offer to refinish the furniture of a corporation while it is being

(Continued on Page 40)



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(Continued from Page 38)

moved, sandpapering and staining all pieces before moving, and giving the final waxing and polishing after the furniture has been placed in the new quarters. When a company equipped with golden oak is merged with another that has mahogany furniture, the fusion is not regarded as complete until one or the other finish prevails. Generally the mahogany wins.

"As a rule," said one of the moving men, "after some of these merged companies move into a single office, we have opportunities to buy a lot of secondhand furniture—the desks of ex-vice presidents and other victims of this commercial form of the childish game called Going to Jerusalem.

"There is an increasing demand for speed on these jobs, and since practically all office leases in New York expire on May first, that is for us one of the maddest and most profitable days in the year. If the elevator service is good at both ends of a job, we can move as many as 1000 van loads over a week-end. But that sort of handling calls for management of a high order.

"Lately we moved the main offices of a large bank into eight floors of a downtown building. We were warned that the bank would suffer if we did not carry out the job on schedule. At the very instant of closing at noon on a Saturday, our men began. No pains had been spared to make it a 'rolling job.' The men simply lifted the separate pieces of furniture on trucks and then shoved them into elevators, returning for another load. On the ground floor other men rolled those pieces out of the elevators to the sidewalk. At the other building, another large crew of men was on the job to receive the vans as they arrived. What we had established was a kind of factory system of our own. There was no disorder. Every piece was tagged. We worked all afternoon and all night, and by nine o'clock Sunday morning the bank was in shape to be opened.

"Sometimes, to avoid breaks in our rolling line, we build platforms from stoops to the van levels. When we move a bank we provide padlocked bins in which precious papers can be placed under seal. When the vans containing those bins move through the streets, policemen ride on the seat with the drivers. The actual currency is always moved in armored cars.

"The biggest job we ever tackled was the moving of an insurance company's offices from one part of New York to another. There were about 6000 loads. The work was not completed for three weeks, but it was so handled that the business of the company was not interfered with. That was an $84,000 job. We used hundreds of men on shifts, and those of us who had to supervise the job refreshed ourselves at intervals with black coffee and shower baths. If we had two hours' sleep in the course of twenty-four hours we were lucky.

"On a recent job, when we moved 500 van loads from a building on the rim of the harbor to a midtown tower, we started on a Friday night and were finished in forty-eight hours. The clerks of that organization were given an extra half holiday, but otherwise there was no interruption to their work. We used thirty vans and about 270 men, but that tells only a part of the story. Months before the actual move, engineers and architects on our pay roll had plotted every bit of that job on paper.

"Nowadays we find office jobs comparatively easy. It is when we move some big merchandising organization that we have trouble. When we transfer a silk company from old quarters to new ones we have to move as if we were going to a fire. Sometimes, as we move one concern out of a building, another mover is arriving with vans loaded with the merchandise of the tenant who is to succeed our client. Who shall get the elevators then? The really amazing thing is that we have so little confusion. Nevertheless, there are times when I wonder if our cities reflect quite as much civilization as we suppose they do. Usually I find myself in such a frame of mind on May first, when I see the streets clogged by processions of moving vans traveling around and around the streets at the base of the walls of some high building. An ancient might suppose that here was an army trying to reduce those walls as the Israelite army brought down the ramparts of Jericho; actually, the van drivers are merely waiting their turn to unload. Police regulations will not allow them to halt, for that would block traffic; so they block traffic by circling the block.

"This situation could be corrected by staggering the lease dates. Moving men, tenants, real-estate men, building owners and managers all talk about the desirability of a staggered expiration date for office-building leases, but very little progress has been made. In Pittsburgh, May first is a period quite as mad as that date is in New York. In some other cities there are two expiration dates six months apart, but what is needed is a well-proportioned arrangement that would provide twelve expiration dates in every year. So far as I have been able to tell, the present way—an outgrowth of a system that did not foresee skyscrapers—benefits no one. Instead, it imposes a hardship on building owners, the building trades, moving facilities, telephone companies and, finally, the skyscraper tenants."

THE CHAMPION FROM FAR AWAY

(Continued from Page 9)

and took to reading aloud a letter received two years before from his brother Parfim. And my hero, poling the raft slowly through the snows and ice of the Pechora, learned that this Parfim, favorite of fortune, now worked in a magnificent mill in a distant place called Gary, Indiana, or, as Chizhik and Vanya pronounced it, Hary, Injani. Here, wrote Parfim, was the land of milk and honey, and he himself was dressed from morning to night in the finest of colored silks and, what was more, lived in a beautiful cabin with three women to serve him and vie for his love.

Chizhik, grown sentimental as his last hours were on him, hoped only to survive long enough to see Parfim and share for an hour the bounties of far-away Hary. But he followed Mitka into the river, Parfim's tale of Canaan clutched in his huge, dead hand. And again Vanya howled with grief—for Chizhik, even more than Mitka, had been a man with a soul—and the raft moved more slowly through the ice and snows of the Pechora until it emerged victoriously into the sea. And here my hero, bellowing with hunger, lay face downward on his raft while cakes of ice bigger than the hills of Bashkiria pelted him like stones from the hand of God, and waves higher than the trees of Shuvarov tossed him about like a feather in the dark.

These days, says Vanya, were like the end of the world, and he would not have been surprised if the black skies had opened and all the beasts of the beyond had rushed down to devour the land and the water. Instead, a much more unbelievable thing happened. A Norwegian freighter ran over him as it plowed through the ice floes, and he was hauled out of the sea as shrunken as if he had been dead a thousand years. And two weeks later he was landed in ice-bound Spitzbergen.

As, after a great storm, all is serene and quiet, so Vanya found his succeeding days. At least, that is his description of them. He was given a pair of overalls, dropped into the hold of a ship bigger than he had imagined it was possible to build. And for two months Vanya shoveled coal into its roaring furnace. The heat, says Vanya, was so great that at night his body smelled of burned hair and his eyes took fire when he closed them. The wind blew this ship, big though it was, until it tossed and spun like his Pechoran raft, and Vanya, clinging to his shovel, fought to keep himself from bouncing into the blazing mouth of his furnace. But there was food, says Vanya, in small but never-failing quantities, and an instinct told him he was moving toward the promised land of Hary, Injani.

He landed in New York on a spring morning four years after the signing of the treaty at Brest-Litovsk.

"Oh, I was 'opgry," says Vanya, asked for his first impressions of Babylon; "'ongrier than I ever-r was in mine life."

Somehow, in a manner he finds it difficult to detail and which I will not take the trouble to invent, Vanya encountered a Red Cross worker who spoke a little Russian and who secured him a job in a Brooklyn cemetery, digging graves.

And here he stuck through spring and summer, inquiring, as best he could, of such preoccupied people as visited the scenes of his work where lay the land of Hary, Injani, and receiving no information and even less attention. If not for the memory of Chizhik on the raft, reading aloud the elegant and inspiring words of Parfim, Vanya would have begun to doubt the very existence of this promised land of Hary. As it was, hope dimmed in his heart and he dug graves day after day, as if life itself had disappeared.

And here, after a long pause of time, Vanya, resting on his shovel, looks up from beside a newly made grave and sees in the dusk outlined against a tombstone a certain one whose name is Charash. This Charash is smoking a cigarette and has a very high-class way of leaning against this tombstone. And my hero, whose stout heart has never failed him, looks into the eyes of this man, and something cold touches his stomach. No omens attend the one by the tombstone. No seven ravens circle his head. No dreadful lights play about his feet. But from the first Vanya is not deceived.

The stranger smiles and tosses away the cigarette, sighs and steps forward, and Vanya, who stood motionless for three days and nights in the marshes while an army died around him, is ready to drop shovel, turn tail and flee. But the stranger speaks, and in Russian, too, and calls him by name: "One moment, my good Vanya. I desire very much to speak to you. You are a very interesting-looking fellow. I have noticed you several times. I have a friend who lies here. But today I did not come to visit her. I come only to observe you. I am Charash. This is my automobile. Step in, if you please. It is all right. You will not wish to come back here, so you may leave the shovel behind. . . . All right, Victor. First drive us to the Piruzhnaya, where we will have something to eat. My friend Vanya looks hungry."

This is a piece of pure invention, this monologue. For Vanya can no more recall the words of that first meeting than recite the Red Grimoire of Cagliostro. He trembled, perspired, felt strange, prickly sensations; his ears grew cold, his throat burned as if an icicle had been thrust into it. And he sat beside Charash in this luxurious limousine as if riding on a broomstick with a black cat perched on his shoulders.

As I said in the beginning, I have never seen this Charash. But so much the better. For, alas, it is not given to people such as I ever to behold a Charash in his true colors. We are too clever to see angels, and our vanity is too great for the study of devils. We are too busy with disillusion to look up or look down.

Thus, as I write, I am tempted to steal Charash from Vanya and to attire him in proper, sensible outlines, with nothing more dreadful than a Broadway leer on his Muscovite lips. However, my respect for my hero restrains me, and, too, a slight, reportorial laziness. For if Charash is not the unicorn in the gray derby, the Aladdin, Jinn, Babayaga's son, dervish, lama, and sorcerer to whom Vanya sold his soul, then who is he? A pock on the realities. This, after all, is still the twentieth century, and not the thirtieth, and none of us will seem much keener or more sensible than Vanya when the archæologists come to exhume our doings and sayings. So I give you a Charash as improbable as a frog's dream, as absurd as a grasshopper's honeymoon and as truthful as Vanya's simple heart.

When we sit down to discuss Charash, Vanya shakes his head and clucks with awe. I ask questions. What did he talk like? Like nobody, says Vanya. For Charash had no human voice. He squeaked. He uttered high-pitched, hoarsened sounds that frightened you. Did he talk Russian? What a question! All the languages—Russian, English, French, Turkish. But always in the same squeak. And very fast, as if he had no breath. He walked fast too. He was bald-headed, with a head like a big egg. He had a long, purple face. He was not so tall, but he had big feet, and red hair on his hands. He wore a purple suit. Where did he come from? Vanya crosses himself and his wide cheek bones lift in a sad smile. The same place, says Vanya, to which he has returned.

But there was nothing in his smell to indicate this, says Vanya, with a worried look. He smelled like a fine man, always perfumed. When he took out his handkerchief to blow his nose the air became like a garden.

But when he got drunk he was very cruel. What did he do? He squeaked and gurgled like a flock of ravens and made sounds in the back of his throat enough to frighten a dozen priests. And he banged on the table and cried out in Russian, so that Vanya's blood ran cold, "Attention! Attention, you!" Then Vanya, no matter where this occurred, had to rise and stand rigidly with his finger tips in salute against his perspiring brow, while Charash lay back in his seat and squeaked with glee. But all this was nothing.

Vanya remembers this first week with Charash as almost worth the years of torment awaiting him when he appears before God minus his soul. A week of such eating as Vanya's hungriest dreams had never pictured. So many fowls, steaks, chops, soups, so many vegetables, concoctions, pies, pastries and puddings as nobody, not even in Shuvarov, would have believed one man could devour, were Vanya's. Five, six times a day, whenever he woke up, a man opened the door and said, "What'll you have, sir?" And Vanya would nod and answer with the magic words Charash had taught him, "The same, please." And in less time than it takes to scratch yourself into a good, wakeful state, the steaming bowls, the crowded platters, all smelling like dreams of heaven, would be on the table before him. And beside this paradise of dishes, one, two, three, or as many bottles of vodka as one needed for a good stomach wash.

And when this enchanted week was done Charash revealed himself and his purpose. This week, he explained, was only a meager sample of what life had in store for Vanya if he would sign his name to a certain paper. So Vanya affixed his name to the document which made Charash his manager, or, rather, which made Vanya the tool, pawn, chattel, myrmidon and golem of Charash.

It was in this way that Vanya became a wrestler known as Kovelenko, the Mysterious Russian. What did Vanya know of wrestling? Oho, says Vanya, puffing out his cheeks and thrusting forth his lower lip, in Shuvarov—in Shuvarov his name had been a household word as a wrestler. He had wrestled with Taras, the miller;

(Continued on Page 43)

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(Continued from Page 40)

Oblomov, the blacksmith; Sedukim, the postman; with two farm hands whose names had slipped his mind; with Korolniki, a visiting soldier; and with a monstrous Turk named Sufi, who had appeared out of nowhere and overrun Shuvarov for a fortnight. All these he had conquered.

In this first month which followed, Vanya wrestled two and three times a week. At the start he was nervous. The shouts of people and the bright lights over his head confused him. Nevertheless, these blubbery giants Charash sent into the ring against him were as easy to throw as so many chickens. In fact, Vanya hardly needed to throw them—that is, pin both their shoulders carefully to the mat. What he would do was this: After several minutes he would embrace his opponent around the belly, lift him off his feet and hold him in a bear's hug until the man's toes became quiet. Then, at a nod from Charash in the corner, he would drop this opponent and roll him over, and the opponent would lie still like a dead man, and Vanya, at another nod from Charash, would lift his late enemy onto his shoulder like a sack of meal and carry him through the excited audience to the dressing room.

One after another they went to sleep, so to speak, in Vanya's arms. But in the few minutes which preceded each of these dénouements Vanya learned some of the more fanciful ways of the sport, such as seizing a man's toes and trying to break them off, or locking his head between one's thighs and trying to choke him to death, or spreading his legs apart and trying to split him in two, or seizing his wrist and trying to snap his arm as if it were a piece of kindling, or butting him in the stomach and trying to tumble him over so his head would crack against the floor. At first, learning these matters and hearing the crowd yell with delight as he felt his arms, legs, toes, neck and head being tormented in this picayunish and unscrupulous fashion, Vanya would bellow and curse and toss about like a stranded sea cow. However, the laughter he inspired by these antics annoyed him and finally shamed him into more restrained exhibitions of pain and rage.

But after the second month, realizing that all these bedevilments offered him in the first five minutes of his work were not so dangerous as they seemed, Vanya grew contemptuous altogether of them. He even allowed a few of his victims to amuse themselves and his public with this sort of childishness—the toe holding, ear pulling and wrist twisting—before shaking them loose and coming to serious, manly grips with them. Of what use all their nonsense when Vanya's arms closed round their middles, and off the floor they went, their flesh in a vise, their ribs bending, their hearts, livers, lungs and alimentary canals slowly coming together in a jelly?

Vanya remembers them all—the Turks with handlebar mustachios, little eyes and flat cheeks; the Irish with short, quick legs and stocky trunks like vodka barrels; the bulletheaded Germans with pale eyebrows and massive shoulders; the flabby, elephantine Greeks; the heavy-legged Indians; the tattooed men looking like a side of beef stamped for the market—he remembers all this bellowing, grunting, Neanderthalish race of ham-and-egg wrestlers as "ver-ra nice boys."

Twice and three times a week, in various outlying towns, Vanya applied his bear hug, received a slap on the back from the jolly, squeaking Charash, and was returned by train or motor to his room above the café. At the end of the first month Charash presented him with a new suit, and every Sunday morning Charash placed two ten-dollar bills in his hand and slapped him on the back again.

Thus, for three months, my hero, become Kovelenko, the Mysterious Russian, ate and drank to his stomach's delight, rode in automobiles, walked abroad in a suit as elegant and almost as purple as that worn by Charash, learned to carry a cane as big as a cudgel, but much fancier, sat up all night in remarkable places where women sang and danced for his pleasure, and lived, says Vanya, like a lord.

His name and even photograph appeared in the newspapers. Men came to converse and drink with him. And my hero underwent changes which would have astonished his one-time raft mates, Mitka and Chishik, hardly more than they did himself. As for the Promised Land of Hary, Injani, discovered by Parfim, that was a dream forgotten, pooh-poohed at by Charash, who would wave his hand at the glitter and rumble of Babylon and say, "Here, this, right around where we stand, my Vanya—that is the golden land."

But now, in the sixth month of my hero's rise as a gladiator, I must intrude with sad truths and disillusioning asides. I will be brief, for the subject is not a happy one. First I wish it to be clear that nothing of this is known, even today, to Vanya. Vanya remembers these months with a simple and honest sigh for glories that are gone. There was a certain strangeness about them, and Vanya was not without wonder and disquiet during their passing. But this was because his stout heart sometimes recoiled from the thought of Charash, the queer one. And because he knew, with the sad theology of the poor, that one does not receive gifts from a Charash without burning in hell for them a thousand times. But the courage that had served my hero through his stormy Odyssey did not abandon him, despite night sweats and evil dreams. Having decided to serve Charash, he faced the loss of his soul with grim and truly heroic calm. And that was Vanya's only guilt in the matter—that he had made a pact with Charash.

But the truth, unknown to him, was that Charash had made many pacts vastly more evil—pacts with each of the blubbery giants who had melted in Vanya's bear hug, pacts with their managers, pacts with syndicates and fellow promoters. The truth was that my hero was being fed not battles but setups; that he was being coddled and stuffed with artificial victories and cunningly converted into a great impostor. All this was known only to the élite of the sport. Those who watched from in front beheld, to their delight, a mysterious Russian with murderous arms and a childish lust for battle, an invincible champion in the making.

Charash, squeaking and tireless, piloting his golem from state to state, his pockets always bulging with rolls of bills; Charash, maneuvering his merry troglodyte through more and more complicated skullduggeries, slowly converted Vanya into an important name. The sporting pages took note and began to babble about the Pleistocene mannerisms of this new boon to sport, Kovelenko, the Human Bear. And then, with some fifty bought-and-paid-for victories ornamenting the banner of my hero, Charash had suddenly catapulted him into the notice of that wider public known as The Million Dollar Gate.

The newspapers appeared one morning with the tale that Vera Nash, whose diamond bracelets, ex-husbands and *vie d'amour* were one of the gaudier legends of Babylon, had selected Kovelenko, the Mysterious Russian, to be the father of her eugenic baby. La Nash, in the throes of a maternal complex—so the tale submitted by her press agent went—had decided to mate with the Human Bear and enrich the world with a perfect offspring, and so on.

Vanya remembers this matter reluctantly. He speaks of it with his head lowered and a timorous look in his eyes. The first he knew of what was going on, says Vanya, was when they brought him to have his picture taken. And they stood him beside a princess, so delicate, so beautiful that he found it hard to breathe, and he would have sunk to the floor in sheer bliss had not Charash supported him. As it was, his ears trembled, his knees buckled and the roof of his mouth froze. "What nonsense to call her woman," says Vanya. "Angel is the word, creature out of heaven, golden and sweet, and more beautiful even than the dreams of a Turk."

The picture taking done, my hero, still trembling, his heart beating so terribly that he was certain every step he took must be his last, was returned to his room. He spoke no word to Charash and Charash spoke no word to him. Food was brought, but Vanya, miracle of love, failed to respond. How could he eat when his stomach was on fire? How could he taste anything when his soul was in his mouth?

The next morning Vanya learned from the man who served him his meals of the remarkable tale in the newspapers—that this heavenly one had chosen him as a mate. And with his own eyes he beheld the pictures printed of himself and her. He listened, grew dizzy, and then, says Vanya:

"I try stand up. No, no use. My legs too weak. I try speak. No, no use. My tongue tes dead. I grab vodka. One, two bottle. I throw him in my mout'. Then I stand up. I go find Charash. I grab Charash. I hold him, so, till he grow pur-rple like a squash. I kees Charash. I sing the songs of Bashkirla. I am so happy I dance. I am ready to go to this angel who waits for-r me. But Charash; 'No,' he say. 'No.' 'To hell,' I say. 'No,' he say. 'What?' I say. 'Thees is my wooman. She love me.' Charash make terrible noise. 'Attention,' he say. 'Attention, you!' He bang the table. 'To hell,' I say. I knock heem down. He roll over under the bed or I keeck him in pieces, sir. And I go out and I find thees place where she is."

And here Vanya holds his head and moans with memories. The tale of Vanya's wooing, though it lasted a short hour, filled the newspapers for weeks. How he broke down doors, cracked heads, kicked two elevator men unconscious and came hurtling into the presence of the terrified La Nash; how he sang to her, danced and bellowed around her, and shattered a Sèvres chandelier and overturned an elegant Louis XIV bed in his courtship; how La Belle Nash, clad in gossamer, fled this Muscovite faun and collapsed in the arms of a Park Avenue policeman; how Vanya, realizing he had been tricked, remained behind and emptied La Nash's apartment out of its eighth-story windows, and how the police, arriving finally in sufficient numbers, clubbed the heartbroken grappler out of his misery—how all these things happened to the delight of hundreds of newspaper editors Vanya himself has never told me. His memory here is mottled. He recalls laconically that he woke up with his head bandaged and Charash beside him.

The incident, dangerous though its immediate results had seemed, swept the plans of Charash to a speedy climax. For Kovelenko, the Mysterious Russian, had by this gleefully chronicled affair of the heart become an exhilarating figure—one of the overnight celebrities of Babylon. And Charash, feeling his hour was striking, came forward with a challenge and the press responded enthusiastically. Kovelenko, the Mysterious Russian, alias the Great Lover, had challenged Hans Metzger, the world's wrestling champion, and this was news.

The ancient sport had long lain dormant. Metzger, conqueror of a hundred Slav, Greek, German, Indian, Chinese and Anglo-Saxon champions, had been tossing palookas around for two years; finding none worthy his mettle—nor, what was worse, the price of admission—participating in dubious hippodromes, giving exhibitions of strength in the vaudeville and praying—along with his troupe of hungry managers—for a real contender. Now one had risen, a fiery and passionate gentleman with a record as persuasive as Tamerlane's, with color, glamour and personality thrown in for good measure, and history was to be made for the sporting pages.

Oddly enough, the soothsayers rallied to a man around Vanya. And forthwith such a barrage of jabberwock was laid down by the oracles of the press that the public—always to be fetched by the prospect of the unhorsing of any sort of champion—began to take the forthcoming struggle to its nourishing bosom. All hands agreed that Metzger was a clever, tricky gladiator, full of science and experience, but of what avail, chortled the soothsayers, of what use this cunning against this throwback, this primordial force, this uncle of gorilla and cousin of the great bear, Mr. Kovelenko?

And these were the days of splendor for my hero. He learned to speak English by slowly decoding the ravishing statements of his prowess, genius and marvelous characteristics. In fact, he trained on these clippings. Charash, his challenge accepted, had installed his golem in a gymnasium under a considerate ex-champion wrestler, with whom Vanya disported himself harmlessly for an hour each day, to the awe and inspiration of the smitten sport writers. The remainder of his time he devoted to his greatness. He gave out interviews, posed for hundreds of cameras, laughed, blinked, would even sing if urged, grew dizzy and swallowed bottles of vodka to steady himself. These were the days of glory for my hero, when he walked arm in arm with illusion and sat upon a throne.

Vanya was the favorite, the invincible force, yet the betting odds were against him. Metzger's record as a champion, ignored by the infatuated press, sustained his prestige in the face of the great Vanya ballyhoo. Colorless, scientific, unpopular and, compared to Kovelenko, unknown, Metzger remained a 3 to 2, and even 2 to 1 choice, and this served to increase the public's irritation with him. And the public, convinced that a cautious family man with two children and a house in Newark was no match for a throwback, and a friend of glaciers and mastodons, attacked this presumptuous German burgher in its own way. It bet against him.

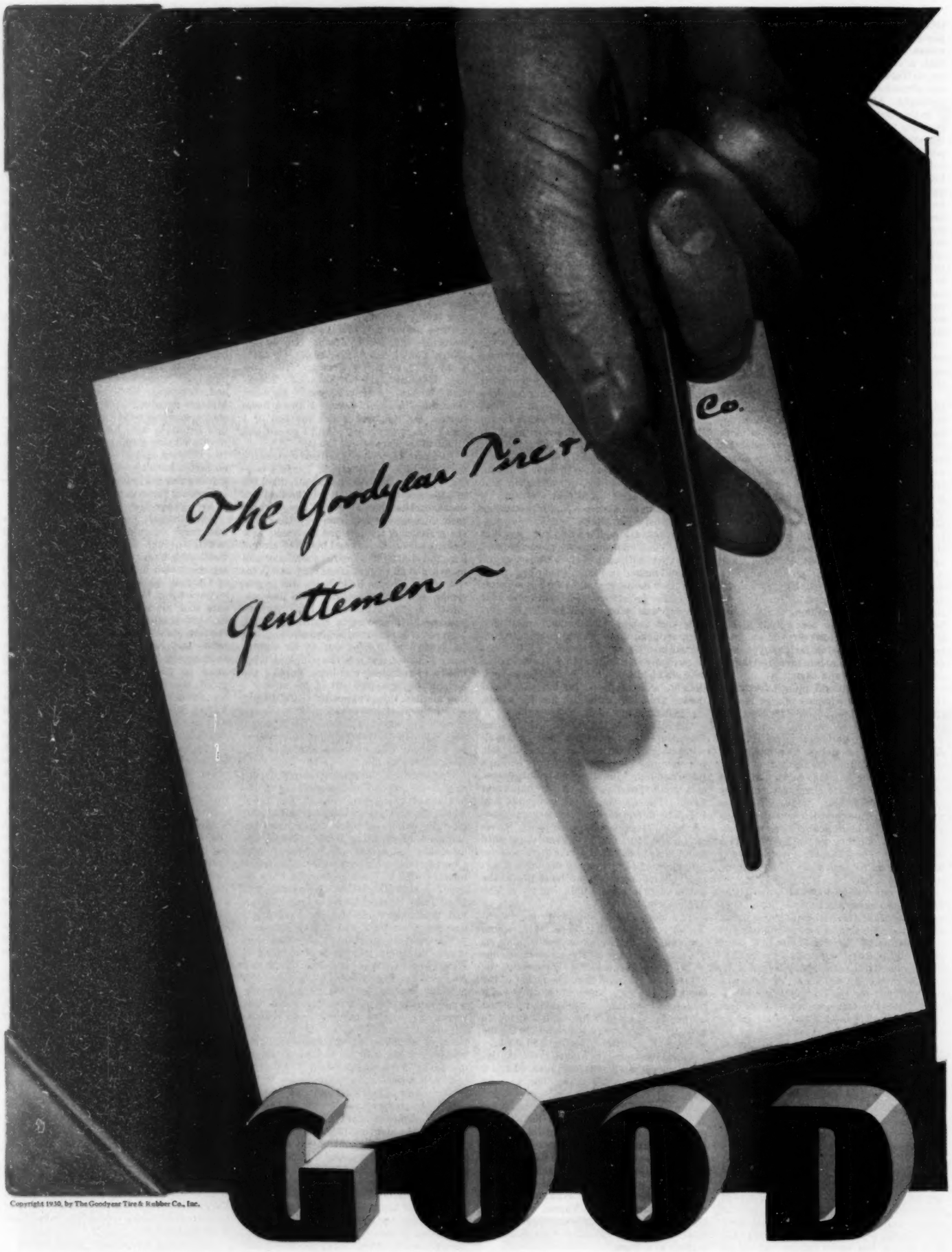
And Charash, more active, more purple and more squeaking than ever, worked swiftly through a dozen agents gathering in all such wagers. For this had been the scheme which underlay all the connivings of Charash, and a week before the great championship bout Charash and his syndicate had placed some million dollars in cash bets against their own Vanya. Through the formidable ballyhoo, through the clamorous and eloquent dissertations of the soothsayers, Charash smiled happily and knew he had builded well. Vanya, his golem, was entering the ring against a master wrestler, and an honest one. Poor Vanya, whose fame was a fraud invented by Charash, whose victories were part of a carefully evolved hoax, whom Charash, in the privacy of his own conclaves, called an oaf, a hooligan and a palooka of the lowest order—this deluded and untutored ox of a Russian had as much chance against the brilliant Metzger as a stuffed bear.

So the night of the great doings arrived. Vanya remembers first the crowd outside the Garden, standing in a drizzle and fighting to get in. Like an army, says Vanya, besieging a fortress. Then, overhead, the lights of this coliseum. And spelled out in letters of gold, the legend—VANYA KOVELENKO VERSUS HANS METZGER. WORLD'S WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP. What a thing to see gleaming in the rain! Like a phrase in a fairy tale. Who can forget such a thing? "Vanya Kovelenko," spelled out in full for all the eyes of Babylon to read!

He grew dizzy, says Vanya, looking at it, and his attendants—ah, how many attendants Vanya had that night!—had to pull him away and into the great Garden. And what shouts and cheers from the rain-soaked ones who recognised him; no king or hero ever heard louder ones.

Vanya lingers on many details of that evening of which I will forgo the telling. Such a buzz and hurrah and burst of lights. Such a happy noise and wonderful sight Vanya is sure were never known in the world before. How they loved him when he came striding in his leopard skin to the ring. And how he loved them. He could have kissed each of the twenty thousand on both cheeks. And how they yelled and pointed and embraced him with their souls—him, Vanya, the peasant from Shuvarov, the nobody, the hungry rider of ice cakes from Archangelsk.

(Continued on Page 46)



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(Continued from Page 43)

And there, standing like a colossus out of another age, my hero waited in his corner. Six feet three, weighing two hundred and forty, and shaped like a bear. Several of the sharp-eyed ones at the ringside said later that he was drunk, but this was because they remembered tears in his eyes. It was not liquor but enchantment that dimmed Vanya's eyes during these moments.

Metzger, the champion, came and was booed and derided and quickly ignored. And the coliseum hummed now as if full of millions of bees and crickets. The referee brought them together, spoke. Vanya remembers nothing of this, nothing of the minutes that passed from the time he entered the ring to the moment Charash slapped him on the back and whispered in Russian, "Farewell, my little dove."

Then he remembers seeing, as if for the first time, a man in purple tights moving toward him with hands waving in the air like the paws of a cat. "A German," says Vanya softly. "A German of Germans." With a square head and a square face, pale eyebrows, wide mouth and the bland look behind which Germans disguise themselves. A shapely German—much shapelier than Vanya—with good shoulders and thin in the middle. And Vanya, watching him approach, grew angry. The cries of the coliseum dimmed in his ears. There was something so evil and intense in the eyes of this German that Vanya grew confused. Not frightened—God *forgive* the word—but startled. For the weeks that had passed had been such a happy time that my hero had looked forward to this evening as an hour of superb delight. And if he had given thought to his opponent, he had fancied another one of those blubbery, weak-backed creatures whom Charash was always producing for him to crush and fall upon.

But in this first moment, standing motionless and watching Metzger, the German, come toward him, Vanya's spirit cleared. There was one thing Vanya knew, one thing he had looked upon and studied in many places, and that was murder in the eyes of men. And murder in a German's eyes! Ah, there came a strange, marshy smell into Vanya's nose and he straightened up as once, long ago, when the smoke had lifted on Tannenberg. A Russian curse broke from him and the crowd screamed with delight, but Vanya heard not a sound. He walked forward slowly to meet and seize this one, to choke this German sneer from his face. And his hands unaccountably missed their mark. He had, instead, slipped his arm into a vise that was bending it out of joint. Vanya let his arm stay in the vise to see how strong this man was. Yes, there was power in the vise, enough to bend him to his knees if he waited too long. And with a sudden growl Vanya ripped his arm free and the champion staggered away and sprawled against the ropes, and the crowd booed its joy.

And again Vanya came forward, and again his hands missed their mark, and this time the vise closed around his head, twisting it as if to unscrew it from his shoulders. Now Vanya, fully convinced about the general characteristics of this vise, did not wait at all. He flung his shoulders up, and again the champion bounced off him like a rubber ball. Vanya pursued, as a bear lumbers swiftly, and reached out for his grip, the one grip he knew—arms around the middle, fingers clasped behind the back, and then the feel of flesh and bone melting and cracking against his chest. Instead of all those pleasing events, a powerful hand smashed into his face, snapping back his head. And the champion was moving away deliberately, as if frightened, and the crowd was screaming for an early kill; and Vanya, growling, his arms hungry and murderous, moved forward, just as the soothsayers had prophesied. Shamelessly the champion sidled out of his reach, keeping his body bent as if in the throes of an enormous cramp, and Vanya, puzzled at this pathetic exhibition of cowardice, cursed again and plunged. For a moment it seemed that his arms had found their mark. They were almost around this strangely elastic figure that heaved and twisted in his grip like an eel. But Vanya pushed forward, ignoring the head banging against his chin. And then, to his disgust, he found himself in another vise. The German had seized his head and was pulling it over his shoulder as if Vanya were a sack of meal he was going to carry somewhere.

Vanya tried to lock his legs in the German's, pawed furiously with his hands, grunted and thrashed, but to no avail. He felt himself rising in the air as if he were a child being played with; rising, floundering in space and crashing to the ground. The champion had tossed him over his shoulder with a flying mare.

Vanya was on his feet. He roared with the crowd now and hurled himself forward. No man had ever done this to him. He crashed into Metzger, who gave way, who seemed to twist and slip like something made of rubber; who continued to retreat shamelessly across the ring, his arms extended limply, his hands waving slightly, and Vanya after him, snorting with rage. Then again the thing happened, and Vanya was off his feet, bellowing and clawing the air through which he spun. This time Vanya lay for a few seconds where he had been tossed and the champion pounced on him. The vise was on Vanya's legs now; now on the toes of his right foot. A pain brought a cry from Vanya and cleared his head. He struck out with his legs, and the champion shot across the ring as if he had been tossed over a precipice. And Vanya leaped after him. He landed on an empty stretch of canvas, rose, leaped again, his arms waving before him like those of a man walking under water. But all that happened was that for the third time he found himself, as in a nightmare, rising from the ground, toppling helplessly through the air and crashing, head down, into the canvas. He heard a noise as he lay—a burst of human sound that shook his heart and brought him to his feet. Those who watched Vanya rise the third time knew from the clumsy way he had taken these falls that he was no wrestler; knew they had been sold again into witnessing Metzger, the scientist, toss another palooka to defeat. The champion, his opponent slightly dazed, would now begin playing medicine ball with him, would now begin bashing him methodically into unconsciousness with one flying mare after another, as one might club a giant fish to death by swinging its head against a post.

And these outraged ones, who, a few moments ago, had shouted themselves giddy with love of this bear man, now rose in their seats and demanded a speedy kill. Their hero had betrayed their hopes. The invincible force, the throwback, the friend of the saber-toothed tiger, *et al.*, was a delusion, and despite the millions wagered, they howled for his end and thundered for his death. And Metzger, still the cat, still sidling and waving paws before him, still crouching, leaped and landed, and Vanya again felt the muscles of his leg tearing in the vise. But scissors holds and spread-eagles, toe twists and hammerlocks were not invented for the defeat of such as Vanya. He tore himself free as he would have torn his leg out of a steel trap. He staggered, rose, loomed and lunged forward. As much chance to win as a stuffed bear, Charash had said, and this was true. But inside this stuffed bear was a heart that required more than science for its vanquishing. Through the air he sailed again. Crashed to the canvas. Up, staggering, clawing; through the air once more. Whish, bang to the ground; dizzy, grunting. Up again and another sprawl; this time on his stomach, so that his wind went out in a shout. But still he rose and still the champion, leaping on him, bounced off like a terrier shaken from the flanks of a wounded bear. And Vanya, again on his feet, kept moving forward. The German was no German now, but a thing of mystery that slipped and twisted continually out of his path, and suddenly bent over and became an inhuman apparatus for shooting Vanyas through the air. But German or mystery, human or inhuman, Vanya reeled after it, with his heart bursting and oaths snorting from his mouth.

And now the howling ones, standing on their chairs, realized that they were witnessing, not a wrestling match, as advertised, but something stranger and more diverting. They were attending the longest kill in the annals of the sport, a kill that promised to continue through the night.

Nine times, ten, eleven, twelve times this Mysterious Russian in whom they had placed their illusions sailed through the air, to rise again, to swing his arms, to reel murderously forward. Pounded, seemingly, to a jelly, tossed and twisted in vise after vise, his head lolling like a dead man's, his legs buckling under him, Vanya fought on, though he could neither see nor sense where the battle was, for the darkness was greater than any through which he had ever moved.

There was no longer a question of victory. The arms that clutched at the champion were without power; the hands that pawed him were those of a child. All strength had been pounded out of Vanya, his bear hug hammered out of his sinews. Yet each time Metzger, the champion, leaped to turn him on his back the same thing happened. A mysterious strength that seemed to come from another and still untouched Vanya flowed into his shoulders, legs and arms, and catapulted the dumfounded Metzger continually across the canvas.

Twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen—the throng, jubilant with lust, counted the flying mares, watched the champion lift and smash the helpless Kovelenko to the ground with crotch holds, tumble him with leg tackles, until the scene became like some slow nightmarish murder; until a strange feeling crept into the shouting thousands that Vanya was cursed with some devilish immortality. But this was only Vanya's heart, long after the rest of him was finished, refusing to be hammered into silence.

The end came after an astonishing performance by Vanya. He had risen again, swaying drunkenly, unable for a moment to straighten his legs, his trunk, to lift his arms or open his eyes—a ruined man with a last totter in his marrow. Thus he had stood teetering on unconsciousness, and then he had suddenly straightened, his eyes had opened, and he had come charging into the champion again. This was unbelievable—to Metzger no less than to the screaming thousands.

It was now Metzger who felt an air of nightmare in that ring. This creature whom he had all but pounded to death, whose toes he knew to be broken, whose leg he knew to be wrenched from its socket, and whose arm he had felt snap in his grip—this Vanya was coming on again, arms swinging, Russian curses once more streaming from him.

And hardly crediting their senses, the throng that had been shouting Vanya's requiem beheld their bear man swing his tormentor off the ground, hoist him over his head and hold him aloft.

Metzger squirmed and twisted, his feet beating a powerful tattoo against Vanya's face. And Vanya threw back his head and stared up at his inhuman tormentor, and smiled and walked a few steps, and then paused.

The coliseum filled with a long roar. The bear had him. The German was gone. One smash to the ground, one crack against the canvased flooring, and Metzger was out. But Vanya, still holding the tossing champion in the air, stood motionless, a man with a strange burden. Then, waving the champion as if he were some mysterious kind of flag, Vanya lifted an agonized face to the roaring galleries and his knees bent, his head fell and he went down slowly under his burden and his flag.

Metzger lay sprawled over him, cautious and waiting. But Vanya was no longer moving. Vanya was still. And Metzger, the German, smiled and rolled him over on his back with a disdainful gesture. And on his back the Mysterious Russian lay while the crowd roared and laughed, while the referee, inaudible in the din, announced the time as twenty-four minutes and ten seconds. And Vanya's eyes were still closed when two men lifted him up and dragged him, hulking and limp, through the ropes, down the aisles and into his dressing room.

Here a doctor appeared and found a number of Vanya's bones to be broken—arm and toes broken—leg wrenched out of place, two ribs smashed, jaw dislocated and, said the doctor, finishing his examination, a serious concussion of the brain. An hour later, after the lights of the coliseum had long been dark and the newspapers carrying the story of his defeat were circulating through a hundred cities, Vanya opened his eyes.

This, in truth, is the end of Vanya's adventures. What followed has little to do with my hero. The scandal that simmered and exploded around Charash and caused him to disappear, the derisive story of Kovelenko's defeat which the press reprinted with increasing angers and accusations for almost a fortnight, the exposure, one by one, of the numerous set-ups by which Charash had established his palooka's reputation, the general attack on the sport of wrestling—all these epilogues were enacted with Vanya, so to speak, asleep in the wings. Charash, in making his exit, had sent a messenger to the room above the Piruzhnaya, where Vanya lay bandaged like a mummy, and the messenger had handed Vanya five one-hundred-dollar bills. And when the newspapers learned that this paltry sum was all that Vanya had received as his share of the gigantic sport swindle in which he had so painfully participated, they turned their backs on him in disgust as an oaf and hooligan unworthy of their shafts. And in less than a month the name of Vanya Kovelenko had been buried in that limbo into which Babylon disgorges its seven-day wonders.

Today Vanya is the doorman at the Piruzhnaya. He stands on the curbing, a towering figure in an ornate Cossack uniform, a hetman's smock and boots, and a large flowerpot hat such as the heroes of Eastern Europe affect. This finery pleases Vanya and he is sure that such another uniform is not to be found in all Bashkiria. Thus festooned and grinned at by the passing crowd, Vanya returns their amused stares with an amiable and childish gratitude, and if they linger for a moment to wonder at his size, he hands them a printed card, as he has been instructed to do.

Here I often come to discuss with Vanya, to hear in snatches his Odyssey, and to listen over again to his account of that night of glory when Charash sent him in to fight with his master, the devil. And as he tells me of these and other matters, of Chizhik, Mitka, Hary, Injani, of icebergs, murders, songs and revolutions, of Homeric jaunts, great hungers and the beauties of Shuvarov—as he relates these things, standing ornate and idle on a curbing in Babylon, he often raises his eyes, grows silent and falls to studying the electric hullabaloo overhead with a critical and quite superior manner.

"My name," he says, "eet was beeger than that one. Beeg. Beeger than thees one. Oh, yes. Beeg as the whole night, sir. From here to there, the whole building, sir, it say, 'Vanya Kovelenko.' I look all the time, sir, and I nevare see a sign so beeg as the one weeth my name—nevare. So beeg and so bright, people, evr-rybody get deezy when they see heem that night. Yes, sir. Goo'night, sir. I geev you this."

And Vanya, for the tenth or fifteenth time, hands me one of the cards of the Piruzhnaya, on one side of which the cuisine of that excellent café is discussed in glowing terms, and on the other side of which is a full-length picture of my hero in a leopard's skin, his arms folded, his sinews a-bulge. And under this the rather enigmatic words:

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THE BELL BIRD

(Continued from Page 26)

jungle method of luring wealthy tourists and others to her side and then as expertly leading them into the jaws of a card sharp and swindler. One read in fiction and saw in plays the depiction of girl characters who did this sort of thing and preserved themselves inviolate. Hapgood, a traveled man of the world, considered that all rot. Sooner or later, whether through expediency or exigency or carelessness or because she was herself attracted, the girl went under. You cannot walk through a bramble patch indefinitely and not get pricked. The most expert and sympathetic of beekeepers occasionally gets stung.

Aside from that, here was her father, an admittedly bad lot, even by Avis herself. They both seemed to be typically the sort of sensational adventurer and adventuress you read about in Sunday supplements, and who always ended badly. There was no telling what sort of graft they might not have practiced and of which they had escaped the penalty.

And yet, Hapgood thought of those deep sweet kisses, the serenity of her lips and of her eyes; he could not do without her, as things stood.

How, then, to change them? He would not repudiate his promise because she had been a bell bird and her father a tiger. He would go through with that, shirk no part of it—not even their society. He had wondered helplessly and hopelessly all night what he could possibly do about it. And now, after his brief talk with Sally, he thought he saw a way.

Perhaps he was conceited, spoiled by a feminine adulation of which he had so rarely availed himself, but he felt fairly certain that Sally would marry him whenever he wished. Hapgood believed that if he were to say to her, "Sally, I'm in danger of making a fool of myself. If I should do this thing in this particular way, it would mean my breaking all connections with family and friends, and living out of my country. I no longer trust myself, and I believe that you are the only living person who can save me. Could you care enough about me to marry me at once under such conditions?" If he were to state his case in such words as these, Sally, he believed, would come to his rescue. She had the confidence of her youth and vigor to make him happy and to make him forget. She would take the bet of making him love her.

He decided then to tell Sam about it. Not only did he consider Sam to have beneath his flippancy more sound sense and a fuller knowledge of human beings than any person he had ever met but also he thought him to be his best and most disinterested friend. Sam also claimed the same of Hapgood, and with more than sentimental reason. As penniless graduate of medical school and hospital and foreign clinics, Sam had returned home to get into practice as best he could, and Hapgood, recognizing his abilities and having faith in him and them, had staked him. Sam had succeeded from the start, paid back all his money debt and stood prepared to pay on call the greater one.

Hapgood caught his eye and beckoned him. "I want to talk to you, Sam. Let's go below."

They went down the owner's companionway to Hapgood's cabin, and when they were seated, Hapgood said, "Sam, I'm in a fair way to make a fool of myself."

"If you recognize the danger, Happy, it is less. Most potential fools don't. Your case, if not too far advanced, is far from hopeless."

"I'm crazy about Avis," Hapgood said. "I've agreed to back Ralph's proposition if it's sound, and I believe it is."

Sam nodded. "Otherwise Lukenheim would quickly have given him the gate. So that's the reason Avis looks like a June bride."

"The only one so far. But the hell of it is I'm wild about her and she is the last woman I ought or want to marry."

"Because of Ralph?"

"Not entirely, though I'd hate to wish such a grandfather on my children. No telling what the man's been or done. He is actually her father."

"I guessed as much," Sam said. "Their type of family beauty is identical, though his nose is straight and hers clears the decks for kisses. But he's about fifteen years older than he looks."

"Ralph is absolutely *déclassé*," Hapgood said, "and he's made her that thing too." He told Sam about the bell-bird activities.

"Not so good," Sam agreed. "Chickens like that eventually come home to roost."

"Well, there you are. There's no telling whom she's lured to her tiger to get bled—men now prominent making world tours, naval officers ——"

Sam nodded.

"How can I marry a woman with a record like that?"

"You can't—you positively and completely can't."

"But unless something is done about it, I shall."

"Then do that something, and do it quick."

"That's precisely what I plan. It seems rather awful and cold-blooded, but it makes sense. And the chances are that it would work out all right in time."

"It sometimes does," Sam agreed without enthusiasm, "when the man is rich and generous."

"Oh, come; you've got me wrong."

Sam raised his eyebrows. "I'll say I've got you wrong."

"I tell you I'm wild about her."

"You seem fairly tame to me, but then I'm calloused. Do you mean that you love her?"

"I don't know. Probably not, or I'd go ahead and marry her, and let family pride and posterity and my moldering ancestors and society in general go glimmering. All I know is that as things now stand, I don't see how I'm going to get on without her."

"Then why not take a chance and call it love and do all that you just said? There's no law against it."

"Well, you see, the way I feel about it, and probably always shall—this thing would keep cropping out to make her unhappy."

"I guess it's safe to call it love," Sam said—"love in the pupal, larval or embryo phase. Why not sit tight and let it grow for a few weeks? Then you can tell better its proportional value against the unfortunate record of this bell bird."

"If I do that," Hapgood said desperately, "I'll surely marry her. And if I marry her it means cutting loose from everything else I hold high."

Sam looked at his friend's strained face. "As the German savants say when stumped: 'It is necessary to reflect.'"

He reflected for a few seconds. He knew Hapgood's nature, and that what he said was true. This man would never be happy in such a marriage unless the love were of that whelming sort of which drama and history contain examples, but which one rarely sees to recognize in current life. Sam felt that he could not advise, because he had no means of knowing what this violent attack might be able to develop.

He said then: "It is not fair to judge these two on the testimony of a bitter old salt. The skipper hated Ralph already, when he saw him out there in the East. Why did he hate him?"

"I don't know. Something about his letting down the Greeks and taking a load of guns destined for them to the Turks at Chanak."

"Then it's a safe bet he beat Captain Murray to a profitable little venture. An elderly mariner does not hate a man because he is unethical. If he had to listen to his views on ethics at table day after day he would at last long to kill him, but he would want to kill him anyway, after eating with him for three hundred and sixty-five days on end. Therefore we may safely assume that Ralph cut into our good skipper and earned his hatred. Therefore, when hearing the gossip of the Bund at Singapore four years later, Captain Murray would believe the worst. A lovely girl touting for a stylish sport is the worst condition you can have, except a stylish sport touting for the lovely girl. There is no worse gossip than China-coast gossip, they tell me, because nobody has very much to do; so the captain probably was given both versions, but did not quite dare give you the latter. The point is now, how much, if any, is true?"

Hapgood had listened in anguish. "How can I tell? The most truthful woman is not going to tell everything."

"Then asking her is stricken out," Sam said. "Believing a person with reservations is like a U. S. Customs declaration—being asked for your sworn affidavit, then trying to prove you a liar. For all you know that bell-bird stuff may have been no worse than a pretty girl selling lottery tickets. They were almost on the beach. Avis was pretty and engaging, and Ralph an expert card player. You don't know that he was crooked. He may simply have outplayed them. Lots of society women cadge invitations for the same purpose. I should say it would be impossible to put over any crooked stuff on that hard-bitted bunch out there. Too many of the leading residents have practiced it. . . . Did Captain Murray accuse Ralph of having been a swindler?"

"No, he merely said that he seldom lost and often won a lot."

"Well, there you are. No dirty cracks at Avis?"

"No more than the bell-bird thing. But Murray is a fine man and Avis is my guest. He'd never have spilled it if Ralph hadn't threatened and tried to bribe him."

"I should say that the open secret of Ralph's failure in life was the total lack of that most precious gift, the intuitive ability to judge men."

"Well, his daughter has got it," Hapgood said bitterly. "She got me right."

"Yes, and it seems a pity that you are unable to return the compliment," Sam said dryly. "One thing becomes certain, though. Feeling as you do, it would be a fatal mistake for you to become her husband. Like most *soi-disant* democrats of family and wealth, you are as grim a joke as the big chief Socialist who is actually an autocrat."

"That's pretty stiff, Sam."

"Truth is inflexible—inelastic as a cubic foot of water. Still worse, you have a family-obligation complex about marriage that makes you so upright that you rake aft like the mast of a Chesapeake bugeye. Men differ in this respect. My own family is not so bad, and numerous, but if I loved a woman as much as you love Avis, I'd marry her if she were a pock-marked Hottentot who had stool-pigeoned her tribe into the 'tween-decks of a slaver."

"Hanged if I don't half believe you're right."

"Yes, for me. But not for you, Happy. Now that we have got down to the meat of this coconut, I should say that the best course of treatment for you would be the prompt application of a counterirritant. Desperate cases require red-hot remedies. To safeguard the shades of your ancestral Declaration Signers and future *sauveurs de race*, get you a girl or, preferably, a full-fledged woman. There's Edna. She is pretty and full of good, wing free as a circling gull. She is your own age to the year, once widowed and once divorced, a *bébé incassable;* so you can do her no harm. It would be the normal social function of such an attractive young matrimonial veteran."

"Oh, slide your hatch," Hapgood said impatiently. "That sort of modern drivel makes me sick."

"Well, get sick. Go to bed, and get a trained nurse. You asked me to diagnose your case and to prescribe, and there you are. I believe at the start of this painful consultation you said something about a plan."

"I did, but I'm blowed if I'll tell you about it now."

"Just as you like. The true psychiatrist never forces confidences. Hop to it and call me in case of accident."

"Well, I'll tell you, if you will refrain from Voltairesque remarks—which is to say, from any remarks. The point of the plan is this—that alone I don't trust myself any longer. My mind doesn't seem to work. I'm apt to marry Avis and make a general hash of things for her as well as for myself. But with a distinct and present obligation I'd be safe. The only question is: Would it be fair to the obligation? Would it, Sam?"

"My vote is 'aye,' if you stated your position frankly first."

"Well, then, I'm going to ask Sally to marry me."

Sam said nothing. He sat as if some mystic word had been pronounced with the rhythm of vibrations to disintegrate his molecules—an abracadabra that shook him to the core, but silently. Hapgood did not notice this stasis that was wholly undemonstrative, like a state of suspended animation. He set forth his reasons for asking Sally to marry him, clearly and logically, if a bit lifelessly. Sam did not interrupt by so much as a shiver. He was scarcely listening. Hapgood might as well have spared his voice, except as it served for the crystallization of his own ideas. Sam had got the whole of these with that first shocking statement. He knew his friend, and that Sally was precisely the type that Hapgood would some day select for his wife.

Sam was wondering now what were the limits to the endurance of a true, sincere friendship between men where there was no treachery, no conscious selfishness. He decided drearily that there could be no limit. He knew that were Hapgood aware that he himself loved Sally and wished to marry her, then Hapgood would have jumped overboard rather than subject him to such misery. But Hapgood could never have guessed at such a situation. Nobody could have guessed it or anything else about Sam's inner thought. Only Avis, to whom he had told it, knew his secret, and Avis would never, never tell it—not if her heart broke. It was doubtful if Sally herself had taken it altogether seriously. Even so, the chances were that she would keep it to herself, Sam thought. She had told him that she was in love with Hapgood, and this might to some extent be true—a little flame burning there that could not become a blaze without fuel.

Hapgood finished abruptly. "Well, what about it?" he asked, without looking at Sam.

"Your plan strikes me as sound," Sam said wearily.

Hapgood looked at him then. "You don't seem very enthusiastic."

"Well, do you expect me to sing pæans of praise and joy at the idea of your marrying a young and lovely girl you don't love to avoid the danger of marrying one you do?"

"That's a cold-blooded way of putting it," Hapgood said gloomily.

"It's a cold-blooded proposition."

"Do you think Sally would accept it?"

"Yes, I do. She is keen about you, like all the rest, and she is an optimist. In a young girl, that's one who believes the love she can shed on a man will mop up what love he may think he feels for another woman—a sort of amorous blotting paper."

"Gosh, but you have a laboratory way of demonstration!" Hapgood said disgustedly.

"This has all the workings of an experiment."

"Well, if Sally does accept, do you think that it would work?"

(Continued on Page 52)

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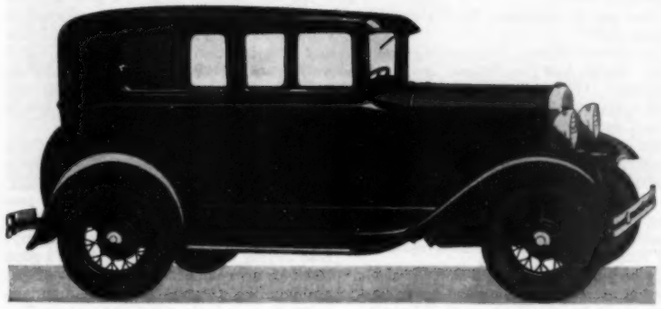

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FORD MOTOR COMPANY

(Continued from Page 49)

"Perfectly, if you get rid of Avis."

"But if she sticks round? She is apt to stay with Ralph, and I shall have to see him all the time."

"Even then, I should say. One thing is certain—that Avis will not interfere."

"Why are you so sure?" Hapgood asked.

"Because of my intensive but impersonal course in women—both normal and abnormal women, moral and immoral women, women in love with a man and women in love with love. Avis will not consciously interfere with your experiment at all."

Hapgood looked dissatisfied. He asked diffidently, "Do you think that she will grieve?"

"Not after the first jolt. I think she'll laugh."

"Why?"

"Because she is a sound sport, if ever I saw one."

"Well, then," Hapgood said crossly, "taking it full and by, you approve, even if you hate to say so for some reason."

"I said I thought that it would work." The strain was beginning to tell on Sam. "I believe that Sally will accept you. She'd be a fool not to, and she is far from that customary thing. There seems no reason at all why you two should not be as happy as any other pair of perfectly well-mated, well-bred, well-tended human domestic animals." He rose. "There's my opinion. If it is rawly expressed it's because I'm an incomplete psychiatrist, and I'm glad of it. I cherish, deep down, certain sentimental ideas and ideals that no romantic old maid could improve upon. I like to see a bridegroom prance up to the altar in a glow, with his mind all on his bride and not on his blankety-blank, smug, old, lantern-jawed, snuffle-bustin', pharisaical, mutual-admiration society of ancestors."

He made a dive for the door, and it seemed to Hapgood that he was trying to stamp the steps out of the companion ladder. What the deuce had struck Sam, anyhow? It must be true that he had actually an emotional streak under his cynical nonsense, and that no romantic old maid had any edge on his sentimental appreciations. At any rate, he had conceded that Hapgood's plan for curing himself of a violent infatuation ought to work, and the fact that Sam had expressed this opinion grudgingly gave it all the greater value.

After all, Hapgood reflected, he had got what he wanted, even if it had no roses pinned on it; and if one's best friend were to enthuse at the prospect of an immediate marriage that must be loveless on his part, then he would scarcely be that thing, but a secret ill-wisher. He went on deck, joining Edna and Avis and Professor Bates. Day had been outclassed by Sally, Edna told Hapgood, and had surrendered foil and mask and gloves to Ralph. It needed but a glance at the fencers to see that Sally was now opposed to a master swordsman; especially on Professor Bates' telling them that she had specialized in fencing and won an intercollegiate championship tournament.

But she could not score on Ralph at all, while he evidently tried no more than to parry her vigorous attacks, making now and then a thrust that fell invariably an inch or two short. Fencing in a jersey that was snug, but of too light a weave to constrict her, Sally was under an obvious handicap for points, and Ralph was being careful of her, as even the bated tip of a fleuret can bruise or scrape. His fencing form was perfect and his play negligent, the point of his weapon describing a small orbit that it seldom left.

Behind his mask, Ralph appeared to glance toward Hapgood, and in this momentary lack of vigilance Sally touched the top of his shoulder. He made the swift, instinctive salute of acknowledgment.

"You let me do that, Ralph," she accused him.

"Not a bit of it, 'pon my word."

"Rot. You looked away."

"Well, with a *maitresse d'épée* like you, I should have known better. Usually I can manage it for a split second."

"I believe you, *ma foi*. Usually I can manage to protect my body, but you could have pinked me any time you chose. You must show me the proper parry for that last *riposte en quart* you drew short." She looked at Hapgood. "This is grand—to find a *maître d'armes* aboard. I see where I improve my technic."

Ralph took off his mask. His face was a little pale and his eyes undershadowed. "You fence uncommonly well. You have the advantage of me in strong, springy thighs. All I find to criticize is in your stance, which has a disposition to front face."

She nodded. "When I attack. I don't know why I do that."

"Impetuosity, and at this moment a matter of balance, as the ship is rolling a little, with a lurch to her. But you don't keep distance enough. In actual duels the combatants seldom get close enough to reach the body. The wound is almost always of the forearm." He drew a handkerchief from his cuff and wiped his forehead. "That's about all I'm up to for today."

"You must have a stack of medals, Ralph," Sally said.

He smiled. "My few accomplishments have earned me more curses than compliments. Besides, I lost my amateur standing years ago."

"How?"

"Went broke and opened a *salle d'armes*."

"Where?"

"In Constantinople, before the war."

"Where was Avis?"

"At school in Athens. Later I sent her to Robert College."

"Did your *salle d'armes* succeed?" She looked curiously at Ralph. They were all looking at and listening to him, Hapgood with a sort of pitying regret. He was thinking what a shame it was that a man who looked and talked so thoroughbred should have made a mess of his life, sunk at times so low. Certainly, to look at him, one could never have guessed it. Ralph at that moment was unconsciously the beau-ideal depiction of the romantic hero who is getting on in years, still vigorous, virile, and with the added resource of experience and the greater attraction of the smiling cynicism and tonic modesty that come of many disappointments and disillusions. Poised on the swaying deck with the background of blue, wind-driven sea, Ralph, with the breeze in his thick, curly, graying hair, profile of a demigod, shirt collar open to show a neck like the Hermes he resembled, arched chest, sleeve rolled back from a lean, muscular forearm, fitted perfectly the rôle of hero in almost any strong historic romance, Under Two Flags, or To Have and to Hold, or some Joseph Conrad epic. The fencing mask under one arm and the foil in hand added to the interest of this portrait.

Then, looking on past him, Hapgood's eyes, that were keenly observant of detail, discovered one person, at least, who did not appear to be watching Ralph with admiration. Just forward of the foot of the mainmast was the galley, or kitchen hatchway, and halfway out of this, one big bare elbow on the hatch slide, was the white-capped, white-bloused second cook. The man had applied for his billet the day before they sailed, and owing to the unexpected addition to the cabin party, Day had been glad to sign him on. He was some sort of Levantine, Day said, though his name was George Blackstone on his entirely valid U. S. A. citizenship papers, and he claimed only that country as his own. Sam had promptly pronounced him Greek, on the ground that his heavy, yet predatory and aquiline features with the enormous black mustache were an exact portrait of the brigand chief in his school copy of Le Roi des Montagnes. He looked, Sam said, the part of the bandit ruler of the isle, just as Ralph looked like its ex-isled overlord. Sam had said this before his heart-to-heart talk with Avis, and had dwelt a little on the pun, but, getting no buyer, had sighed and let it sink into the limbo of lost bon mots.

As Hapgood's line of vision now went on past Ralph and focused on the ferocious, swarthy face of the second cook, he was startled at its intensity of expression. The man was watching Ralph as a palæolithic troglodyte might have watched a great elk of which he coveted the horns and hide and bones and flesh, but which caution warned him to be too formidable a quarry for attack with his caveman's flinty mace. This Levantine was physically a child of Hercules, Hapgood already had noticed from the huge muscles that bulged his culinary costume to the point of bursting; though Vulcan might have been a more probable progenitor. His face was Vulcanesque, with its big black buffalo-horned mustache and eyebrows to match, of which either would have made an ample lip ornament for an East Side alderman.

As if suddenly aware that he was observed, George Blackstone backed down into the grotto mouth of his galley—a close fit—just as the huge but furtive caveman might have done into his fissure in the scarp. Hapgood wondered why the man had been glaring so malevolently at Ralph. He reflected that perhaps that might be George's habitual expression, or that the formidable salients of his unevoluted physiognomy might make him look that way even if he had the heart of a gentle child. Hapgood had known men like that, who looked like gorillas and were as docile as goats, but rather less intelligent. Having plenty to think about, he dismissed the incident from his mind and went to the chart room to examine the yacht's position.

The nor'wester had steadied to a clear fresh gale, and Democracy struck her stride on her best point of sailing. She had made a splendid start to win Hapgood his considerable bet, as getting offshore could be tedious in early summer with light, variable breezes. The wager had been made in the home of the New York Yacht Club on Forty-fourth Street, and its conditions required Hapgood to make the run from the New York pilot-station boat to the semaphore on the Rock of Gibraltar abeam in twenty-seven days under sail alone. He had himself put a seal on his shaft, and to break this for any reason meant to lose. The engines could, however, be turned over idle and the transmission lever had been secured. But one revolution of the propeller meant the loss of five thousand dollars to a man that Hapgood would have disliked sorely to enrich to that added extent and, even worse, to have go round bragging of his victory.

Sam came up from below feeling a little better for a prescription filled by the second steward. He paused to reproach the bridge party.

"If we hit a growler and had to rig a collision mat, you people would go on with your silly game."

"What's a growler," Payson asked as he dealt, "besides yourself?"

"In the good old days it used to be a tin can full of cold suds, and a chunk of ice broken off an iceberg."

"In the beer?"

"No, sap, in the ocean. Several hundred tons of it."

He went on his way, joining the group on deck. Ralph had gone below. Sally said, *sotto voce:* "There's that brute of a second cook again. Isn't he terrible?"

Sam looked round. "Not so pretty. They could use that mug in the movies. It's no good to us. Too bad I wasn't wearing track shoes yesterday when I landed on his face. He'd have had to wear it in a sling. Stopped his everlasting chewing too. Mastic, probably."

"What's that?"

"The gum of the pistach tree. It also is popular in Greece to flavor the *eau de vie de marc* made by distilling grape skins after the wine is worked out. If you took three rapid drinks of that stuff this vessel would become a six-master."

Avis glanced up at him. "You seem to know your Greece, Sam."

"In a previous incarnation I sailed with the other heroes aboard the good ship Argo, under the name of Æsculapius. While the rest of the boys went a-girling, I hunted in the woods for yarbs and simples. I psychiatrized the bad actors where we touched and cured so many that Pluto complained to Zeus that hell was getting depopulated, so the Old Man had me electrocuted by radio from Mount Olympus."

"You've been drinking," Sally said. "I thought you were going to train with me."

"You appear to have a full staff of trainers: Avis with the medicine ball, encroaching on my field; Mr. Day, juggling instructor; Ralph, fencing master."

"I'll fence with you too. Happy says you brought that gear aboard."

Sam shook his head. "I'm a dub, not to say a dud. I'd rather fence you with barbed wire. Still, you might take me on as master of the top."

Boreas did not pipe down his nor'wester with the sun, but before the midwatch was called he began to ease down a notch or two, and, contrary to offshore cruising custom, aboard Democracy the topsails fluttered out again.

"Like the blossoms of a night-blooming cereus," Sally said to Hapgood as they paced the weather quarter-deck. The others were, as Sam remarked, "bridging the hiatus between the continents." A second table had been made up of Edna and Professor Bates against Sam and Avis.

They looked aloft as the mizzen topsail went to the truck and was sheeted home. "We don't often do this," Hapgood said, "but the skipper is on his mettle to win my bet, and I told him he might as well pass the word round that if he does, the five thousand is to be divided pro rata among officers and crew, on the same basis as a fishing lay. That's got the forecastle on tiptoes."

"A sport," Sally said. "What is it like, Happy, to own and operate a splendid yacht like this? To have the real freedom of the seas? To sail them when you like and where you like to any part of the globe?"

Hapgood said slowly, "If you really want to know, Sally, you have only to say the word."

"What do you mean?" She stopped suddenly.

"That's an awkward way of saying that I have the honor to ask you to marry me."

Sally was silent for a moment, then asked slowly, "Since when have you wanted me to marry you, Happy?"

"Within the last twenty-four hours."

"Why?"

Hapgood had counted on this question. He had amended his decision to tell her, frankly, his reason. That, he felt, would be unfair to Avis. It would not be hard for Sally to guess what sort of bad step he dreaded, and it must necessarily imply more perhaps than was actually the case. There seemed to be no moral obligation on his part to explain the situation in detail, as long as he made it clear to Sally that his offer was not prompted by his having fallen suddenly in love with her.

He said gently, "You are precisely the sort of girl I've hoped to be fortunate enough to marry some day, Sally. I like and admire everything about you. If I were to wait another five or six years before marrying, as I had counted on doing, it's fairly certain that by that time you would be married to somebody else."

Sally gave a short laugh. "That's a polite way of warning me that you don't love me, isn't it?"

"I can't offer myself under false pretenses, Sally."

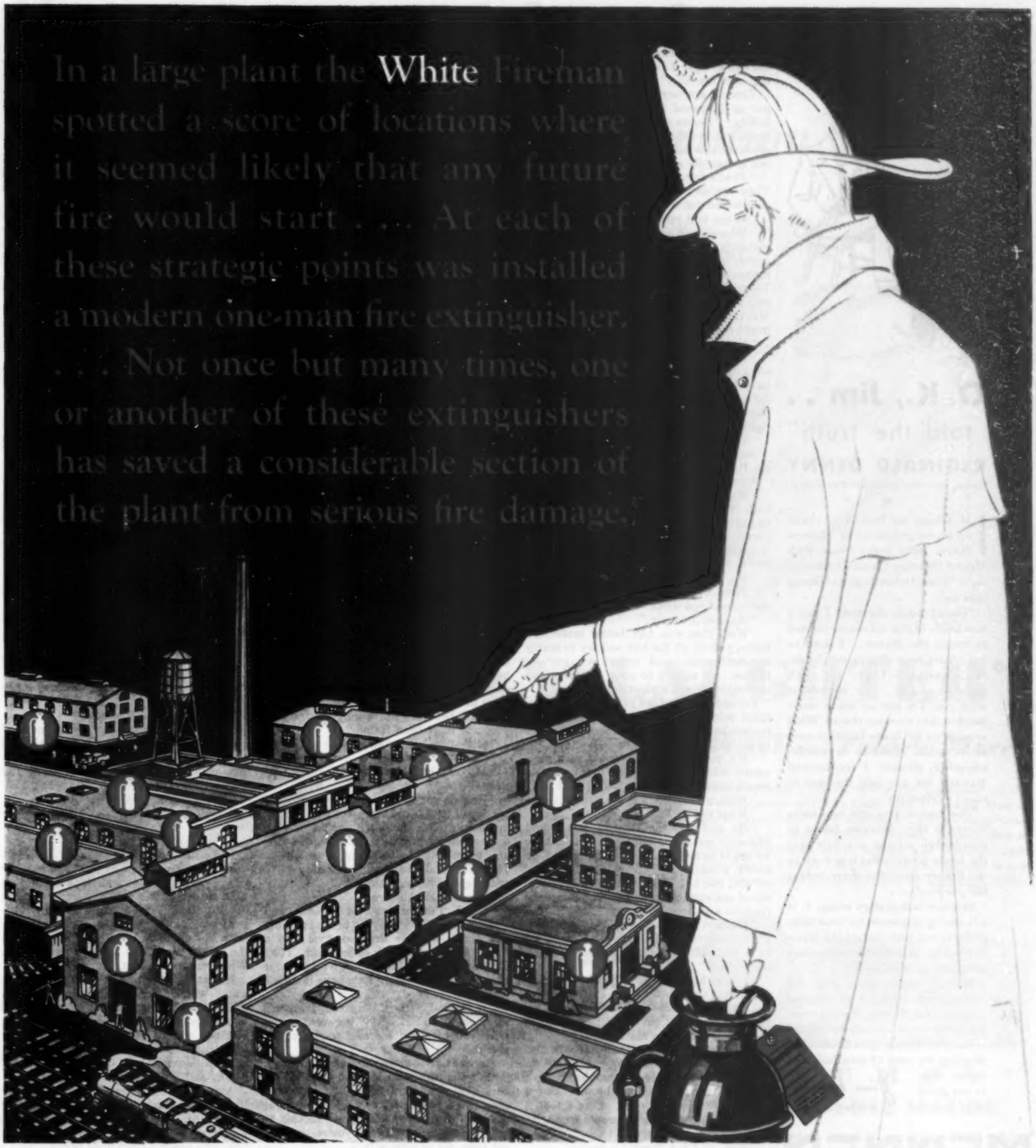
"Gosh, but you're forehanded, Happy! Like buying what you consider to be a good stock for investment. I've had a few offers; nothing like as good from the mundane point of view, but a whole lot warmer."

"I'm sorry about that part of it."

"Hold on; I want to get at the root of this thing. Why couldn't you have waited until the end of the voyage? By that time we shall have got to know each other a lot better."

"I wanted your answer now," Hapgood said briefly.

(Continued on Page 54)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A BARGAIN OFFER

(Continued from Page 52)

"But why? In three weeks' time you may say to yourself: 'If I'm to be tied to this whirligig until death do us part, then the sooner I get it over with the better,' and slip over the side."

This did not seem to be going well at all, nor as Hapgood had expected. He said briefly: "I know my mind, Sally. I'd make you a good husband, I believe. Marriages are made this way in Europe, and they work out as happily as ours at home."

"That's damning them with faint praise. They couldn't very well be worse. How soon would you want me to marry you?"

"At the first port we make—Gibraltar."

"Wha-at? Well, Happy, at least you certainly compensate in speed for what you appear to lack in ardor. Why the desperate hurry, since you're not in love with me? There's nobody else aboard legally at liberty to grab me off but Sam and Ralph and Mr. Day. Are you afraid that one of them might beat you to me?"

"No, it's nothing like that."

"Then what the deuce—there, I begin to see a light. I'm on to you, poor dear. You have fallen madly in love with Avis, and for some reason I know nothing about, you want to put her out of your reach. Am I right?"

"Yes," Hapgood said miserably.

Sally said gently, "Is the reason so terrible, Happy? Something to do with Ralph?"

"Something," Hapgood admitted.

"Well, I like him and I'm darn sorry for him. He's got a hunted look. But today he has seemed like a different man. Avis is lovely. There's nothing wrong with her. Nobody could make me believe that. You don't, do you?"

"No, I don't."

"Then why the fearful sacrifice? Has she turned you down?"

"No, not precisely."

"Well, then you had better make sure before you fly off the hub and try to marry somebody else, and before we go any further, my answer to your flattering and honorable offer is a most emphatic no."

For some reasons not yet clear to his confused mind, Hapgood was conscious of a tremendous relief. So that was that. But he said untruthfully, "I'm sorry, Sally."

"No, you're not. You could turn cartwheels with joy. Have you discussed this measure with Sam?"

"Why, yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said that he thought you would probably accept my offer, and that in time we ought to make each other happy and, no doubt, would."

"Oh, did he? Well, with all his professional and surface brilliancy, Sam is in some respects a thrice-ridden fool."

"He didn't enthuse a whole lot about it. In fact, one or two of his observations would have been offensive from anybody but my best friend."

"I'll say he's your best friend. You may appreciate that better when I tell you that this morning while we were breakfasting together, Sam sent out that lop-eared steward and asked me to marry him."

Hapgood stepped back and stared at her. "What?" He gasped.

"That is what. He told me that I was a great girl and that he had been waiting a long time for one like me. Like a fool, I asked him for what; and he said to marry. Just like that. He meant it too."

"Well, as I'm a miserable moron! . . . What did you say?"

"I told him 'not,' that he was a kidder. Then I told him a lie."

"What was that?"

"I said that I was in love with you. He said that was no distinction, as all the women were in love with you, and that some day I'd get over it. He was right, or wrong, rather, because I never was. There are some few things, Happy, that no amount of money can buy. As I happen to be one of them, the rest can go to ——"

Hapgood interrupted, "That's not where the things money can't buy belong. I feel like a skate in the mud. I feel better."

"Why not? You've done the right thing in the wrong way. It's not your fault if it doesn't work."

"And old Sam kept his mouth shut."

"Sam is a sportsman. I thought you were, too, Happy, but now I'm not so sure."

"Nor I."

"Well, that's hopeful. Ralph is a sportsman, whatever else he may be. I like him, even if he may have sunk a few ships and cut a few throats and stolen a few wives and served a few years, or whatever it is he's done to keep you from marrying Avis." Sally appeared to take for granted that it could be nothing that Avis had done.

"I can't help liking him myself," Hapgood said. "I liked his proposing to call my invitation off and not asking me for anything, and I liked his telling you frankly that he had been a fencing master."

Sally said earnestly, "He's no four-flusher, Happy. I don't know what you've heard about him, and I don't want to. It must have been pretty bad, though, for you to propose to the first girl nice and handy, and want to marry her here and now, to keep yourself from marrying Avis." Again she ignored the possibility of any possible stigma on Avis or any other course for Hapgood.

He said, "The more I learn about you, Sally, the more I know that you are the girl I'd love to marry."

"Thanks. Next to Avis, of course. I understand. But don't you see, Happy, you can't expect always to have everything just the way you want it, just because you always have had? You are, by way of being a spoiled child of fortune, a darling of the gods. You think your lovely bride ought to be delivered to you on an elephant, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, and rajahs salaaming to her, and Jimmy Walker handing her the keys of the city when she arrives in New York."

"You don't understand, Sally."

"Rot. Nobody can order his life as he orders a dinner, no matter how rich he may be. So why should you? If there's a blight on a top branch of Avis' family tree, you'll have to make the best of it or go without her. I'll bet she's not asking anything of you, any more than Ralph."

"She's not," Hapgood said.

"She wouldn't."

"My family has never had any scalawags."

"How do you know? Maybe they never got found out. Anyhow, precedent doesn't make principle. Besides, if you've got such a long line of rectitude, you ought to be able to assimilate a scalawag. It might do you good and keep your posterity from peaking up into pure snob."

"You sound like Sam."

"Good. I'm learning a lot from Sam and about him. That's why he broke training, and that's why he dragged Avis into a bridge game by the hair of her head. They both hate cards. It was to give you your chance with me. Well, let's hope it's done us both some good."

"It has you, Sally, if it's given you Sam's right number. It's 100 per cent good. Ninety degrees on the four angles of his square."

She moved toward the companionway. "I'm going down to look at that human curiosity. You had better walk up and down, and congratulate yourself on your escape. If I can talk to you like this as your guest, just think what you might have got from me as your wife."

She stepped inside the deckhouse, which was vacant, and Hapgood stepped after her. "Before you go," he said, "I'd like to give you a large appreciative kiss."

"As big as you like, on that status," Sally agreed. She gave him the kiss, then said a little breathlessly: "Lucky you didn't start this interview that way, or I might now be a lost blonde." And she hurried below.

Hapgood paced up and down in the soft, rushing darkness. Captain Murray came from forward, where he had been watching the draw of his headsails.

"We're tearing 'em off, captain."

"Yes, sir. She's going through the water as strong and steady as a sparm whale makin' a passage. No fuss nor bother. This new suit of sails is good. That East Boothbay sailmaker knows his job." He was silent for a moment; then asked diffidently, "Did you say anything to Maj—— Mr. Croydon about what I told you, sir?"

"Not a word."

"Well, that's sort of queer then."

"What?"

"He came up to me this morning and apologized for what he said last night. Told me that he'd been nervous and excited and lost his head. I just told him to forget it. Then he said, says he: 'Skipper, any time you feel like it was your duty to tell your owner all about me and Miss Croydon, go ahead and do it. He's got the right to know.' That's what he said, sir."

"Curious," Hapgood commented. "I wonder why he said that?"

"Couldn't say. Maybe he didn't want it hangin' over him. I said: 'That's all right, major. I've told him.'"

"The deuce you did."

"Yes, sir. Maybe that was wrong, but I wasn't going to let him think that he'd scared me into keeping still. He just nodded, and that's all there was to it."

"Well," Hapgood said, "then we might as well consider the incident closed. I'm glad he did that though."

Captain Murray lifted his cap and scratched his grizzled temple. "No doubt he had his reasons," he said dubiously. Then, in an altered voice of authority to the watch forward, "Forestaysail sheet!"

"Forestaysail sheet, sir!"

"Haul her a mite till ye take that shake out the hoist." And the captain strode forward to see the order exactly executed. The breeze was hauling northerly, and lightening.

Hapgood continued his pacing. Avis came on deck. He joined her.

"Dummy?"

"No, lost my job. Sally came down and pried me out. We were losing steadily and she said she understood Sam's crazy game better than did I."

"Getting jealous, perhaps."

"Well, do you know that struck me too? She gave Sam a long look and said: 'It's all right, doctor. I just couldn't stay off duty any longer. Something told me that you needed your nurse.'"

"What did Sam say?"

"Nothing for a moment. He looked upset."

"How, upset?"

"As if he were going to faint or have a fit or run amok or something. The professor was sorting his cards and Edna totting up what I owed when Sally ousted me and didn't notice. Then Sam pulled himself together and said: 'You restore my tottering faith in humankind, Sally. I shall spend the rest of my life in apologizing.' . . . What was it all about, Happy?"

He drew her into the deckhouse. The watch was coming aft to trim main and mizzen sheets. "I had just asked Sally to marry me, and she turned me down and stamped on the folds. I hadn't the least idea that Sam was in love with her. I'd asked his advice about it, and he said that, feeling as I did, I'd better go ahead."

Avis threw back her head and gave her low, tinkling laugh. "She would; he would; you would; they would. Oh, Happy dear, I understand. You poor old blundering darling, you needn't have done that."

"I knew that if I didn't, it would mean misery for us both. Delight and misery, and misery and delight, and then misery and misery."

She seated herself on the wide leather cushions and drew him down beside her. "It's not going to do anything of the sort, Happy."

"Avis, you don't know my rotten complex. Family-and-friend snobbery is a sort of mental disease in me. I scarcely realized it myself until Sam and Sally dissected it for me. Too bad they can't extirpate it without anæsthetic."

(Continued on Page 57)

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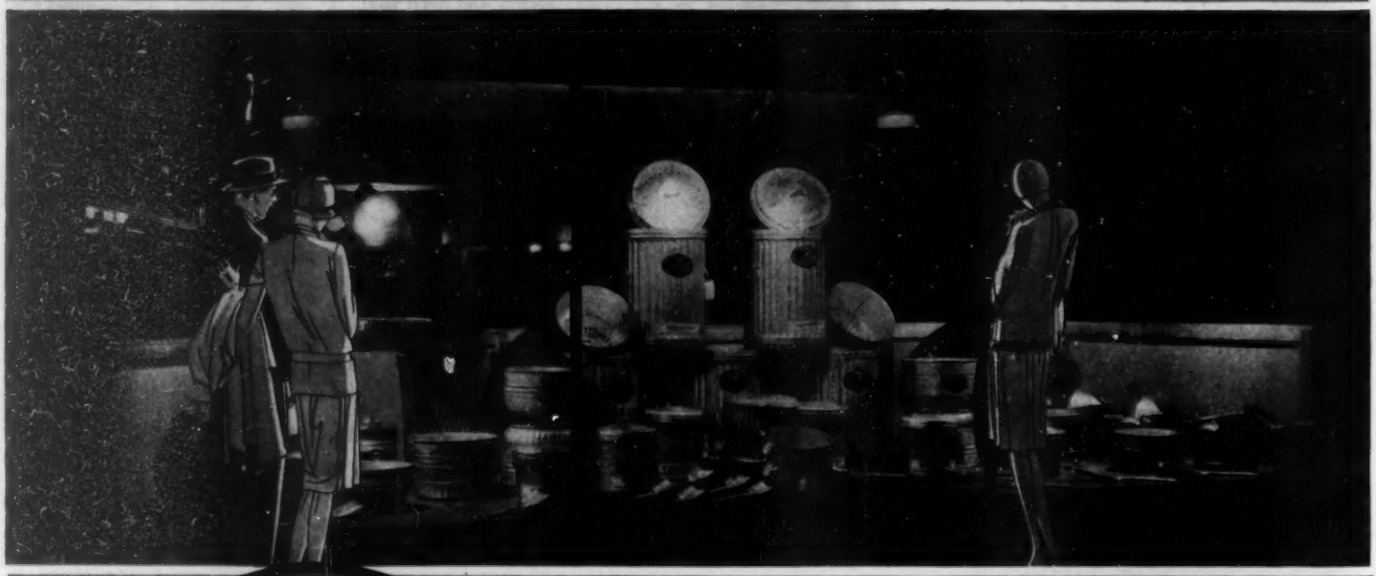


W Wheeling CORRUGATING COMPANY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Guaranteed Hand-Dipped Metalware now made of COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

Humble necessities of home use sharing valuable space with many things of higher cost are now to be seen in the largest stores of the country.

Wheeling Hand-Dipped Metalware—Pails, Tubs, Ash and Garbage Cans and other household essentials—is featured as frequently and as prominently as expensive ranges, refrigerators, laundry equipment and other merchandise of higher cost. This bespeaks uncommon value in such humble items of every-day home use.

Conviction that even pails and tubs have a service to perform in a manner nothing short of perfection has moved Wheeling to adopt COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, as the raw material for these products. Now they render you a service far into the years because of studied design, fine craftsmanship, longer-life metal and especially because of the painstaking process of hand-dipping in pure molten zinc.

Dealers who make this wise choice of metalware for your use are those who should have your confidence in their judgment. See them first, not only for Pails, Ash Cans and Garbage Cans, bearing the registered *Hand-Dipped* Red Label, but for their other high-grade merchandise. They can invariably save you money.

GUARANTEED

Hand Dipped

IN PURE MOLTEN ZINC

Thirty-nine years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern production methods offer a quicker and cheaper way to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is retained because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc-coating inside and out.

WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY, Wheeling, West Va.

Branches: New York Buffalo Philadelphia Chicago Kansas City St. Louis Richmond Chattanooga Minneapolis Des Moines Detroit Columbus, Ohio

EXCLUSIVELY WHEELING RAW MATERIALS AND CRAFTSMANSHIP IN EVERY PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 54)

"But you don't have to marry me, Happy. I've told you that. Aside from poor Ralph, I'm *déclassée* on my own account. Out in the Far East they gave me the sobriquet of The Bell Bird. Do you know what that is?"

"Yes. A jungle bird with a bell note that lures the unwary into the jaws of a tiger."

"Right. They called me that because when we were frightfully hard up I strayed round and got picked up by rich tourists and business men and Army and Navy officers, and then presented Ralph as my brother, and he would clip them close at cards. For a year and a half we lived that way."

Hapgood dropped his face in his hands. "It's awful, Avis."

"Well, it might have been a lot worse. Ralph took care that none of them was ever alone with me in private, and he never swindled them. He is a card expert at any game."

Hapgood brightened a little. "Was there never one you liked particularly?"

"No, I liked them all. They were always gentlemen, so far as I could tell at first, and if one showed raw later I sheered off. They were the sort of men you might meet anywhere, looking for fun and gayety and a spice of adventure, if it could be managed without vulgarity or scandal."

"But don't you see, Avis, that's just the worst of it. As my wife you might meet some of them anywhere again."

"Of course I see it, and it wouldn't do at all. That's the reason why you positively must not marry me. Circumstances forced me to be a bell bird, though Ralph was never such a terrible tiger. It couldn't be helped. It was that or become shabby beach combers. There was nobody to whom Ralph had not already turned, and they were tired of it."

"But, Avis, I love you so that it must be marriage or nothing. If I merely wanted you for your charm and beauty, it would be different. It's infinitely more than that. I want you as a wife, with me always, to go through the whole cycle of matrimony together, our home, children with their schools and colleges and marriages, and then their children. There's no compromise with that."

"No, Happy, I'm afraid not. That would be heaven, and heaven is not for me here on earth. I want to do only what will be for your greatest happiness."

"And I for yours. It's not as'if we were great artists or belonged to a nation that does not stress respectability or place importance on one's past. I'm family-bound, wealth-bound, respectability-bound. If we were to marry, I'd be going round with a chip on one shoulder and a raw spot on the other."

"Perhaps you're right, Happy," Avis said wearily. "Besides, it's a little worse, or perhaps a good deal worse, than I've just told you."

"How?"

"Afterward I kept right on being a bell bird, but on a bigger scale. Ralph managed to get together a decent stake and started promoting schemes—mines and oil and shipping and deals with governments. I got him access to important men on ships and in hotels, making acquaintance with their wives and daughters. He did his best and played fair so far as I know, but somehow they always went to pieces—as if some curse were on us."

"Perhaps it was. Who was your mother, Avis?"

"She was Albanian. I remember her dimly as a sweet, strong, beautiful woman, like a demigoddess, smiling almost always, but with a dreadful frown when somebody angered her."

"Of what did she die?"

"She was shot in a skirmish between Turks and Greeks near Janina. A party of *franc-tireur* Greeks had gathered to protect a little hamlet of Albanian Christians from massacre in a jihad. That was at the end of the Balkan War. I was only three. Ralph was an officer in the Turkish Army. We never knew whether mother was shot by Greeks or Turks, by accident or design. Or, at least, I've never known. Sometimes I've thought Ralph does."

At any other time Hapgood would have asked for the particulars of this tragedy, and he would have noted that Avis had made no mention of what Sam had told him of her grandparents—that her paternal ones had been a first secretary of legation and a cousin to the King of Greece, and her maternal grandfather a hereditary Albanian chieftain. But at this moment he was too harassed by his own emotions, torn between love and what he felt to be a family obligation that he had inherited with the family fortune and position.

But he had been enormously relieved by two of the details of what Avis had just told him—that nothing worse had ever been required of her than to make the informal acquaintance of Ralph's gaming and promoting prospects, and to put him in contact with them; and that he had never been branded as a swindler. Avis had made both of these statements in the casual way of one to whom any challenge of them would not occur, as if the sacrifice of caste could go no further than what had been forced upon them by their extremity of misfortune. She did not try to make light of its social cost, entirely accepting the justice of the fact that it had reduced them both to the level of a professional gambler and his lure. But the fact that the gambler was her father and that her association with his gaming victims had stopped on his appearance, which was always immediate, it would seem, if Ralph had really played always legitimately, to be a social offense and not a moral one. Indeed, if conducted with acquaintances in one's own world instead of with strangers, it might almost be regarded as a social custom.

But Avis made no defense of it. She calmly accepted the fact that it had been an expedient of necessity for which the price must be paid. She was prepared to pay it. Not only did she admit the truth of all that Hapgood had said but she had said it first. There had not been one single flaw in the consistency of her behavior throughout.

She said now, as he sat there beside her in distress: "The world is different, Happy. 'The old order changeth,' especially in relative social values. Democracy rules. But if democracy or even Socialism, or let's say social democracy of the sort Professor Bates advocates, became universal, there would always be the equivalents of royalty and nobility and aristocracy, called by different names."

"Like wealth and position and elegance and culture," Hapgood said bitterly. "You might group them under the title of Snobocracy."

"Not necessarily. Call it Superiority. Here is what I am trying to get at: That no matter what you choose to call a commonwealth, you can never level its individuals or groups of individuals to one class, except in theory. In practice they are bound to have their different levels of social and political importance all the way to the top. In America such families as your own, that rise constructively through several generations to national and international importance and the power of great wealth, constitute actually a nobility, though it is not called by that name. So far there isn't any name for it."

"Call it Plutocracy," Hapgood said, still bitterly.

"No, that doesn't cover it. A man might get enormously rich in a few years, but that alone couldn't raise him to the top. There would have to be service and culture and civic value. Then his importance would be great, and that would entail responsibilities."

"You seem to be defending my own position, Avis. It's insignificant compared with the men like Edison, who gave us light, and the Morgans, who stabilized financial banking money power, and Rockefeller, who is giving the world health in his Foundation, and a good many other similar benefactors."

"All constructive," Avis said, "and your own family is in that class. And all with their responsibilities. The proletariat looks up to them, watches their behavior—how they live, whom they marry and how their children are apt to carry on the family traditions. They are exemplars. In time they constitute the equivalent of a nobility, if they are true to these."

"No democracy would ever call them that."

"Of course not. But the fact is greater than a name. It would never do for one of them to marry a bell bird."

"Look here." Hapgood swung round. "Are you trying to make this thing easier for me, or harder?"

"I am trying to tell you that I think that you are right. I have told you all along that I don't count. I have no importance at all. I had to sell my social birthright for a mess of pottage. Three of them a day, for a good many days on end, and a roof over me and clothes to wear. It was tough luck, but there was no help for it. And now I want to make the most of what I've got left. I'd never loved any man until I met you. I never kissed any man until I kissed you—that way. I'd rather love you than be loved by you and not care myself—that way." She looked up at him with that faint smile that from the first he had found so irresistible. In spite of his resolution, it was irresistible. He took her in his arms. He knew that she was something of which he must feel the necessity constantly and always, like the air he breathed. He felt that if her close presence were to be withdrawn from him he would be insufficiently alive. It seemed to him that heretofore he had been living in a mechanical, automatic sort of way, like something with wheels set rolling down a gentle slope, or in a boat drifting down a river with the current between flowering banks, where he might reach out and pluck a blossom now and then. But now he had reached the sea, and had to take his choice between paddling in to the safe and placid shore or hoist his sail and steer out for the Island of Desire far beyond his limited horizon.

Sally had been right. Things had always been made too easy for him. That was one of the most difficult problems in life—why things should have been made so easy for some persons and so hard for others. She had also been right in saying that he could not hope always to order his life as he had always ordered his dinners. He could not have Avis without her past. He could not make Ralph a bishop instead of a *bashi-bazouk*. Here ahead of him was his hope of happiness, with its quota of pain, and astern of him was his previous life that so far had contained no high or low lights of either.

He was now, Hapgood perceived, standing with one foot in the boat and the other on the landing stage, and though there was no insistent tug in either direction, his position was neither dignified nor indefinitely tenable. Avis, having said her say, would neither haul him aboard nor shove him ashore. He had to make his own decision.

Hapgood came immediately to his decision. He said quietly, "Avis, you have told me a number of times that you would do whatever I ask of you."

"Yes, Happy, that's true. Anything you wish."

"Then I ask you to marry me the day we land. Will you do that?"

She was silent for a moment, then: "Yes."

This time, as Hapgood kissed her lips, they were not parted in the faint little smile that they had previously worn at such moments. He discovered a difference in this kiss—a profound gravity. He had previously kissed lips that were ardent or gay or even a little frightened, but never lips that were grave, because he had never made love seriously. It gave him now a sense of finality that was disturbing to his love of liberty.

But his stake was placed and the wheel spun, and Hapgood was too much of a gentleman and sportsman to show the slightest hesitancy in backing his big bet. He drew from his little finger the seal ring worn by seven generations of his family, of which the heraldic device was in Westminster Abbey. Taking Avis' hand, he slipped it on her ring finger, which it fitted perfectly. She had the strong, small, but useful hands that were a part of her inheritance of strength and beauty from Albanian mountaineers. Hapgood then raised the hand to his lips.

"Now I'm going to talk to Ralph," he said. "Last night I told him that my business offer had nothing to do with you as my sweetheart or as my wife, and now I am going to make you both."

Avis said listlessly, "Perhaps you may change your mind after talking to Ralph."

"No, nothing he can tell me is going to change my mind. But why should he want me to do so?"

"It's not that, but Ralph is such a curious mixture of pride and ruthlessness. He might tell me to go out and get acquainted with a grand duke and steer him into a poker game. But if the grand duke tried to take liberties with me, Ralph would call him out and run him through—before the poker game."

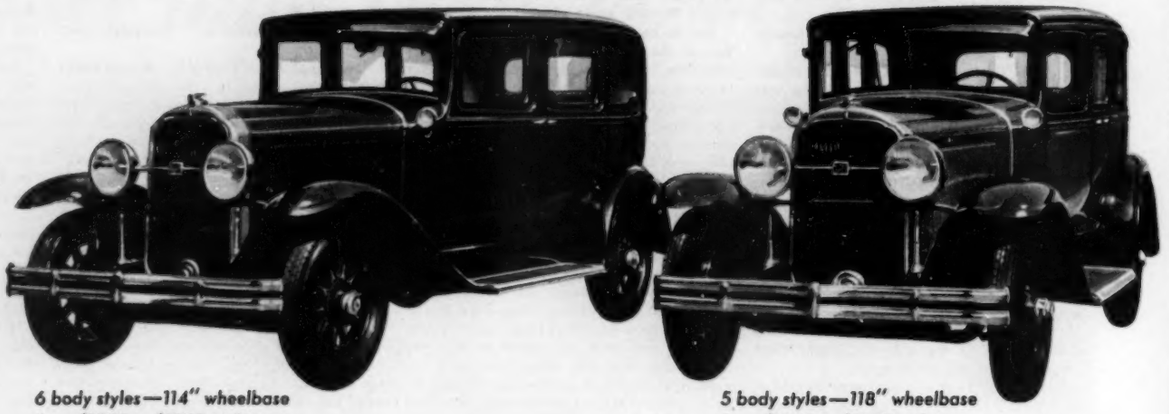
"Well, I don't think he will want to run me through for asking his permission to marry you," Hapgood said. "Wait for me here or on deck. I shan't be long."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

She: "You're Losing Interest in Me!"

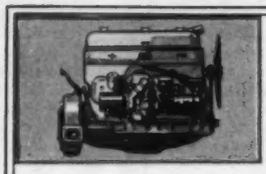
BUICK'S FOUR



6 body styles—114" wheelbase
from $1025 to $1095 at factory

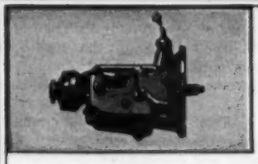
5 body styles—118" wheelbase
from $1285 to $1355 at factory

ALL STRAIGHT EIGHTS . . ALL VALVE-IN-HEA



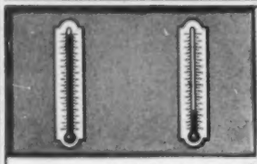
MASTERLY NEW VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT EIGHT ENGINES

—providing performance far surpassing even the finest previous Buick creations.



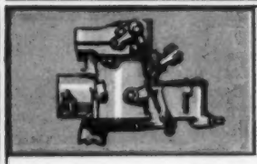
NEW SYNCRO-MESH TRANSMISSION

—a vital, ultra-luxurious feature . . . assuring smooth, silent, non-clash gear-shifting at all speeds.



NEW ENGINE-OIL TEMPERATURE REGULATOR

—assuring cooled oil even at 80 miles plus, and warming the oil in coldest weather the instant the engine is started.



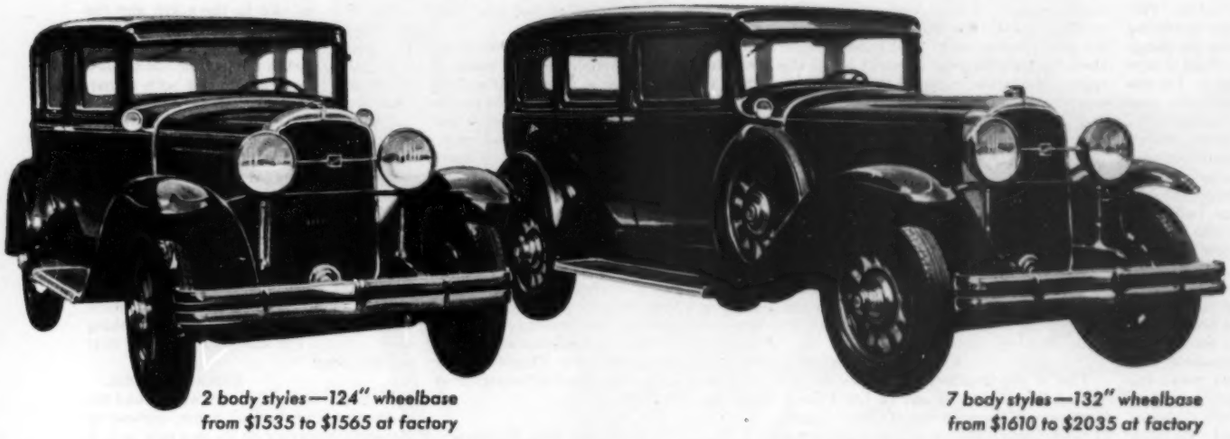
NEW DUAL CARBURETION

—automatically metering the gas and delivering exactly the right amount, at exactly the right instant, to all eight cylinders.

THE EIGHT AS BUI

PRODUCT OF GE

GREAT EIGHTS



2 body styles—124" wheelbase from $1535 to $1565 at factory

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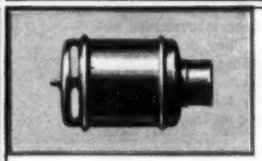
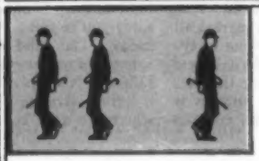
NEW INSULATED BODIES BY FISHER—possessing characteristic Buick beauty and skillfully insulated, like a fine home, against heat, cold and noise.

FROM $1025 at Factory

NEW TENS OF THOUSANDS now find it possible to own BUICKS because one series of Straight Eights is priced even lower than the fine Buick Six of last year.



NEW AIR INTAKE SILENCER—an exclusive Buick feature effectually tuning out intake noises and completing the all-round quietness of the car.



2 TO 1 SALES LEADERSHIP—These new eights reflect the full experience of BUICK, winner of more than twice as many buyers as any other maker of fine cars.

CK

NERAL MOTORS

BUILDS IT

POINTS SOUTH

(Continued from Page 31)

because every nice Sunday the place is overwhelmed by motorists. His argument is that they do not enjoy what he, aloof, enjoyed before they came. Two or three thousand people trying to seize his refined and solitary view of Nature only destroy it for him and do not gain it for themselves. Is it that people out of place annoy him or that he resents having to move his solitude? The humor is petulant.

Precisely the marvel of this world is that many may possess without despoiling the few. That was never the case before. Formerly the many could imagine increasing their possessions only by seizing the things of the few and dividing them, which always turned out to mean nothing at all. For one reason, many things are indivisible for purposes of enjoyment; and for another, the total wealth of the few was never enough to make many contented, even if it were horizontally divided. The few were too few and the many too many. Here, for the first time, is a world almost without hatred toward possessions, and this is true because things of use and desire have been so multiplied that all may possess. There is no longer much prestige in possessions as such. To private possessions there is no limit whatever. It is not that the few possess less; it is that the many have enormously more, and no contrasts are impassable. The difference between the costliest motor car and one such as almost anybody may possess is not remarked at a little distance. There is little difference in speed. Equality of speed is a leveling ego satisfaction of tremendous importance. Motoring for all alike is private transportation in a grand manner. A few in their costlier cars might prefer a world in which they could have the view more to themselves, but that would be a world of dirt roads, unfit for motors at all. The aristocrat cannot build his own roads.

People build roads; now, also, people use them. The aristocrat may say he does not want motor cars and motor roads. He wants the world of dirt roads back. As he says this, he is not thinking of dirt roads really; he is thinking of the world as it was before in a general way, people all keeping their right places and some reverence among them for high manners—a world in which the few for what they were pleased to enjoy might take to themselves a thought of distinction. Loss of distinction, or not being looked up to, is what the aristocrat minds, and he cannot baldly say so.

If you would see it in panorama, come some evening and stand in a high Miami hotel window looking out across the lagoon toward Miami Beach. This is playground. Palm trees waving in the spaces. The back drop is a blue-green sea with a pearl-black band touching purple clouds. In silhouette, on the sand bar, a mass of architectural forms, faintly aglow in warm colors. This architecture is spontaneous in an amazing way. The character of it is in the freedom of fancy, and nothing too permanent. In Southern California the dominant style is Spanish. Here there is no style.

From sources we may have forgotten—from a woodcut in the elementary geography book, from the first sight of a foreign city, from a tale of the Arabian Nights, from a verse of Coleridge, sometimes from the sound of a word apart from its meaning—we derive suddenly that vivid image around which we secretly create as our need is, a state of compensating otherwhere existence, far from reality, never to be realized. Here in Florida such images break through. Minarets, towers, domes, Venetian bridges, Turkish doorways, Spanish inclosures, forms bizarre, Arabesque, whimsical, even meaningless. Regarded as architecture it is bad, no doubt; regarded as fantasy made visible, each example in its own right, it is gorgeous. And the effect is what it should be. Miami Beach, across the lagoon, at twilight, might be, and probably is, an unreal city, a pleasure mirage, presently to rise and float away on a magic carpet, into the purple sky.

Whose dreaming is it? Whose playground? Whose playtime? Everybody's. Nowhere would you find a more authentic cross-section of composite American society.

In the lagoon several private yachts lie at anchor. They are unnoticed. Who envies the owner of a private yacht? Who has the time or the boredom to be envious? Certainly not those who are tearing up the water with outboard motorboats. The artificial lights come on. The play city has not gone floating away. You know it is still there, because the long causeway across the lagoon shows two streams of motor cars, one coming and one going, one leaving from and the other returning to this endless sea of them on the mainland. It is the annual pleasure tide, pulled by the sunshine out of the North, touching flood at midwinter, ebbing with spring.

Pleasure-in-the-mass principle, says the aristocrat. Florida would be nicer for him if it were an exclusive playground, such as only a few could afford. That world is gone. It did not pay. And with it has gone a great deal of common misery and bitter-mindedness that was also in the mass principle.

KEY WEST, FLORIDA.

This is the southernmost town in the United States, at the end of the Florida keys, some 375 miles south of Cairo, Egypt. It needed many things, and as it could not have them all at once, it decided to have one grand eighty-foot boulevard around the island. Business: Fishing, turtle canning, handling freight to and from Cuba. The Flagler railroad ends here. It comes 100 miles off the mainland, stepping from key to key via bridges and causeways, bringing its fresh water with it, and then delivers loaded freight cars to the Havana ferry in exchange for loaded cars from Cuba. Machinery, oil and general merchandise one way; sugar and sirup the other way.

Of the railroad, one may say, as Shakspere said of the Pyramids, it is nothing novel, nothing strange; it is but "the dressing of a former sight." The wonder is in the idea and in the fact that it was dressed by the man alone who conceived it. He was not too soon; but if he had been only a little later he might have thought to put a motor highway alongside the railroad, over the same bridges and causeways. The railroad was finished in 1912. Even then few had seized the possibilities of motor travel. For fifteen years more the only way to Key West from the mainland, or from key to key, was by either railroad or boat. Two years ago a motor highway was carried all the way down, broken only by one forty-mile ferry. Motor traffic, therefore, is new to Key West, which accounts for the fact that from an otherwise perfect hotel it is half a mile to the nearest garage, and the garage, when you find it, turns out to be an abandoned cigar factory. The great Key West cigar industry a few years ago, for mysterious reasons, up and went to Tampa and left all its buildings here. However, if the motor highway had come sooner, the real-estate boom might have had unsightlier consequences. The boom did hit, but it crazed land values only, and there was no frenzied building to be afterward regretted. Thus there are no visible traces of the hallucination, except a few acres of palm trees prematurely planted by one real-estate man.

It is an unpainted town of one-story buildings in three simple designs, many of them vacant because so many cigar makers have gone to Tampa. After dark the people in miles and miles of these little houses pull their shutters to and turn on the radio. There is no other sound. One may fancy that before the radio and before the cigar makers migrated, a Key West evening was very different, more like the inside of the cigar-box lid. Life in high color. Sounds of the guitar, of voices to Spanish love lyrics, a tinge of Carmen stuff. Perhaps not. For this you need balconies, arches, strolling places, deep dark doorways. It is impossible that the cigar makers could have taken the romantic accessories with them. Certainly, they are not here. Therefore, they never were. The Key West of the cigar-box lids was all nicotine.

PIRATES' COVE, FLORIDA.

On the reef, which means to be in the shallow water over it, the engine is throttled down to a right trolling speed, the mullet is cut, the hook is baited and the line goes overboard, reeling off. The captain says: "Now, if it's a sailfish, you'll feel something like a small fish on the hook. That's him, tapping the bait. He does that to kill it before he takes it. When you feel him tapping it that way, slack off fifteen or twenty feet of line fast. That's so he will think he's killed it. Count ten to give him time to swallow it; then set back on him hard."

But the wind is north, and when the wind is north no sailfish really desires fillet of mullet.

Early morning three days later there is a stop at the captain's house. It is to say good-by or to lift him out to the cove, where his boat is. He is in the front yard, admiring his rosebush.

"Take a bud," he says. "Take any one you want. Did you get your breakfast so early? I didn't think so. Our breakfast is a little late. If you could wait a few minutes we'd be glad to have you eat with us. I'm sorry you're going. You could get a sailfish today. The wind is east. We might no sooner get on the reef than you'd have your sailfish. It's a pity to go without him."

"How strange that fish should mind where the wind is."

"Ain't it? They are funny that way. We used to be kingfishing for market. Four or five hours they'd bite as fast as we could get the bait over. Then the wind would go around to the north, and that was the end of it. We could see them on the bottom, put the bait right to them, and they wouldn't look at it."

"Why, do you suppose?"

"Afraid the water will turn cold, maybe. They know before the wind changes. They know it's going to change. Let the wind be going to go around to the north and the mullets—them fish we were using for bait—two hours before it goes around to the north, they start in shoals from the shallow water and go out to the reef with a roar. Now, how do they know that?"

"And yet a sailfish, that knows the weather before it happens, will mistake a strip of mullet meat strung on a barbed hook for his living prey and must kill it before he gulps it."

"That's a funny thing too. I often say they know so much and are so dumb. If they knew more we couldn't catch them. Do you reckon that's it? Like it might be everything knows just enough to live with and no more. Maybe if we knew more ourselves that would be bad for something else. . . . I'm sure you could get that sailfish today."

ESTERO, FLORIDA.

If the sun and all his crew went round the earth each twenty-four hours, instead of the earth revolving on its own axis as it is supposed to do, everything would look just the same. When the earth was discovered to be a round object roaring through space with two motions, not flat and anchored as appearances remained the same and human behavior was in no not even the habit of saying the up and the sun goes down.

Here at Estero, on the edge of the Everglades, the Koreshanity people have a very beautiful place. You might comment on the air of serenity there is about it, on the decorative arrangement of palm trees, on the deft use that is made of the palm-leaf fiber for purposes of rustic construction, without thinking any of it singular in the least. No principle in the pleasing environment is strange or upside down. Yet the people who made it think this round, solid world is a hollow cell and they are living on the inside of it.

They have proved to themselves by their own geodetic survey that a straight line drawn at a right angle to the perpendicular will touch the surface of the earth, land or water, at a distance exactly proportionate to the height of the perpendicular—which means the surface is concave, not convex, as we think. They prove it also by poetical analogy, thus: "The earth is the great womb of nature. Therefore, life is developed inside. We inhabit the earth. This means that we live on the inside surface."

The founder of this strange cosmogony was a doctor of medicine who believed he knew a way through a science of religion to cheat death. He overturned astronomy and died. The waters inside the earth came and washed him away in his great tomb. Koreshanity survives, and says: "We are to become immortal here, in the body; this transformation is the reincarnation, the resurrection of the dead; and there are thousands in the flesh today who will pass out without the ordinary corruptible dissolution of the body, for the time is at hand when there shall be no more death."

What is a silly fountain of youth at St. Augustine against the end of death as a scientific thought at Estero? And yet, Estero is a dot in obscurity. Do we prefer the nonsense of a commercialized myth? So or not so, we are a contrary species. If we had it we might not want life everlasting, not even in Florida.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Garrett.

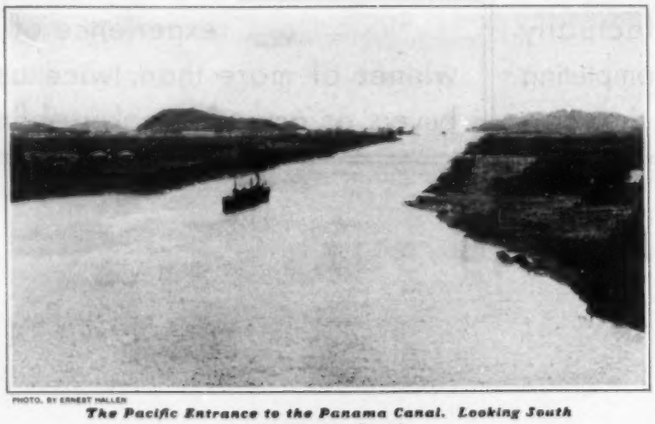
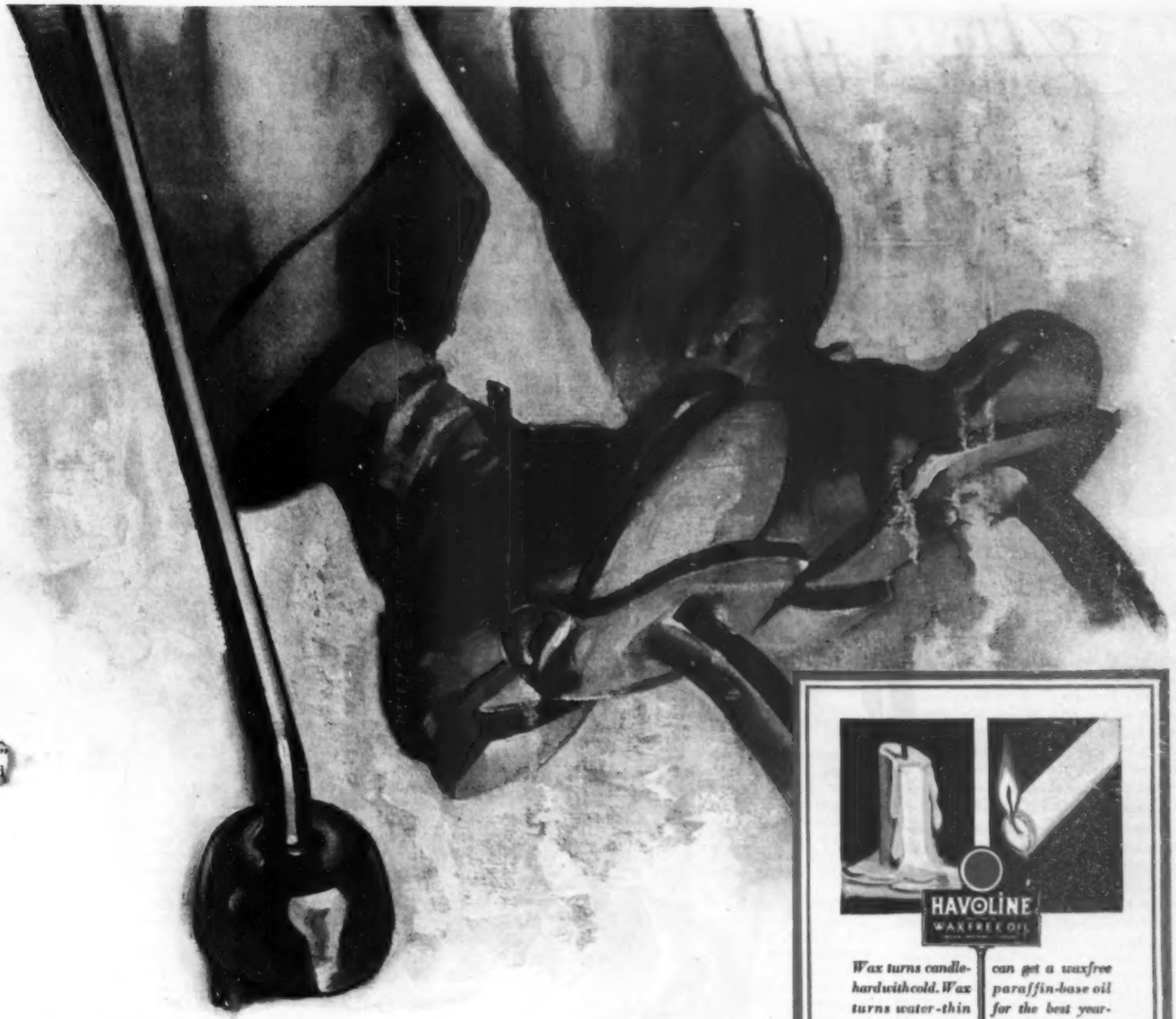


PHOTO. BY ERNEST HALLER

The Pacific Entrance to the Panama Canal. Looking South Into Balboa Reach



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DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

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THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS

(Continued from Page 19)

make my wardrobe famous, but, as in the case of my other talents, I used this one to further my social ambitions.

That evening, instead of starting to work on my new dress, I sat up until almost midnight, finishing a linen-and-lace boned collar with a frilled jabot which I was making for Miss Winston. I had seen a good deal of her during the past year; she was young and rather lonely, and had come out to teach in Fording just after graduating from Radcliffe. Already I had copied her well-modulated voice, with its distinct Boston accent, and I was not only her star pupil but she would often take me back to the two rooms at the physician's house where she boarded, for I drank in her stories of college and of her beaus in the East, and she loaned me books and did much toward turning my literary preferences away from the trashy novels which had, undoubtedly, influenced my daydreams.

A few weeks before she had seen a picture of neckwear like this in a fashion magazine we were looking at together, and exclaimed about it. So, in my odd moments, I had contrived an excellent copy, and the next morning I hurried through my chores and arrived breathless at her house with my gift. She was greatly pleased. It fitted, it was becoming—or so it seemed then, when women wore those dreadful collars coming up to high, painful points behind their ears—and she knew how little time I had of my own in which to make it.

"How did you and Robert get on?" she asked as we walked to school.

I told her of his invitation, and she rejoiced, then said, "But you don't look pleased."

"I'm afraid to have him call for me at home." This was not true in the sense I intended her to believe. "My stepfather might not—be himself, and he hates to have me go out with boys anyway."

She thought this over, then made the suggestion, the hope of which had caused me to sit up so late the night before, "I tell you what to do. You bring your things over to my house. I'll help you dress. And he can call for you there. You can come back and spend the night, and sleep on the sofa in my sitting room."

Of course, I was overjoyed.

When we reached the school building, we saw Robert at the door. It was plain that he was waiting for me, and Miss Winston hurried on ahead. He handed me a square, unsealed, white envelope addressed in a woman's writing, "Miss Ruth Macomb."

"Read it," he urged.

As I opened it, to find a pleasantly worded note from his mother asking me to come to dinner on Thursday evening before the dance, the two girls of the group who had never fully accepted me came along and stared in frank amazement at this scene.

I said to Robert, "Please tell her I shall be delighted to accept."

At noon they rushed up to me in a more intimate manner than ever before and demanded to know how in the world Bob Lord happened to be talking to me and giving me notes. I concealed my own excitement and told them casually about the dinner and the dance.

"Make him dance with me! Please do, Ruth," Libby urged.

"I wish Mrs. Lord would ask me to dinner," the other said. "Of course, mother goes there a lot, but she said Mrs. Lord was in despair because Bob wouldn't let her ever have any girls."

In view of all the good times they had, from many of which they had taken care to exclude me, it would have been normal for me to have crowed over them a little, but I was not normal; for to me it was more desirable to reach friendly terms with them than to have Bob's attentions, so I declared that I, too, wished they were going, and if I had any influence with Bob I'd insist that he dance with them.

I felt like a veritable Cinderella when, at seven o'clock, he called for me at Miss Winston's. She declared that I looked like a tea rose in the new dress—from which I had pulled the last basting thread only an hour earlier. My hair, newly washed, curled around my face and seemed golden-bronze. But the crowning touches were her contributions to my toilet—she had presented me with a pair of pink kid slippers with high heels, silk stockings to match, loaned me a lovely string of antique pale pink coral for my neck, and at the last moment insisted upon my wearing, instead of my shabby cloth coat, her own party coat of dark red trimmed with brown fur. Over my hair she tied a red lace scarf.

Bob made no comment when I met him in the hall, but his brown eyes lingered on my face and I knew he was pleased. He helped me into the closed carriage, and when the coachman started the horses I had a sense of a fairy tale coming true.

The Lord house seemed very large, but when his mother came into the hall and took me upstairs to her room to remove my wraps, I lost my feeling of self-consciousness. As I look back on it, I suppose she asked me there so promptly in order to see what manner of girl her son had at last become interested in. No doubt she knew, even if he did not, in what an ignominious neighborhood I lived, that my mother and stepfather ran a second-rate boarding house and little shop, but she had the wit to treat me with the utmost cordiality.

I am certain that she was pleasantly surprised by my appearance and by the quiet good manners which I had acquired by close observation of Mrs. Malcolm and Miss Winston. She praised my dress, and said she had not known that Fording could produce anything so pretty.

"I made it myself," I told her, with what appeared to be naïveté, but was, in fact, shrewd judgment. "I couldn't have afforded to have one made, and my mother isn't very well, so I did it myself."

She put her arm through mine going downstairs, and I knew I had aroused her sympathy. "I'm so glad Robert asked you to the dance."

My answer was the essence of modesty: "I think he felt he ought to, just because I helped him a little with an English theme. But," I said, smiling at her as if in secret feminine understanding, "I'm awfully glad he did too."

In the library—the first room I had ever seen lined with books—Mr. Lord, a quiet man who, even in middle age, retained some of the shyness of his son, and a handsome young man of twenty-two rose as we entered. The stranger was introduced as John Vaunton, and I was told he had recently come out to serve an apprenticeship in our host's factory, having graduated from Harvard the summer before. Dinner itself was delightful; even the array of silver did not alarm me after my many meals at the Malcolms' house, and Mrs. Lord and John Vaunton made easy conversation, in which I joined when necessary.

When it was time to start for the dance, Vaunton asked if he might go with us. Bob was not especially pleased, but I was ecstatic. To appear not only with the school hero but with an older man from the East was a miracle of good fortune. And so it proved. The nice girls praised my dress, declared that I was much the prettiest person there, and finally, Libby, who had been the most resistant of the group against me, said, "You must come to our chafing-dish supper next Sunday, Ruth."

I had longed for so many months to be asked to one of these parties that now I was speechless. She assumed that I was offended at not having been asked before, so she rushed on: "There just haven't been enough boys to go around of the kind mother would let me ask. But if you could bring Bob Lord, then we'd make an even number for the whole winter."

And out of that entire triumphant evening, this was the thing I remembered with most pleasure when at last I returned to sleep on Miss Winston's couch. This seems now an unusual feeling for a girl scarcely sixteen to have had, but, to me, romance was not directly connected even with a possible marriage. If I had not been popular with boys, I might have prized their attentions more; as it was, I considered them only a means to an end.

Bob's inexpressive but obvious devotion to me carried me over the last hurdle of the race so far as Libby and her two closest friends were concerned. And although I knew they invited me at first only because they could not otherwise get him, I did not care. I solidified their need for me after our real intimacy began, by helping them with their clothes. Their families were more than well-to-do, but they did not realize how keen is the desire of girls of that age to have new things, to experiment with more sophisticated garments, and it seemed foolish to let their daughters spend much money on the frills and accessories they craved.

With Mrs. Lord, I discussed as gravely as if I were her age Bob's collegiate future. Like many athletes, he was slow to learn from books, and she was afraid even a summer's tutoring might not suffice to get him into college the next fall. So we became conspirators.

"You've much more influence with him than I have, Ruth," she declared.

I based my argument to him for more serious studying on his hobby.

"You won't be able to play football at a good college unless you pass your entrance examinations," I told him. "If you don't, you'll have to go to some small place where there aren't any really big games."

Whether it was this appeal to his own self-interest or the fact that he was undergoing the submission that a first love brings, I don't know. At any rate, when he was admitted to Yale the following year, his mother sent me a beautiful gold-and-amethyst necklace and a note, both of which I still have.

During the winter before this she gave a number of informal dinner parties, to which, as a matter of course, I was invited. And John Vaunton was always there and always singled me out to talk to. I think that Mrs. Lord and I used each other. Her determination to send Bob to New Haven instead of a nearer university was probably partly due to a desire to have him away from Fording and me for four years, and thus prevent any serious alliance. I was her instrument, and although I did not then see through her plan, her friendship served my purposes, and when I finally perceived her motives I had no resentment. It was exactly what I would have done.

As she undoubtedly also foresaw, by the time Bob came home for his Christmas holidays, John Vaunton was my escort to all the parties. He was not, I think, in love with me then, but, like Miss Winston—who had gone home and was now married—he was lonely and found in me the most receptive and eager audience. Through him I began to be interested in what might be called culture—books to be read for the sheer pleasure in beautiful prose; music to be appreciated—he took me to all the concerts, and occasionally an excellent orchestra or violinist would come down from Chicago—and opened my eyes to an aesthetic world which I only vaguely comprehended, but felt I should learn more about.

He had one of the first automobiles in Fording, and when the weather was good we would arrange picnics—going alone would have been out of the question for one of my generation—but we always managed to sit apart and talk, or he would have in his pocket some book to read aloud to me. The other girls loved these picnics, partly because the burden of taking most of the food was assumed by me.

(Continued on Page 65)

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

JEANETTE LOFF and STANLEY SMITH in "KING OF JAZZ"

If you love amazing beauty—if you love fascinating music—if you love spectacles which thrill you—if you love dancing—if you love to see in action four-score of the greatest artists ever gathered together—all in a blaze of gorgeous coloring of Nature—then you will let nothing prevent you from seeing PAUL WHITEMAN'S "King of Jazz."

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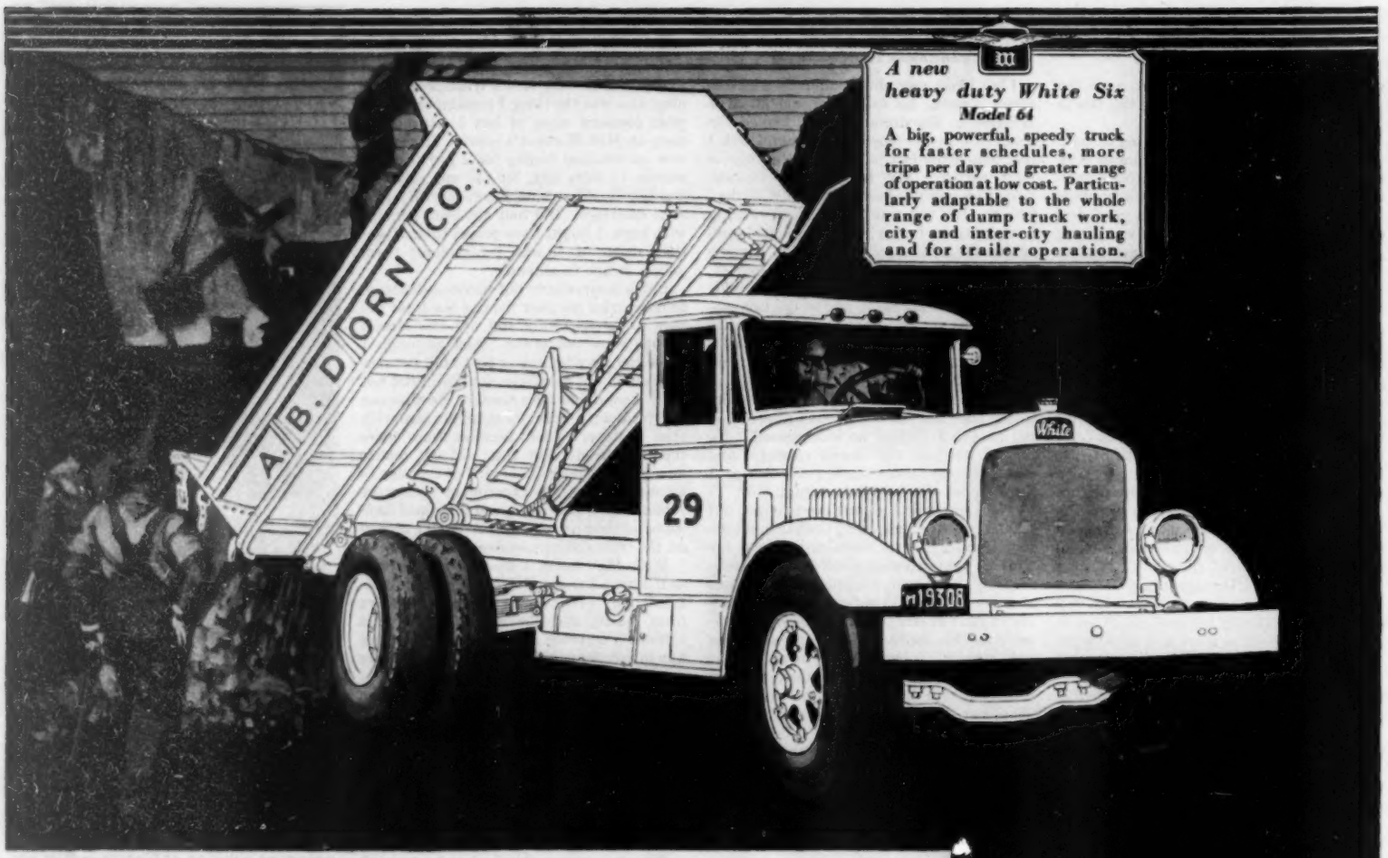
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TRUCKS
BUSSES

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(Continued from Page 63)

I marvel now at the amount of work I did at that time. I must have been endowed with extraordinary native strength, for I rarely had enough sleep, and I would deny myself food I wanted in order to have meat for sandwiches, or enough potatoes for the salad everyone liked. I also had to do a great deal of the housework, for my mother had become almost a chronic invalid, and although the store had been given up, there were four roomers who had to be looked after. In spite of all this, I managed to make by hand chemises and nightgowns of fine linen and embroidery, for which Mrs. Malcolm and Mrs. Lord paid me enough to enable me to buy materials for the clothes I myself needed.

To my actual schoolwork I gave scant attention, but I was quicker of wit than most of my contemporaries, so that in recitations I made a good impression. In June, just after I was seventeen, I graduated with little more than passing marks. Elsie, the daughter of the saloon keeper, was the highest in the class, and won a scholarship for the state university. I took the part of Juliet in the class play, and was voted the prettiest girl.

My stepfather now made an issue of my going to work at once. His plan was for me to get a job in one of the stores, where I would earn a few dollars a week and still do most of the housework. But I told him I would not go to work in Fording, and my threat of leaving, in view of my mother's bad health, which made my presence indispensable, allowed me a few months to think over the situation.

Just how I would have decided, if two untoward events had not intervened, I do not know. I might have taken a course at business college, gone to Chicago and become in time a skillful private secretary to some lawyer or banker. But late in June, Dorothy Malcolm and the other girls who were attending boarding school near New York came back after a round of visits, bringing guests with them of both sexes, and in the new and more elaborate social order induced by these strangers I again became an alien. They not only dressed differently, they spoke another language, chatted of college proms and approaching debuts, and actors they admired, and of trips to Europe.

I do not mean to accuse Dorothy of snobbishness because she now did not include me in the round of parties. She had been made to feel sensitive, while away, about living in a small town, and she had a natural desire to show her visitors that Fording really wasn't like most small towns. Everyone else gave parties in their honor; they played tennis or danced at the country club—to which, of course, I could not belong—my home-made dresses no longer seemed fashionable, and it would have been fatal to tell them that I lived down near the brewery and the factories.

If John Vaunton had not left for a trip to Europe with Bob Lord, I still might have been asked to some of these festivities. But in this almost-grown-up atmosphere I had nothing to offer. It was too competitive for sheer human sympathy to overcome the other girls' embarrassment in trying to explain to metropolitan strangers their friendship for me. So, quite naturally, they saved their pride and let me go.

The summer became sheer torture for me. I avoided going to the shops, for fear I should run into some of them, or pass them on the streets in their pretty clothes, starting for a picnic in the country, or drinking ice-cream sodas in the corner drug store. Probably because I was at home so constantly, I realized just how grave was my mother's illness, and I persuaded the doctor with whom Miss Winston had boarded to come and see her. He told me that she had an acute case of lung trouble and nothing but the mountains would save her. He it was who made the first suggestion about a future for me which met with my complete enthusiasm.

"I think you'd make a splendid trained nurse," he said. "Why don't you take your mother to Colorado, and I'll give you a letter to a friend of mine who's in charge of a big hospital near Denver, and you could take your training while your mother's getting well?"

The prospect of getting away, of going to a city, of shedding the humiliations of Fording, appealed to me at once. My mother also seemed pleased at the idea, and her husband, although he waxed sentimental about the separation, apparently was relieved at the thought of having the burden of her care taken from him. He sold the house at a better price than he had paid for it, for Mr. Lord wanted to build cottages for his factory workers, and decided to go into partnership with Elsie's father, as the saloon business was growing, along with the industrial development of the town. The doctor, who had become interested in me when I stayed with Miss Winston, forced my stepfather to give us more than a thousand dollars for our expenses and to agree to send a small amount every month to my mother.

The day before we were to start, late in September, John Vaunton returned home. I had been unable to keep him, as I had the younger boys, from coming to my house; although when he hurried there on the evening of his arrival, he came inside for the first time. When he saw the trunks, he stopped without even shaking my hand.

"You're not leaving!"

I told him of the reasons for our trip West, and he may have been moved by the thought of my devotion to my mother, or sharply disappointed at being deprived of my companionship, for he started, with rare impulsiveness, to ask me to marry him instead, and stay there.

I did not let him finish, although I was secretly thrilled by my first proposal. Sheer unreasoning instinct made me refuse. In most senses, it would have been for me a splendid match, far better than I should have hoped for on any basis of reality. But common-sense considerations—that he was well-bred, handsome, undoubtedly going to be successful in business—did not outweigh my irrational belief that I could—and would—do better. His character was too strong, his temperament too inflexible, for anyone as determined and ambitious as I was. He would have made me over according to his own standard of perfection, and I had my own pattern for myself.

During the journey to Colorado, and while I was getting my mother installed in the sanitarium, I devoted myself wholeheartedly to her. It may be that my treatment of her during all her illness out there was the one completely unselfish action of an otherwise self-centered life, the one divergence from the world of daydreams in which she had no existence. Or it may be simply that I had more natural affection for her than I would have recognized under ordinary circumstances. At any rate, I have always been thankful that I did not fail her in any way.

By saying that I was of age, the hospital chief to whom the doctor at home had written got me into the training school. I made phenomenal progress, for I adapted myself quickly, and no manual labor was unknown or difficult for me. I made a point of helping out the superintendent and the other nurses, and by the time I had served my apprenticeship I had accomplished the rather rare feat of making myself popular with the staff as well as with the patients.

The uniform was becoming; I imbued my rôle with all my romanticism, and felt that it was bound to lead to some rosy future. I had the usual experiences of all young and attractive nurses, in that many of my men patients thought themselves in love with me. One of them, a rich widower, drove me to his palatial new house after he had recovered, and begged me to marry him; but again I felt that this offer, even though it would provide immediate material luxury, was not worthy of my ultimate destiny. For he was middle-aged, rather uncouth, and considered Denver the center of the universe.

My mother's sudden death was a terrific shock. I had been warned that she might not recover, but I was, nevertheless, totally unprepared. The last family ties were cut; I was now alone in the world, and for the first time I was frightened. I considered going back to Fording, but the thought of Uncle Otto deterred me; moreover, I did not relish the idea of being a trained nurse there, with all the other girls marrying and having their own homes and a life of which I could not be a part.

So I stayed on, reading a good deal when I was off duty, associating with two or three of the nurses, without, however, becoming intimate with them, and occasionally going to dinner or the theater with Doctor Waterson, the young surgeon who had asked to have me as his assistant in difficult cases, but avoiding any less-dignified parties.

I had a highly developed instinct of self-preservation, which never deserted me. I think I was the only attractive girl on the staff who was never talked about. Certainly, I was the only one whom women liked as well as men. I nursed a little girl who had a bad appendicitis operation and won not only her affection but her mother's, who, when the child was finally well, gave me a thousand dollars in gold and asked me to accompany them back to Philadelphia, where she would get me an excellent place in a hospital.

I would have followed this suggestion had not Doctor Waterson begged me to stay on for at least one more case.

"The man I'm fonder of than anyone in the world is coming here on a special train from the Coast," he told me. "He fell from his horse and had a bad injury to his knee, several years ago, and has been lame ever since. Now they want me to operate. As a personal favor I wish you'd stay and take care of him."

I still remember the curiously rapid beating of my heart as he went on to tell me more about George Lemar. He was twenty-nine, a bachelor, the only child of extremely rich parents, and at heart a simple, unpretentious person, not in the least spoiled by his family's wealth. I agreed at last to remain over for this case. Of course, nothing could have driven me away, but I let it be assumed that I stayed at a personal sacrifice.

The night before the new patient was expected I could not sleep. Usually I seemed to be without nerves, but I was keyed up to an intense pitch of excitement. I pictured him tall, dark, with rather melancholy but romantic dark eyes; then I decided he would be tall and blond, with blue eyes that twinkled despite his ill-health. But beneath all these conjectures ran the invincible determination that no matter how he looked, I would marry him!

I was totally unprepared, however, for the forbidding, majestic woman of middle age who proved to be Mrs. Lemar, his mother, and who, from the first moment I walked into the expensive, large room prepared for her son, regarded me with instantaneous dislike and suspicion she did not try to conceal.

She did not even wait for me to be out of earshot before she tried to persuade the surgeon to get another nurse for George.

"Miss Macomb is the best surgical nurse we have," he said. "Moreover, I have persuaded her to stay on out here, instead of going East, so she can take charge of the case."

She took the matter up with the superintendent, who, fortunately, was also an ally of mine, and so I remained.

When I first saw the only child she was protecting so carefully I could have laughed out loud. For he was one of the homeliest, palest and most dispirited men I had ever seen. Her watchfulness seemed almost pathetic. Then I figured out that if she was so fearful of the designs of women upon him, he must have some other powerful attraction. I soon discovered that his father was colossally rich. He had been one of the sensationally successful Forty-Niners in California, and rumors as to his actual wealth varied from forty to a hundred million dollars. Mrs. Lemar had been a schoolteacher from Vermont who had gone out to the Coast with relatives and had married him before he struck gold—a fact which she related to thousands of uninterested people in after years. Their three other children had died in an epidemic of yellow fever, and George had become his mother's vital interest in life. And, as I have said, she was a woman of tremendous strength and determination.

I had no doubt at all of my ability to marry George, in so far as he was concerned. He had been so accustomed to domination since infancy that once he was away from his mother for even a few hours a day, any other woman could easily gain complete control over him. But how could I win over Mrs. Lemar?

To her I was a young nobody; my assets of good looks, quiet voice and manner only irritated her. She thought me affected, pretentious and anxious to make a good match. I did not in the least care for her approval as such, but I recognized her as a formidable antagonist, on whom none of my usual wiles would work.

I tried, early in our acquaintance, to ask her advice—as an orphan alone in the world—but she only looked at me shrewdly and said, "As long as there are men in the world, I guess you'll get along."

Her dislike had been increased by the fact that her husband publicly declared I was the prettiest and pluckiest girl he'd ever seen. He never said it more than once.

She searched my record for something to discredit me. Her native inquisitiveness was so whetted by a tigresslike desire to protect her only child that I am sure if there had been so much as a breath of scandal she would have ferreted it out. But all she could learn was that I had come out to care for an ill mother, had the best nursing record of any of the hospital staff, and had refused several advantageous offers of marriage.

The operation on George's knee was successful in one sense, but it disclosed that he was suffering from tuberculosis of the bone. As he could not be moved, an expert from New York and one from Los Angeles were sent for, and their joint verdict was that when he was able to travel he must go to a mild sunny climate—Southern California, preferably—and build up his whole constitution.

The first expression of sentiment he ever uttered to me occurred on the morning they told him of this decision. Up to this time his eyes—gray, with lashes and brows the same sandy color as his none-too-thick hair—had followed my every movement, and I was conscious of his increasing interest. But on this day he said, with more determination than I had ever heard in his voice, "I won't go unless you go with me."

"But how could I, Mr. Lemar?" I was arranging a vase of red roses beside the bed, but I turned and looked down at him.

"Why couldn't you?"

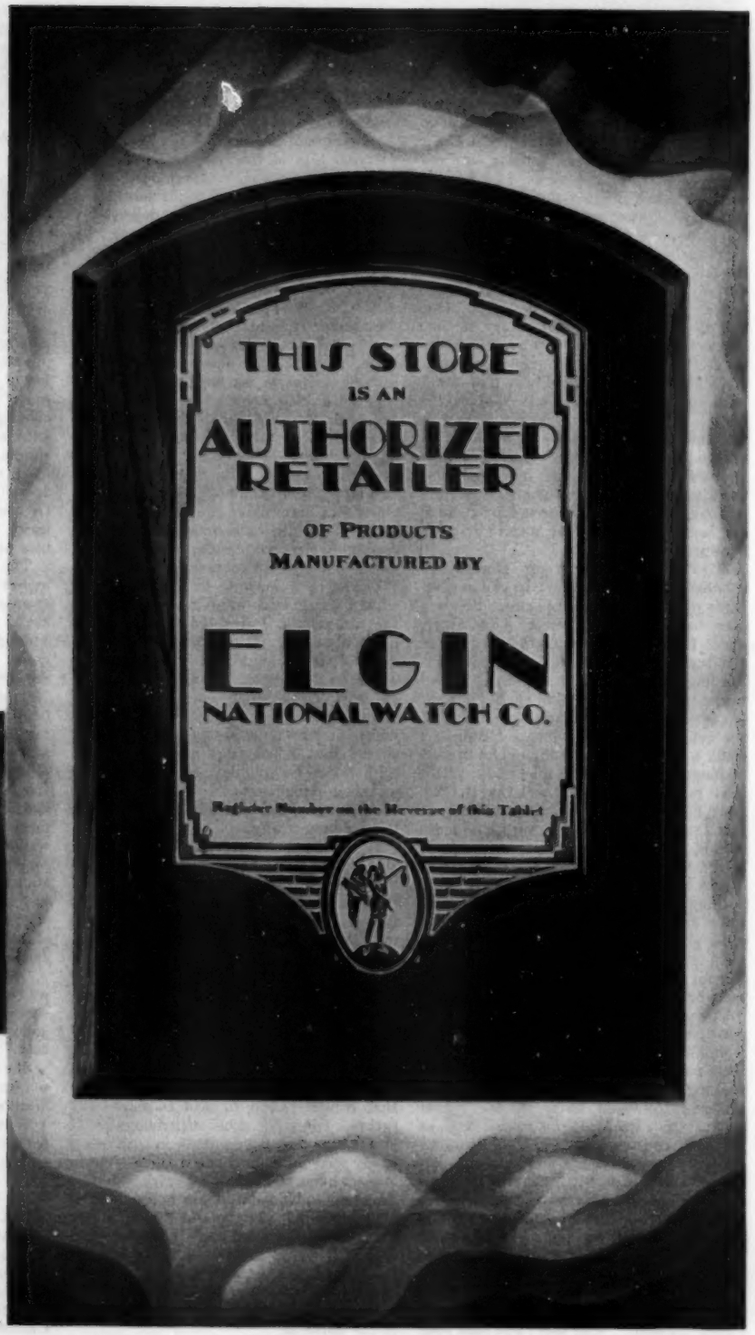
"Your mother will get some other nurse."

"I don't want you as a nurse." Although he rarely ran a temperature at this hour, his cheeks flushed. "I want to marry you." He caught hold of my hand. "I haven't got anything to offer you," he went on with a humbleness which touched me more than any man's words had ever touched me. "Even if I were well, I wouldn't be much of a husband for you. But I want so much to marry you that I can even think about the future. I don't believe I'll ever get well, and then you could be"—he swallowed and his eyes filled with tears—"independent and have all the things you ought to have."

I could not speak. I believe my true fondness for him began at that moment. Here, at last, was undemanding, selfless affection. I felt deep pity for him, almost as if he were my son. And I made up my mind that he would get well! My picture of the ideal future was not being a widow—even a young and very rich widow. I wanted George Lemar, an unobtrusive, devoted husband, to complete the picture.

(Continued on Page 68)

This GOLDEN SIGN and



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the GOLDEN RULE

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"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you . . . ." The text for a sermon? Yes! . . . and a business sermon, as well. No merchant can build a lastingly-successful business, can keep your confidence . . . and patronage . . . without the Golden Rule written into his business code.

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Systematically, carefully, we have identified these jewelers for you . . . for your protection. And it is a comforting, confident feeling to know, as you make a major purchase in a jewelry store, that the man who faces you across the counter *today* can face you *years from today* . . . knowing that he has done unto you as he would have had you do unto him.

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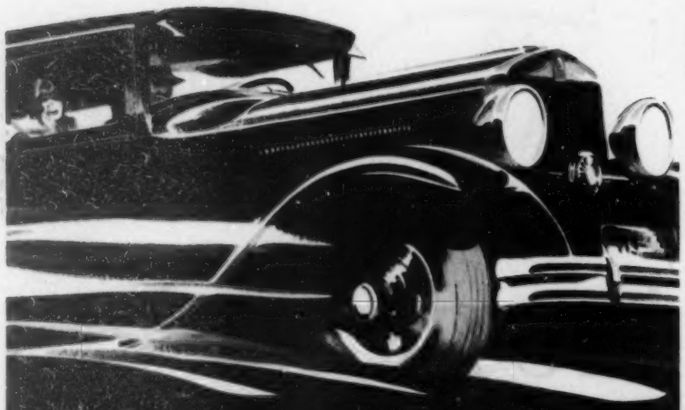

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FULL Plymouth SIZE

(Continued from Page 65)

At that moment the door opened and, contrary to the doctor's orders, Mrs. Lemar came in unannounced. She saw our hands interlocked, and she marched over to the bed almost as if prepared to do me physical violence. But I was no longer afraid of her. Perhaps my determination in regard to George had purged my conscience. At any rate, before she could speak, I took the offensive:

"Your son has just been asking me to marry him and I was just about to tell him I will not, except with your full approval. And of course you wouldn't give it."

This entirely disarmed her. She had been prepared to fight and I had removed all cause for belligerency.

George said, "I won't go to California. I won't do anything the doctors want me to unless she marries me."

"Yes, you will," I declared. "You'll have a nice quiet year or two and then be stronger than you've ever been. Your night nurse, Mrs. Trenholm, would be just the person to take care of you."

Mrs. Trenholm was gray-haired, fifty and aggressive. He shuddered and the hand I still held became cold. I changed into my best professional manner: "I'll get you some hot milk, and then you must rest. You're overexcited."

"I won't drink the milk. I won't rest unless you promise to marry me."

"Nonsense, George." His mother, now that he had become unruly, made the mistake of trying to domineer him. "Your health comes before everything."

For the first time he addressed her as if they were equals. His attachment to me had already loosened one apron string: "What good is my health to me unless I can have what I want? What sort of life is it for a man of my age to be treated as if he were a half-witted child by you and father? I want my own house, my own life. Otherwise ——!"

He sank back on the pillows and closed his eyes.

The climax of the whole affair was precipitated by the physician in charge growing alarmed over George's failure to recuperate at a proper rate. In spite of his own feeling about me, the surgeon, who had known him since childhood, begged me to disregard Mrs. Lemar and marry her son. I never wavered from my first declaration—that I would do so only with her entire approval. Because of this stand, the men most concerned—the doctor, George and George's father—thought I was a fine, conscientious girl, and they all became bitter toward Mrs. Lemar, who was standing in the way of her son's recovery and happiness.

They did not suspect that I had found out by chance, through the superintendent, that Mrs. Lemar controlled the family wealth. Apparently her husband, in the early days when he was busy with prospecting and had no idea of the riches he would some day have, had turned over to her the management of their finances. To this power she had clung ever since, and my determination to marry only with her consent was based upon this accidental information.

Finally, as George's temperature mounted in a way unaccountable unless one admitted the part nerves play in physical diseases, Mrs. Lemar was driven to seeking an interview with me. I told her she could come to my room when I was off duty the next evening, and I felt, after I had changed into my simplest black dress and had rearranged the photographs of the girls in Fording, that my entire future hung on keeping my head during the next half hour.

She had scarcely closed the door behind her when she demanded, "Do you mean to tell me that you're in love with my son?"

"That's a question between him and me," I answered. I pushed forward my only comfortable chair, and she sat down.

I waited for her to go on.

"Well, if you're not in love with him, why do you want to marry him?"

"I've never said I did. It's he who wants to marry me. If I were eager to marry him, I could have done so before this."

She sighed. "I admit you're clever. I can't argue with you. But I know you're playing some game."

"What game could I be playing?"

Then she came out with the blunt accusation I had hoped she'd make: "You wouldn't ever consider marrying him unless you thought he hadn't long to live."

I had my answer ready: "That's something George's father can safeguard against. He can give him during, say, the next five years, just the income he'd give him if he were a bachelor."

She looked incredulous.

I continued coolly: "If he did not get well, I wouldn't gain anything, you see. But have your husband provide that if, at the end of five years, the specialists who have seen him out here declare George cured, he will come into part of the estate. In this way, even if I were as mercenary and as heartless as you think I am, there will be every incentive for me to see that he gets well. It's a good business proposition for you."

The next day a lawyer was engaged to draw up this strange agreement, and the following afternoon George and I were married by the Episcopal rector.

When I looked down at the gold band on my finger, and realized that I had promised "for better or for worse, in sickness and in health," I wondered suddenly if I were as wise and far-seeing as I had thought, or merely a reckless gambler who had pledged all her life on a turn of the wheel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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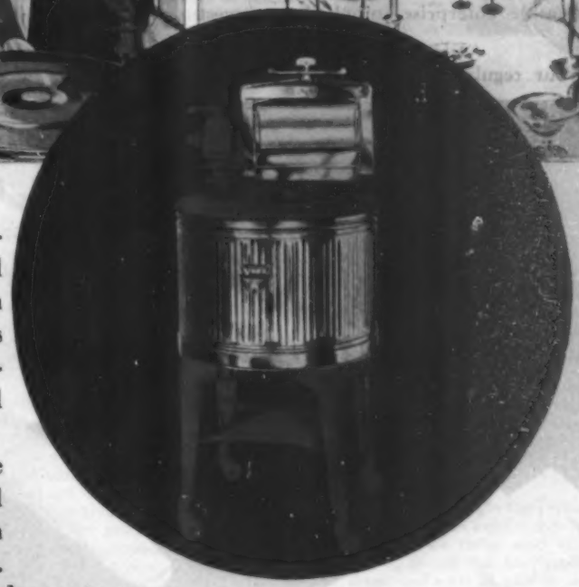

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CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

(Continued from Page 5)

"Good morning, Peter," Duff said. "What's all this?"

Peter shook a gloomy head. "A most disturbing accident, sir. A gentleman from America—the third story, Room Number 28, at the rear. Quite defunct, they tell me." He lowered his quavering voice. "It all comes of letting in those outsiders," he added.

"No doubt." Duff sighed. "I'm sorry, Peter."

"We're all sorry, sir. We all feel it quite keenly. Henry!" He summoned a youngster of seventy who was feeling it keenly on a near-by bench. "Henry will take you wherever you wish to go, inspector. If I may say so, it is most reassuring to have the inevitable investigation in such hands as yours."

"Thanks," Duff answered. "Has Inspector Hayley arrived?"

"He is above, sir, in the—in the room in question."

Duff turned to Henry. "Please take these men up to Room 28," he said, indicating the photographer and the finger-print man, who had entered with him. "I should like a talk first with Mr. Kent, Peter. Don't trouble. He's in his office, I presume?"

"I believe he is, sir. You know the way."

Kent, the managing director of Broome's, was resplendent in morning coat, gray waistcoat and tie. A small pink rose adorned his left lapel. For all that, he appeared to be far from happy. Beside his desk sat a scholarly looking bearded man, wrapped in gloomy silence.

"Come in, Mr. Duff—come in," the manager said, rising at once. "This is a bit of luck—our first this morning. To have you assigned here—that's more than I hoped for. It's a horrible mess, inspector—a horrible mess. If you will keep it all as quiet as possible I shall be eternally ——"

"I know," Duff cut in. "But, unfortunately, murder and publicity go hand in hand. I should like to learn who the murdered man was, when he got here, who was with him, and any other facts you can give me."

"The chap's name was Hugh Morris Drake," answered Kent, "and he was registered from Detroit—a city in the States, I understand. He arrived on last Monday, the third, coming up from Southampton on a boat train after crossing from New York. With him were his daughter, a Mrs. Potter, also of Detroit, and his granddaughter. Her name—it escapes me for the moment." He turned to the bearded man. "The young lady's name, Doctor Lofton?"

"Pamela," said the other, in a cold, hard voice.

"Ah, yes; Miss Pamela Potter. . . . Oh, by the way, Doctor Lofton, may I present Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard?" The two men bowed. Kent turned to Duff: "The doctor can tell you much more about the dead man than I can. About all the party, in fact. You see, he's the conductor."

"The conductor?" repeated Duff, puzzled.

"Yes, of course. The conductor of the tour," Kent added.

"What tour? You mean this dead man was traveling in a party, with a courier?" Duff looked at the doctor.

"I should hardly call myself a courier," Lofton replied. "Though in a way, of course, I am. Evidently, inspector, you have not heard of Lofton's Round-the-World Tours, which I have been conducting for some fifteen years, in association with the Nomad Travel Company."

"The information had escaped me," Duff answered dryly. "So Mr. Hugh Morris Drake had embarked on a world cruise under your direction ——"

"If you will permit me," interrupted Lofton, "it is not precisely a world cruise. That term is used only in connection with a large party traveling the entire distance aboard a single ship. My arrangements are quite different—various trains and many different ships and comparatively a very small group."

"What do you call a small group?" Duff inquired.

"This year there are only seventeen in the party," Lofton told him. "That is, there were last night. Today, of course, there are but sixteen."

Duff's stout heart sank. "Plenty," he commented. "Now, Doctor Lofton—by the way, are you a medical doctor?"

"Not at all. I am a doctor of philosophy. I hold a large number of degrees ——"

"Ah, yes. . . . Has there been any trouble on this tour before last night? Any incident that might lead you to suspect an enmity, a feud ——"

"Absurd!" Lofton broke in. He got up and began to pace the floor. "There has been nothing, nothing. We had a very rough crossing from New York, and the members of the party have really seen very little of one another. They were all practically strangers when they arrived at this hotel last Monday. We have made a few excursions together since, but they are still —— Look here, inspector!" His calmness had vanished and his face was flushed and excited beneath the beard. "This is a horrible position for me. My life work, which I have built up by fifteen years of effort, my reputation, my standing—everything is likely to be smashed by this. In heaven's name, don't begin with the idea that some member of the party killed Hugh Drake. It's impossible. Some sneak thief, some hotel servant ——"

"I beg your pardon!" cried the manager hotly. "Look at my servants. They've been with us for years. No employe of this hotel is involved in any way. I'd stake my life on it."

"Then someone from outside," Lofton said. His tone was pleading. "I tell you it couldn't have been anyone in my group. My standards are high—the best people always." He laid his hand on Duff's arm. "Pardon my excitement, inspector. I know you'll be fair. But this is a serious situation for me."

"I know," Duff nodded. "I'll do all I can for you. But I must question the members of your party as soon as possible. Do you think you could get them together for me in one of the parlors of the hotel?"

"I'll try," Lofton replied. "Some of them may be out at the moment, but I'm certain they'll all be in by ten o'clock. You see, we are taking the 10:45 from Victoria, to connect with the Dover-Calais boat."

"You were taking the 10:45 from Victoria," Duff corrected him.

"Ah, yes, of course; we were leaving at that hour, I should have said. And now—what now, inspector?"

"That's rather difficult to say," Duff answered. "We shall see. I'll go upstairs, Mr. Kent, if I may."

He did not wait for an answer, but went quickly out. A lift operator who was wont to boast of his great-grandchildren took him up to the third floor. In the doorway of Room 28 he encountered Hayley.

"Oh, hello, Duff," the man from Vine Street said. "Come in."

Duff entered a large bedroom in which the odor of flash-light powder was strong. The room was furnished in such fashion that, had Queen Victoria entered with him, she would have taken off her bonnet and sat down in the nearest chair. She would have felt at home. The bed stood in an alcove at the rear, far from the windows. On it lay the body of a man well along in years—the late sixties, Duff guessed. It did not need the luggage strap, still bound about the thin throat of the dead man, to tell Duff that he had died by strangulation, and the detective's keen eyes saw also that the body presented every evidence of a frantic and fruitless struggle. He stood for a moment looking down at his newest puzzle. Outside, the fog was lifting, and from the pavement below came the notes of Silver Threads Among the Gold, played by one of the innumerable street orchestras that haunt this section of London.

"Divisional surgeon been here?" Duff inquired.

"Yes, he's made his report and gone," Hayley replied. "He tells me the chap's been dead about four hours."

Duff stepped forward and removed, with his handkerchief, the luggage strap, which he handed to the finger-print man. Then he began a careful examination of all that was mortal of Mr. Hugh Morris Drake, of Detroit. He lifted the left arm and bent back the clenched fingers of the hand. As he prepared to do the same with the right, an exclamation of interest escaped him. From between the lean, stiff fingers something glittered—a link from a slender platinum watch chain. Duff released the object that the right hand was clutching, and it fell to the bed. Three links of the chain, and a small key on the end.

Hayley came close, and together they studied the find as it lay on Duff's handkerchief. On one side of the key was the number "3260," and on the other the words: "Dietrich Safe and Lock Company, Canton, Ohio." Duff glanced at the blank face on the pillow.

"Good old boy," he remarked softly. "He tried to help us. Tore off the end of his assailant's watch chain, and kept it, by gad."

"That's something," Hayley commented.

Duff nodded. "Perhaps. But it begins to look too much American for my taste, old chap. I'm a London detective, myself."

He knelt beside the bed for a closer examination of the floor. Someone entered the room, but Duff was for the moment too engrossed to look up. When he finally did so, what he saw caused him to leap to his feet, giving the knees of his trousers a hasty brush in passing. A slender and attractive American girl was standing there, looking at him with eyes which, he was not too busy to note, were something rather special in that line.

"Ah—er—good morning," the detective said.

"Good morning," the girl answered gravely. "I'm Pamela Potter, and Mr. Drake—was my grandfather. I presume you're from Scotland Yard. Of course you'll want to talk to one of the family."

"Naturally," Duff agreed. Very composed and sure of herself, this girl was, but there were traces of tears about those violet eyes. "Your mother, I believe, is also with this touring party?"

"Mother is prostrated," the girl explained. "She may come round later. But just at present I am the only one who can face this thing. What can I tell you?"

"Can you think of any reason for this unhappy affair?"

The girl shook her head. "None whatever. It's quite unbelievable, really. The kindest man in the world—not an enemy. It's preposterous, you know."

Up from Clarges Street came the loud strains of There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding.

Duff turned to one of his men. "Shut that window," he ordered sharply. "Your grandfather was prominent in the life of Detroit?" he added to the girl. He spoke the name uncertainly, accenting the first syllable.

"Oh, yes; for many years. He was one of the first to go into the automobile business. He retired from the presidency of his company five years ago, but he kept a place on the board of directors. For the past few years he has been interested in charitable work—gave away hundreds of thousands. Everybody honored and respected him. Those who knew him loved him."

"He was, I take it, a very wealthy man?"

"Of course."

(Continued on Page 74)

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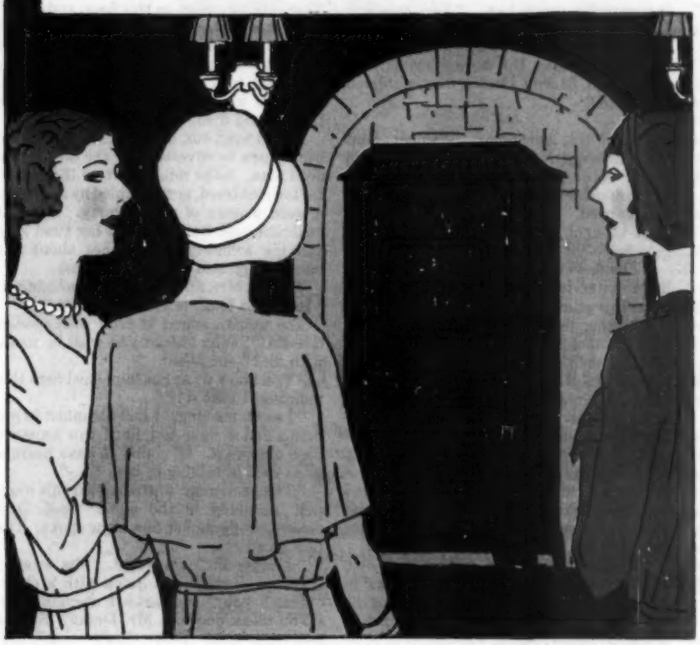

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(Continued from Page 71)

"And who ——" Duff paused. "Pardon me, but it's a routine question. Who will inherit his money?"

The girl stared at Duff. "Why, I hadn't thought of that at all. But whatever isn't left to charity will, I suppose, go to my mother."

"And, in time, to you?"

"To me and my brother. I fancy so. What of it?"

"Nothing, I imagine. . . . When did you last see your grandfather? Alive, I mean."

"Just after dinner, last evening. Mother and I were going to the theater, but he didn't care to go. He was tired, he said, and anyhow, he couldn't, poor dear, enjoy a play."

Duff nodded. "I understand. Your grandfather was deaf."

The girl started. "How did you know—oh ——" Her eyes followed those of the inspector to a table where an ear phone with a battery attached was lying. Suddenly she burst into tears, but instantly regained her self-control. "Yes, that was his," she added, and reached out her hand.

"Do not touch it, please," Duff said quickly.

"Oh, I see. Of course not. He wore that constantly, but it didn't help a lot. Last night he told us to go along, that he intended to retire early, as he expected today would be tiring. We were all starting for Paris, you know. We warned him not to oversleep—our rooms are on the floor below. He said he wouldn't, that he had arranged with a waiter to wake him every morning just before eight. We were down in the lobby, expecting him to join us for breakfast at 8:30, when the manager told us—what had happened."

"Your mother was quite overcome?"

"Why not? Such horrible news. She fainted, and I finally got her back to her room."

"You did not faint?"

The girl looked at Duff with some contempt. "I don't belong to a fainting generation. I was, naturally, terribly shocked."

"Naturally. May I step out of character to say that I'm frightfully sorry?"

"Thank you. What else can I tell you?"

"Nothing now. I hope very much that you can arrange for me to see your mother a moment before I go. I must, you understand. But we will give her another hour or so. In the meantime I am meeting the other members of your travel party in a parlor below. I won't ask you to come."

"Nonsense!" cried the girl. "Of course I'll come. I'm no weakling, and besides, I want a good look at the members of this party. We haven't had time to get acquainted; the trip across was rather trying. . . . Yes, I'll be there. This thing is too meaningless, too cruel. I shan't rest until I know what is behind it. Anything I can do, Mr. ——"

"Inspector Duff," he answered. "I'm glad you feel that way. We'll hunt the answer together, Miss Potter."

"And we'll find it," she added. "We've got to." For the first time she glanced at the bed. "He was so—so kind to me," she said brokenly and went quickly out.

Duff stood looking after her. "Rather a thoroughbred, isn't she?" he commented to Hayley. "Amazing how many American girls are. Well, let's see. What have we? A bit of chain and a key. Good as far as it goes."

Hayley looked rather sheepish. "Duff, I have been an ass," he said. "There was something else. The surgeon picked it up from the bed; it was lying beside the body. Just carelessly thrown there evidently."

"What?" Duff asked tersely.

"This."

Hayley handed over a small, worn-looking bag of wash leather, fastened at the top with a slip cord. It was heavy with some mysterious contents. Duff stepped to a bureau, unloosed the cord and poured the contents out on the bureau top. For a time he stared, a puzzled frown on his face.

"What—what should you say, Hayley?"

"Pebbles," Hayley remarked. "Little stones of various shapes and sizes. Some of them smooth—might have been picked up from a beach." He flattened out the pile with his hand. "Worthless little pebbles, and nothing else."

"A bit senseless, don't you think?" murmured Duff. He turned to one of his men. "I say, just count these and put them back in the bag." As the officer set about his task Duff sat down in an old-fashioned chair and looked slowly about the room. "The case has its points," he remarked.

"It has indeed," Hayley answered.

"A harmless old man, making a pleasure trip around the world with his daughter and granddaughter, is strangled in a London hotel. A very deaf, gentle old soul, noted for his kindnesses and his benefactions. He rouses from sleep, struggles, gets hold of part of his assailant's watch chain. But his strength fails, the strap draws tighter, and the murderer, with one final gesture, throws onto the bed a silly bag of stones. What do you make of it, Hayley?"

"I'm rather puzzled, I must say."

"So am I. But I've noted one or two things. You have, too, no doubt?"

"I was never in your class, Duff."

"Rot. Don't be modest, old chap. You haven't used your eyes, that's all. If a man stood beside a bed, engaged in a mortal struggle with another man, his shoes would disturb the nap of the carpet to some extent. Especially if it were an old, thick carpet such as this. There is no indication of any such roughing of the carpet, Hayley."

"No?"

"None whatever. And—take a look at the bed, if you please."

"By Jove!" The eyes of the Vine Street man widened. "I see what you mean. It's been slept in, of course, but ——"

"Precisely. At the foot and at one side, the covers are still tucked into place. The whole impression is one of neatness and order. Was there a struggle to the death on that bed, Hayley?"

"I think not, Duff."

"I'm sure there was not." Duff gazed thoughtfully about him. "Yes, this was Drake's room. His property is all about. His ear phone is on the table. His clothes are on that chair. But something tells me that Hugh Morris Drake was murdered elsewhere."

III

AFTER this surprising statement Duff was silent for a moment, staring into space. Kent, the hotel manager, appeared in the doorway, his round face still harassed and worried.

"I thought perhaps I might be of some help here," he remarked.

"Thank you," Duff replied. "I should like to interview the person who first came upon this crime."

"I rather thought you might," the manager answered. "The body was found by Martin, the floor waiter. I have brought him along." He went to the door and beckoned. A servant with a rather blank face, much younger than most of his fellows, entered the room. He was obviously nervous.

"Good morning," said Duff, taking out his notebook. "I am Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard." The young man's manner became even more distressed. "I want you to tell me everything that happened here this morning."

"Well, sir, I—I had an arrangement with Mr. Drake," Martin began. "I was to rouse him every morning, there being no telephones in the rooms. He preferred to breakfast below, but he was fearful of oversleeping. A bit of a job it was, sir, to make him hear, him being so deaf. Twice I had to go to the housekeeper for a key, and enter the room. This morning, at a quarter before eight, I knocked at his door. I knocked many times, but nothing happened. Finally I went for the housekeeper's key, but I was told it had disappeared yesterday."

"The housekeeper's key was lost?"

"It was, sir. There was another master key belowstairs, and I went for that. I had no thought of anything wrong; I had failed to make him hear me on those other mornings. I unlocked the door of this room and came in. One window was closed, the curtain was down all the way. The other was open and the curtain was up too. The light entered from there. Everything seemed to be in order; I saw the ear telephone on the table, Mr. Drake's clothes on a chair. Then I approached the bed, sir; and it was a case of notifying the management immediately. That—that is all I can tell you, inspector."

Duff turned to Kent. "What is this about the housekeeper's key?"

"Rather odd about that," the manager said. "This is an old-fashioned house, as you know, and our maids are not provided with keys to the rooms. If a guest locks his door on going out, the maids are unable to do the room until they have obtained the master key from the housekeeper. Yesterday the lady in Room 27, next door, a Mrs. Irene Spicer, also a member of Doctor Lofton's party, went out and locked her door, though she had been requested not to do so by the servants. The maid was forced to secure the housekeeper's key in order to enter. She left it in the lock and proceeded about her work. Later, when she sought the key, it had disappeared. It is still missing."

"Naturally," smiled Duff. "It was in use, no doubt, about four o'clock this morning." He looked at Hayley. "Deliberately planned." Hayley nodded. "Any other recent incidents around the hotel," he continued to Kent, "about which we should know?"

The manager considered. "Yes," he said. "Our night watchman reports two rather queer events that took place during the night. He is no longer a young man and I told him to lie down in a vacant room and get a little rest. I have sent for him, however, and he will see you presently. I prefer that you hear of these things from him."

Lofton appeared in the doorway. "Ah, Inspector Duff," he remarked. "I find a few of our party are still out, but I am rounding up everybody possible. They will all be here, as I told you, by ten o'clock. There are a number on this floor, and ——"

"Just a moment," Duff broke in. "I am particularly interested in the occupants of the rooms on either side of this one. In 27, Mr. Kent tells me, there is a Mrs. Spicer. Will you kindly see if she is in, Doctor Lofton, and if so, bring her here?"

Lofton went out, and Duff stepped to the bed, where he covered over the face of the dead man. As he returned from the alcove Lofton reëntered, accompanied by a smartly dressed woman of about thirty. She had no doubt been beautiful, but her tired eyes and the somewhat hard lines about her mouth suggested a rather gay past.

"This is Mrs. Spicer," Lofton announced. "Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard."

The woman stared at Duff with sudden interest. "Why should you wish to speak with me?" she asked.

"You know what has happened here this morning, I take it?"

"I know nothing. I had breakfast in my room, and I have not until this moment been outside it. Of course, I have heard a great deal of talking in here ——"

"The gentleman who occupied this room was murdered in the night," said Duff tersely, studying her face as he spoke. The face paled.

"Murdered?" she cried. She swayed slightly. Hayley was quick with a chair. "Thank you," she nodded mechanically. "You mean poor old Mr. Drake? Such a charming man. Why, that's—that's terrible."

"It seems rather unfortunate," Duff admitted. "There is only a thin door between your room and this. It was locked at all times, of course?"

"Naturally."

"On both sides?"

Her eyes narrowed. "I know nothing of this side. It was always locked on mine." Duff's little stratagem had failed.

"Did you hear any noise in the night? A struggle—a cry, perhaps?"

(Continued on Page 78)

438

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(Continued from Page 74)

"I heard nothing."

"That's rather odd."

"Why should it be? I am a sound sleeper."

"Then you were probably asleep at the hour the murder took place?"

She hesitated. "You're rather clever, aren't you, inspector? I have, of course, no idea when the murder took place."

"Ah, no. How could you? At about four this morning, we believe. You have heard no one talking in this room within, say, the last twenty-four hours?"

"Let me think. I went to the theater last night ——"

"Alone?"

"No, with Mr. Stuart Vivian, who is also in our party. When I returned about twelve everything was very quiet here. But I did hear talking in this room last evening while I was dressing for dinner. Quite loud talking."

"Indeed?"

"It seemed, as a matter of fact, to be almost—a quarrel."

"How many people were involved?"

"Only two—two men—Mr. Drake and ——" She stopped.

"You recognized the other voice?"

"I did. He has a distinctive voice. Doctor Lofton, I mean."

Duff turned suddenly to the conductor of the party. "You had a quarrel with the dead man in this room last evening before dinner?" he asked sternly. Distress was evident on the doctor's face.

"Not precisely. I wouldn't call it that," he protested. "I had dropped in to acquaint him with today's arrangements, and he began at once to criticize the personnel of the party. He said some of our members were not of the sort he had expected."

"No wonder he said that," put in Mrs. Spicer.

"Naturally, my reputation is dear to me," Lofton went on. "I am not accustomed to that kind of criticism. It is true that this year, owing to bad business conditions at home, I have been forced to accept two or three people who would not ordinarily be taken. But whatever their station in life, they are quite all right, I'm certain. I resented Mr. Drake's remarks, and no doubt the conversation became a bit heated. But it was hardly the type of misunderstanding that would lead to anything"—he nodded toward the bed—"like this."

Duff turned to the woman. "You heard none of that conversation?"

"I couldn't make out what was said, no. Of course I didn't particularly try. I only know they seemed quite intense and excited."

"Where is your home, Mrs. Spicer?" Duff inquired.

"In San Francisco. My husband is a broker there. He was too busy to accompany me on this tour."

"Is this your first trip abroad?"

"Oh, no, indeed. I have been over many times. In fact, I've been around the world twice before."

"Really? Great travelers, you Americans. I am asking the members of Doctor Lofton's party to gather in a parlor on the ground floor at once. Will you be good enough to go down there?"

"Of course. I'll go immediately." She went out.

The fingerprint man came over and handed the luggage strap to Duff. "Nothing o it, Mr. Duff," he remarked. "Wiped clean and handled with gloves after that, I fancy."

Duff held up the strap. "Doctor Lofton, have you ever noted this strap on the luggage of any of your—er—guests? It appears to be ——" He stopped, surprised at the look on the conductor's face.

"This is odd," Lofton said. "I have a strap identically like that on one of my old bags. I purchased it just before we sailed from New York."

"Will you go and get it, please?" the inspector suggested.

"Gladly," agreed the doctor, and departed.

The hotel manager stepped forward. "I'll go see if the watchman is ready," he said. As he left the room Duff looked at Hayley.

"Our conductor seems to be getting into rather deep water," he remarked.

"He was wearing a wrist watch," Hayley said.

"So I noticed. Has he always worn it—or was there a watch on the end of a platinum chain? Nonsense. The man has everything to lose by this. It may wreck his business. That's a pretty good alibi."

"Unless he is contemplating a change of business," Hayley suggested.

"Yes. In that case, his natural distress over all this would be an excellent cloak. However, why should he mention that he owns a similar strap?"

Lofton returned. He appeared to be slightly upset. "I'm sorry, inspector," he remarked. "My strap is gone."

"Really? Then perhaps this one is yours." The detective handed it over.

The doctor examined it. "I'm inclined to think it is," he said.

"When did you last see it?"

"On Monday night, when I unpacked. I put the bag into a dark closet, and haven't touched it since." He looked appealingly at Duff. "Someone is trying to cast suspicion on me."

"No doubt about that. Who has been in your room?"

"Everybody. They come in and out, asking questions about the tour. Not that I think any member of my party is involved. The whole of London has had access to my room the past five days. The maids, you will recall, asked us not to lock our doors on going out."

Duff nodded. "Don't distress yourself, Doctor Lofton. I don't believe you would be such a fool as to strangle a man with a strap so readily identified. We'll drop the matter. Now tell me, do you know who has that room there?" He indicated the connecting door on the other side. "Room 29, I fancy."

"That is occupied by Mr. Walter Honywood, a very fine gentleman, a millionaire from New York. One of our party."

"If he is in, will you please ask him to step here, and then return to the task of gathering up your people below?"

After the doctor had gone Duff rose and tried the door leading from Drake's room into No. 29. It was locked from the side where he stood.

"Great pity about the strap," Hayley commented softly. "It lets Doctor Lofton out, I fancy."

"It probably does," Duff agreed. "Unless the man's remarkably subtle—it's my strap; naturally I wouldn't use it; it was stolen from my closet—no, men aren't as subtle as that. But it's rather unfortunate, for I don't feel like making a confidant of the conductor now. And we shall need a confidant in that party before we are finished."

A tall, handsome man in his late thirties was standing in the doorway leading to the hall. "I am Walter Honywood, of New York," he said. "I'm frightfully distressed about all this. I have, you know, Room 29."

"Come in, Mr. Honywood," Duff remarked. "You know what has happened, I perceive."

"Yes. I heard about it at breakfast."

"Please sit down."

The New Yorker did so. His face was a bit florid for his age, and his hair graying. He had the look of a man who had lived hard in his short life. Duff was reminded of Mrs. Spicer—the deep lines about the mouth, the weary, sophisticated light in the eyes.

"You knew nothing about the matter until you were told at breakfast?" the detective inquired.

"Not a thing."

"That's odd, isn't it?"

"What do you mean?" An expression of alarm flashed across Honywood's face.

(Continued on Page 78)

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West is West
Never the twain shall meet"
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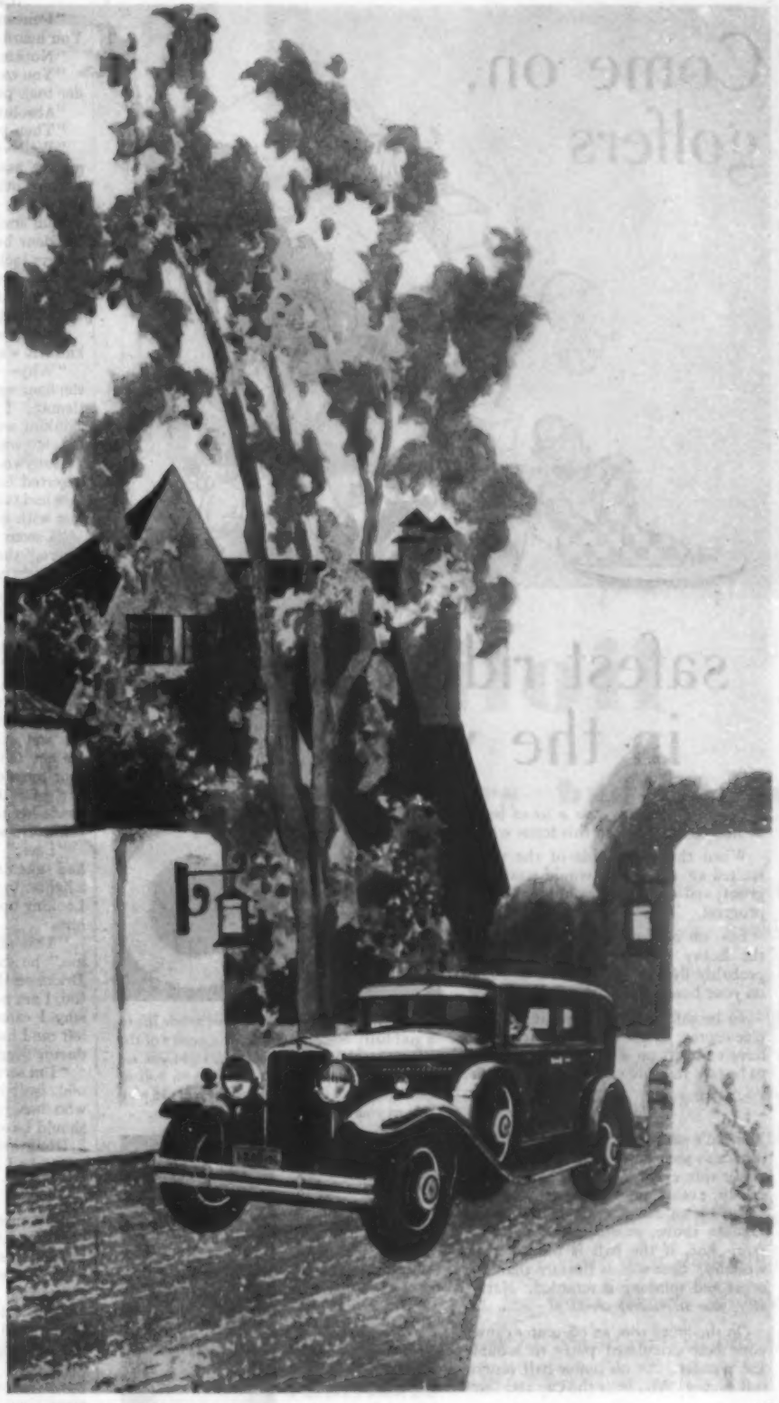

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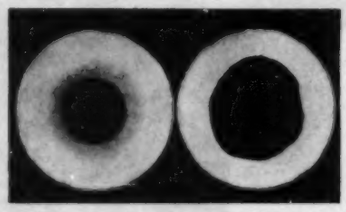

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(Continued from Page 76)

"I mean, in the next room, you know. You heard no cry, no struggle?"

"Nothing. I'm a sound sleeper."

"You were sleeping, then, when this murder took place?"

"Absolutely."

"Then you know when it took place?"

"Well—well, no, of course not. I was merely assuming that I must have been asleep; otherwise I should no doubt have heard ——"

Duff smiled. "Ah, yes, I see. Tell me—the door between your room and this was always locked?"

"Oh, yes."

"On both sides?"

"Absolutely."

Duff lifted his eyebrows: "How do you know it was locked on this side?"

"Why—why, the other morning I heard the floor waiter trying to rouse the old gentleman. I unlocked the door on my side, thinking we could reach him that way. But his side was locked."

Honywood's man-of-the-world air had deserted him. He was perspiring and his face had turned a sickly gray. Duff watched him with deep interest.

"I seem to have heard your name somewhere," the detective said.

"Perhaps. I'm a theatrical producer in New York, and I've done a little of that sort of thing in London. No doubt you have heard also of my wife—Miss Sybil Conway, the actress. She has appeared on your side."

"Ah, yes. Is she with you?"

"She is not. We had a slight disagreement about two months ago, and she left me and came over to San Remo, on the Italian Riviera. She is there now. Our tour touches there, and I am hoping to see her, smooth over our difficulties and persuade her to go the rest of the way around the world with me."

"I see," Duff nodded. The New Yorker had taken out a cigarette and was holding a lighter to it. His hand trembled violently. Looking up, he saw the detective staring at him.

"This affair has been a great shock to me," he explained. "I got to know Mr. Drake on the boat, and I liked him. Then, too, I am not in the best of health. That is why I came on this tour. After my wife left me I had a nervous breakdown and my doctor suggested travel."

"I'm sorry," said Duff. "But it's rather odd, isn't it, Mr. Honywood, that a man who has just had a nervous breakdown should be such—a sound sleeper?"

Honywood appeared startled. "I—I have never had any trouble in that way," he replied.

"You're very fortunate," Duff told him. "I am meeting all the members of your party on the ground floor ——" He explained this again and sent the New Yorker below to await him. When the man was out of hearing, Duff turned to Hayley.

"What do you make of that, old chap?" he inquired.

"In a frightful funk, wasn't he?"

"I don't believe I ever saw a man in a worse." Duff agreed. "He knows a lot more than he's telling, and he's a badly rattled lad. But confound it, that's not evidence. Slowly, old man—we must go slowly—but we mustn't forget Mr. Honywood. He knew when the murder took place, he knew that the door was locked on both sides. And he has been suffering from a nervous breakdown—we'll have to admit he looks it—yet he sleeps as soundly as a child. Yes, we must keep Mr. Honywood in mind."

Kent came in again, this time accompanied by an old servant who was built along the general lines of Mr. Pickwick.

"This is Eben, our night watchman," the manager explained. "You'll want to hear his story, inspector?"

"At once," Duff answered. "What have you to tell, Eben?"

"It's this way, sir," the old man began: "I make my rounds of the house every hour, on the hour, punching the clocks. When I came onto this floor last night, on my two-o'clock round, I saw a gentleman standing before one of the doors."

"Which door?"

"I'm a bit confused about it, sir, but I think it was No. 27."

"No. 27. That's the Spicer woman's room. Go on."

"Well, sir, when he heard me he turned quickly and came toward where I was standing, at the head of the stairs. 'Good evening,' he said. 'I'm afraid I'm on the wrong floor. My room is below.' He had the air of a gentleman, a guest, so I let him pass. I fancy I should have questioned him, sir, but here at Broome's we have never had any queer doings, up to now, so I didn't think of it."

"You saw his face?"

"Quite clearly, sir. The light was burning in the corridor. I saw him, and I can identify him if he is still about."

"Good." Duff rose. "We'll have you look over the members of Doctor Lofton's party immediately."

"One moment, sir. I had another little adventure."

"Oh, you did? What was that?"

"On my four-o'clock round, when I reached this floor, the light was no longer burning. Everything was black darkness. 'Burned out,' I thought, and I reached for my electric torch. Suddenly, as I put my hand to my pocket, I was conscious of someone standing at my side. Just felt him there, sir, breathing hard in the quiet night. I got the torch out and flashed it on. I saw the person was wearing gray clothes, sir, and then the torch was knocked from my hand. We struggled there, at the top of the stairs, but I'm not so young as I once was. I did get hold of the pocket of his coat—the right-hand pocket—trying to capture him and he trying to break away. I heard the cloth tear a bit. Then he struck me and I fell. I was out for a second, and when I knew where I was again he had gone."

"But you are certain that he wore a gray suit? And that you tore the right-hand pocket of his coat?"

"I'd swear to those two points, sir."

"Did you get any idea at this time that you were dealing with the same man you had encountered on your two-o'clock round?"

"I couldn't be sure of that, sir. The second seemed a bit heavier. But that might have been my imagination, as it were."

"What did you do next?"

"I went downstairs and told the night porter. Together we searched the entire house as thoroughly as we could without disturbing any of the guests. We found no one. We debated about the police—but this is a very respectable and famous hotel, sir, and it seemed best ——"

"Quite right too," the manager put in hastily.

"—— it seemed best to keep out of the daily press, if possible. So we did nothing more then, but of course I reported both incidents to Mr. Kent when he arrived this morning."

"You've been with Broome's a long time, Eben?" Duff inquired.

"Forty-eight years, sir. I came here as a boy of fourteen."

"A splendid record," the inspector said. "Will you please go now and wait in Mr. Kent's office? I shall want you again later on."

"With pleasure, sir," the watchman replied, and went out.

Duff turned to Hayley. "I'm going down to meet that round-the-world crowd," he remarked. "If you don't mind a suggestion, old chap, you might get a few of your men in from the station and, while I'm holding these people belowstairs, have a look at their rooms. Mr. Kent will no doubt be happy to act as your guide."

"I should hardly put it that way," said Kent gloomily. "However, if it must be done ——"

"I'm afraid it must. A torn bit of watch chain; a gray coat with the pocket ripped—it's hardly likely you'll succeed, Hayley.

(Continued on Page 81)

—Wide World Photo

When Kingsford-Smith flew with Mobiloil

he proved again what most famous aviators had found

Major Kingsford-Smith, the courageous Australian, has thrilled the world with another daring exploit. Flying the North Atlantic from Europe to America—the climax of his circling of the globe—he flew with Mobiloil.

For achievement and daring his name stands for all time among the great figures of Aviation.

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—Wide World Photo.

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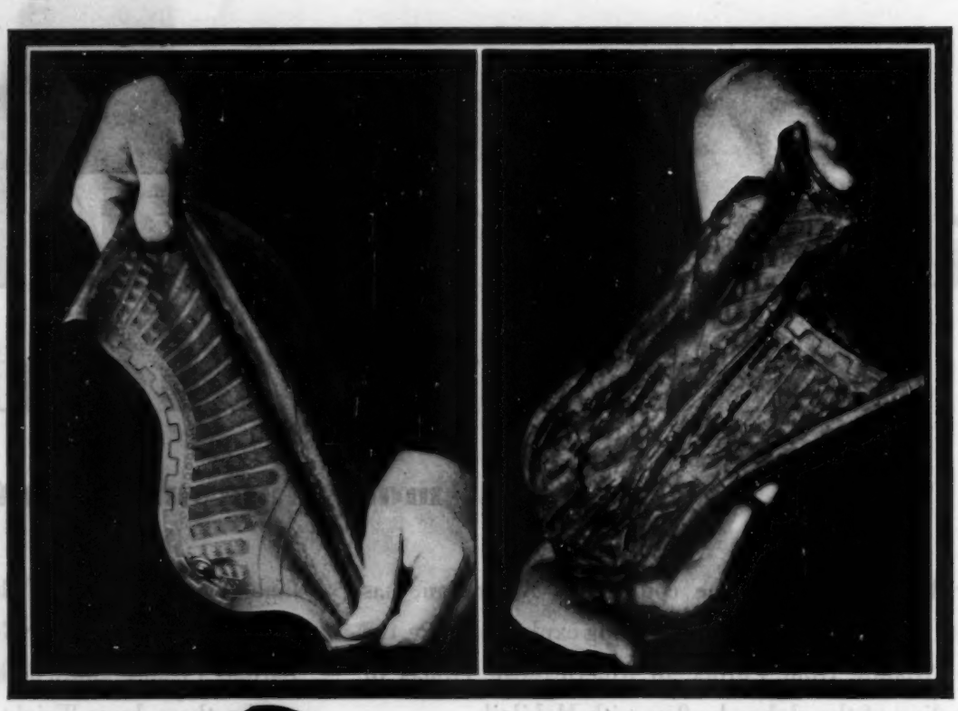

WITH AGE-RITE WITHOUT AGE-RITE

LOOK at the two pictures above. They tell a story of an amazing B. F. Goodrich development.

Both of these bathing caps, when new, were placed in a Goodrich laboratory testing unit, a "life oven"—which in a few hours produces effects equivalent to *many months of natural aging.*

The pictures show what happened when the caps came out of the "life oven." The cap on the left still looks like new. It has all of its original gloss and sheen. It has elasticity...stretches easily when pulled. It is still strong and durable.

Now look at the other cap. It has disintegrated. It strips into ribbons when you try to stretch it. It has lost its lustre, its sheen. It is ready to be thrown away. In past years, nearly everyone has seen this same thing happen to all sorts of rubber goods.

What causes this amazing difference? Why did one come through the aging test like new while the other one was destroyed, as picture indicates?

NOW SILVERTOWNS last even longer! This tire, famous for performance, gets much of its long life from Goodrich-developed age-resisters.

Goodrich chemists had perfected an anti-oxidant or age-resisting compound, "Age-rite," that makes rubber last and last—long after ordinary rubber has worn out completely.

The cap at the left above had this amazing anti-oxidant in it — the one at the right did not.

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*See report "Recent Economic Changes" (Vol. I, p. 115) U. S. Department of Commerce, in which this important development is listed. The Committee making the report included many nationally known economists.

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Over 32,000 rubber articles, representing more than a thousand distinct rubber products — Goodrich Silvertowns · Zippers · Rubber Footwear · Drug Sundries · Soles · Heels · Hose · Belting · Packing · Molded and Hard Rubber Goods

(Continued from Page 78)

But of course we dare not overlook anything." He turned to the finger-print expert and the photographer, who were still on the scene. "You lads finished yet?"

"Just about, sir," the finger-print man answered.

"Wait for me here, both of you, and clear up all odds and ends," Duff directed. He went with Hayley and Kent into the hall. There he stood, looking about him. "Just four rooms on this corridor," he remarked. "Rooms 27, 28 and 29, occupied by Mrs. Spicer, poor Drake, and Honywood. Can you tell me who has Room 30—the only one remaining? The one next to Honywood?"

"That is occupied by a Mr. Patrick Tait," Kent replied. "Another member of the Lofton party. A man of about sixty, very distinguished-looking—for an American. I believe he has been a well-known criminal lawyer in the States. Unfortunately, he suffers from a weak heart, and so he is accompanied by a traveling companion—a young man in the early twenties. But you'll see Mr. Tait below, no doubt; and his companion too."

Duff went alone to the first floor. Doctor Lofton was pacing anxiously up and down before a door. Beyond, Duff caught a glimpse of a little group of people waiting amid faded red-plush splendor.

"Ah, inspector," the doctor greeted him. "I haven't been able to round up the entire party as yet. Five or six are still missing, but as it's nearly ten, they should be in soon. Here is one of them now."

A portly, dignified man came down the corridor from the Clarges Street entrance. His great shock of snow-white hair made him appear quite distinguished—for an American.

"Mr. Tait," said Lofton, "meet Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard."

The old man held out his hand. "How do you do, sir?" He had a deep, booming voice. "What is this I hear? A murder? Incredible! Quite incredible! Who, may I ask—who is dead?"

"Just step inside, Mr. Tait," Duff answered. "You'll know the details in a moment. A rather distressing affair."

"It is, indeed." Tait turned and with a firm step crossed the threshold of the parlor. For a moment he stood, looking about the group inside. Then he gave a strangled little cry and pitched forward onto the floor. Duff was the first to reach him. He turned the old man over and, with deep concern, noted his face. It was as blank as that of the dead man in Room 28.

IV

THE next instant a young man was at Duff's side, a good-looking American with frank gray eyes, now somewhat startled. Removing a small, pearl-like object from a bottle, he crushed it in his handkerchief, and held the latter beneath the nose of Mr. Patrick Tait.

"Digitalis," he explained, glancing up at the inspector. "It will bring him around in a moment, I imagine. It's what he told me to do if he had one of these attacks."

"Ah, yes. You are Mr. Tait's traveling companion?"

"I am. My name's Mark Kennaway. Mr. Tait is subject to this sort of thing, and that is why he employed me to come with him." Presently the man on the floor stirred and opened his eyes. He was breathing heavily and his face was whiter than his shock of snowy hair.

Duff had noted a door on the opposite side of the room and, crossing to it, he discovered that it led to a smaller parlor, among the furnishings of which was a broad and comfortable couch.

"Best get him in here, Mr. Kennaway," he remarked. "He's still too shaky to go upstairs." Without another word, he picked the old man up in his arms and carried him to the couch. "You stay here with him," Duff suggested. "I'll talk to you both a little later." Returning to the larger room, he closed the door behind him.

For a moment he stood looking about the main lounge of Broome's Hotel. Plenty of red plush and walnut had been the scheme of the original decorator, and it had remained undisturbed through the years. There was a bookcase with a few dusty volumes, a pile of provincial papers on a table, on the walls a number of sporting prints, their once-white mats yellowed by time.

The group of very modern people who sat now in this musty room were regarding Inspector Duff with serious and, it seemed to him, rather anxious eyes. Outside, the sun had at last broken through the fog, and a strong light entered through the many-paned windows, illuminating these faces that were to be the chief study of the detective for a long time to come.

He turned to Lofton. "Some of your party are still missing?"

"Yes, five. Not counting the two in the next room, and, of course, Mrs. Potter."

"No matter," shrugged Duff. "We may as well get started." He drew a small table into the middle of the floor and, sitting down beside it, took out his notebook. "I presume everyone here knows what has happened. I refer to the murder of Mr. Drake in Room 28 last night." No one spoke, and Duff continued: "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard. I may say, first of all, that this entire group, and all the other members of your party, must remain together here at Broome's Hotel until released by the authorities at the Yard."

A little man with gold-rimmed eyeglasses leaped to his feet. "Look here, sir!" he cried in a high, shrill voice. "I propose to leave the party immediately. I am not accustomed to being mixed up with murder. In Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where I come from ——"

"Ah, yes," said Duff coldly. "Thank you. I scarcely knew where to begin. We will start with you." He took out a fountain pen. "Your name, please?"

"My name is Norman Fenwick." He pronounced it Fennick.

"Spell the last name, if you will."

"F-e-n-w-i-c-k. It's an English name, you know."

"Are you English?"

"English descent, yes. My ancestors came to Massachusetts in 1650. During the Revolution they were all loyal to the mother country."

"That," smiled Duff grimly, "was some time ago. It will hardly enter into the present case." He stared with some distaste at the little man who was so obviously eager to curry favor with the British. "Are you traveling alone?"

"No, I'm not. My sister is with me." He indicated a colorless, gray-haired woman. "Miss Laura Fenwick."

Duff wrote again. "Now tell me, do either of you know anything about last night's affair?"

Mr. Fenwick bristled. "Just what do you mean by that, sir?"

"Come, come," the inspector protested. "I've a bit of a job here and no time to waste. Did you hear anything, see anything or even sense anything that might have some bearing on the case?"

"Nothing, sir, and I can answer for my sister."

"Have you been out of the hotel this morning? Yes? Where?"

"We went for a stroll through the West End. A last look at London. We are both quite fond of the city. That's only natural, since we are of British origin."

"Yes, yes. Pardon me, I must get on."

"But one moment, inspector. We desire to leave this party at once—at once, sir. I will not associate ——"

"I have told you what you must do. That matter is settled."

"Very well, sir. I shall interview our ambassador. He's an old friend of my uncle's."

"Interview him by all means," snapped Duff. "Who is next? . . . Miss Pamela, we have had our chat. . . . And, Mrs. Spicer, I have seen you before. That gentleman next to you ——"

The man answered for himself: "I am Stuart Vivian, of Del Monte, California."

"To hide me in some deep and woody glen
Far from unhealthy haunts of sordid men
—And smoke."
—Henry Lloyd

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2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

and smoke . . .

and smoke . . . and smoke!

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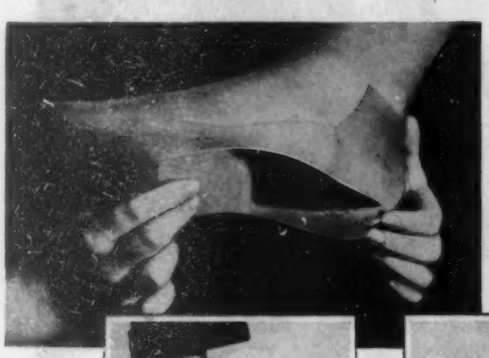

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He was bronzed, lean, and would have been handsome, had it not been for a deep scar across the right side of his forehead. "I must say that I'm quite in sympathy with Mr. Fenwick. Why should we be put under restraint in this affair? Myself, I was a complete stranger to the murdered man; I'd never even spoken to him. I don't know any of these others, either."

"With one exception," Duff reminded him.

"Ah—er—yes. With one exception."

"You took Mrs. Spicer to the theater last evening?"

"I did. I had known her before we came on this tour."

"You planned the tour together?"

"A ridiculous question," the woman flared.

"Aren't you rather overstepping the bounds?" cried Vivian angrily. "It was quite a coincidence. I hadn't seen Mrs. Spicer for a year, and imagine my surprise to come on to New York and find her a member of the same party. Naturally, there was no reason why we shouldn't go on."

"Naturally," answered Duff amiably. "You know nothing about Mr. Drake's murder?"

"How could I?"

"Have you been out of the hotel this morning?"

"Certainly. I took a stroll—wanted to buy some shirts at the Burlington Arcade."

"Make any other purchases?"

"I did not."

"What is your business, Mr. Vivian?"

"I have none. Play a bit of polo now and then."

"Got that scar on the polo field, no doubt?"

"I did. Had a nasty spill a few years back."

Duff looked about the circle. "Mr. Honywood, just one more question for you."

Honywood's hand trembled as he removed the cigarette from his mouth. "Yes, inspector?"

"Have you been out of the hotel this morning?"

"No, I—I haven't. After breakfast I came in here and looked over some old copies of the New York Tribune."

"Thank you. That gentleman next to you?" Duff's gaze was on a middle-aged man with a long, hawklike nose and strikingly small eyes. Though he was dressed well enough and seemed completely at ease, there was that about him which suggested he was somewhat out of place in this gathering.

"Captain Ronald Keane," he said.

"A military man?" Duff inquired.

"Why—er—yes."

"I should say he is a military man," Pamela Potter put in. She glanced at Duff. "Captain Keane told me he was once in the British Army and had seen service in India and South Africa."

Duff turned to the captain: "Is that true?"

"Well ——" Keane hesitated. "No, not precisely. I may have been romancing a bit. You see, on board a ship, a pretty girl ——"

"I understand," nodded the detective. "In such a situation one tries to impress, regardless of the truth. It has been done before. Were you ever in any army, Captain Keane?"

Again Keane hesitated. But the Scotland Yard man was in too close touch with records to make further lying on this point advisable. "Sorry," he said. "I—er—the title is really honorary. It means—er—little or nothing."

"What is your business?"

"I haven't any at present. I've been an engineer."

"How did you happen to come on this tour?"

"Why, for pleasure, of course."

"I trust you are not disappointed. What do you know about last night's affair?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"I presume that you, too, have been out for a stroll this morning?"

"Yes, I have. I cashed a check at the American Express Office."

"You were supposed to carry only Nomad checks," put in Doctor Lofton, his business sense coming to the fore.

"I had a few of the others," Keane replied. "Is there any law against that?"

"The matter was mentioned in our agreement ——" began Lofton, but Duff cut him off.

"There remains only the gentleman in the corner," said the detective. He nodded toward a tall man in a tweed suit. This member of the party had a heavy walking stick, and one leg was stiff in front of him. "What is your name, sir?" Duff added.

"John Ross," the other replied. "I'm a lumberman from Tacoma, Washington. Been looking forward to this trip for years, but I never dreamed it would be anything like this. My life's an open book, inspector. Give the word and I'll read aloud any page you select."

"Scotch, I believe?" Duff suggested.

"Does the bur still linger?" Ross smiled. "It shouldn't. Lord knows I've been in America long enough. I see you're looking at my foot, and since we're all explaining our scars and our weaknesses, I'll tell you that when I was down in the redwoods some months ago, I was foolish enough to let a tree fall on my right leg. Broke a lot of bones, and they haven't knitted as they should."

"That's a pity. Know anything about this murder?"

"Not a thing, inspector. Sorry I can't help you. Nice old fellow, this Drake. I got pretty well acquainted with him on the ship; he and I both had rather good stomachs. I liked him a lot."

"I imagine that you, too ——"

Ross nodded. "Yes, I went for a walk this morning. Fog and all. Interesting little town you've got here, inspector. Ought to be out on the Pacific Coast."

"Wish we could bring the Coast here," Duff replied. "Climate especially."

Ross sat up with interest. "You've been there, inspector?"

"Briefly, a few years ago."

"What did you think of us?" the lumberman demanded.

Duff laughed and shook his head. "Ask me some other time," he said. "I've more pressing matters to occupy me now." He stood up. "You will all wait here just a moment," he added, and went out.

Fenwick went over to Doctor Lofton. "See here: you've got to give us our money back on this tour," he began, glaring through his thick glasses.

"Why so?" inquired Lofton suavely.

"Do you suppose we're going on after this?"

"The tour is going on," Lofton told him. "Whether you go or not rests with you. I have been making this trip for many years, and death is not altogether an unknown occurrence among the members of my parties. That it happens to be a murder in this case in no way alters my plans. We shall be delayed for a time in London, but that is, of course, an act of God. Read your contract with me, Mr. Fenwick. Not responsible for acts of God. I shall get the party around the world in due course, and if you choose to drop out, there will be no rebate."

"An outrage!" Fenwick cried. He turned to the others. "We'll get together. We'll take it up with the Embassy!" But no one seemed to be in a mood to match his.

Duff returned, and with him came Eben, the night watchman.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the inspector began, "I have asked this man to look you over and see if he can identify a certain person who, at two o'clock last night, was a trifle confused as to the whereabouts of his room. A person who, in point of fact, was wandering about the floor on which the murder took place."

He turned to Eben, who was grimly studying the faces of the men in that old-fashioned parlor. The servant stared at Lofton, then at Honywood, at Ross, the lumberman, and at Vivian, the polo player. He gave

(Continued on Page 85)

FAMOUS WRONG GUESSES IN HISTORY

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LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD SAFETY GLASS

(Continued from Page 82)

the weak face of Fenwick but a fleeting glance.

"That's him," said Eben firmly, pointing at Capt. Ronald Keane.

Keane sat up. "What do you mean?"

"I mean it's you I met on my two-o'clock round. You told me you'd got onto that floor by mistake, thinking it was your own."

"Is this true?" Duff asked sternly.

"Why"—Keane looked anxiously about him—"why, yes; I was up there. You see, I couldn't sleep, and I wanted a book to read."

"That's pretty old—that wanted-a-book-to-read stuff," the detective reminded him.

"I fancy it is," returned Keane with a sudden show of spirit, "but it happens occasionally—among literate people, I mean. I knew Tait had a lot of books—that young fellow reads to him until late every night. I found it out on the boat. I knew, too, that he was on the third floor, though I wasn't sure of the room. I just thought I'd go up and listen outside the doors, and if I heard anyone reading I'd go in and borrow something. Well, I didn't hear a thing, so I decided it was too late. When I met this watchman here, I was on my way back to the floor below."

"Why the statement about being confused as to the location of your room?" Duff wanted to know.

"Well, I couldn't very well take up the subject of my literary needs with a servant. He wouldn't have been interested. I just said the first thing that came into my head."

"Rather a habit with you, I judge," Duff remarked. He stood for a moment staring at Keane. A mean face, a face that he somehow didn't care for at all, and yet he had to admit that this explanation sounded plausible enough. But he resolved to keep an eye on this man. A sly, wary sort, and the truth was not in him.

"Very good," the detective said. "Thank you, Eben. You may go now." He thought of Hayley, still searching above. "You will all remain here until I release you," he added, and, ignoring a chorus of protest, walked briskly over and stepped into the smaller parlor.

As he closed the connecting door behind him, he saw Patrick Tait sitting erect on the couch, a glass of spirits in his hand. Kennaway was hovering solicitously about.

"Ah, Mr. Tait," Duff remarked, "I am happy to see you are better."

The old man nodded his head. "Nothing," he said. "Nothing at all." The booming voice was a feeble murmur now. "I am subject to these spells; that is why I have this boy with me. He will take good care of me, I'm sure. A little too much excitement, perhaps. Murder, you know. I hardly bargained for that."

"No, of course not," the inspector agreed, and sat down. "If you're quite well enough now, sir ——"

"Just a moment." Tait held up his hand. "You will pardon my curiosity, I'm sure. But I still don't know who was killed, Mr. Duff."

The detective gave him a searching look. "You're sure you are strong enough ——"

"Nonsense," Tait answered. "It means nothing to me, one way or the other. To whom did this appalling thing happen?"

"It happened to Mr. Hugh Morris Drake, of Detroit," said Duff.

Tait bowed his head and was silent for a moment. "I knew him, very slightly, for many years," he remarked at last. "A man of unsullied past, inspector, and with the most humanitarian impulses. Why should anyone want to remove him? You are faced by an interesting problem."

"And a difficult one," Duff added. "I should like to discuss it with you for a moment. You occupy, I believe, Room 30, which is quite near the spot where the unfortunate affair occurred. At what time did you retire for the night?"

Tait looked at the boy. "About twelve, wasn't it, Mark?"

Kennaway nodded. "Or a few minutes after, perhaps. You see, inspector, I go to Mr. Tait's room every evening and read him to sleep. Last night I began to read at ten, and at a few minutes past twelve he was sleeping soundly. So I slipped out and went to my own room on the second floor."

"What do you read, mostly?" asked Duff, interested.

"Mystery stories," Kennaway smiled.

"To a man with a bad heart? I should think the excitement ——"

"Bah!" put in Tait. "There's little enough excitement in the things. I have been a criminal lawyer for many years back home, and as far as the word 'murder' goes ——" He stopped suddenly.

"You were about to say," suggested Duff gently, "that murder is not, where you are concerned, an exciting topic."

"What if I was?" demanded Tait, rather warmly.

"I was only wondering," continued Duff, "why this particular murder brought on such a serious spell this morning!"

"Oh, well, meeting it in one's own life is quite different from reading about it in books. Or even from talking about it in a court room."

"Quite, quite," agreed Duff. He was silent, drumming with his fingers on the arm of his chair.

Suddenly he turned and, with the speed and precision of a machine gun, began to fire questions at the lawyer:

"You heard nothing on that third floor last night?"

"Nothing."

"No outcry? No call for help?"

"Nothing, I tell you."

"No scream from an old man brutally attacked?"

"I have told you, sir ——"

"I am asking you, Mr. Tait. I meet you in the hallway, and you appear to be strong and well. You have heard rumors of a murder, but you do not know who was killed. You walk with a firm step to the doorway of the parlor. You glance around the faces inside, and in another moment you are on the floor in what seems a mortal attack ——"

"They come like that."

"Do they? Or did you see someone in that room ——"

"No! No!"

"Some face, perhaps."

"I tell you, no!"

The old man's eyes were blazing, the hand that held the glass trembled. Kennaway came forward.

"Inspector, I beg your pardon," he said quietly. "You are going too far. This man is ill."

"I know," admitted Duff softly. "I'm sorry. I was wrong, and I apologize. I forgot, you see. I have my job to do, and I forgot." He rose. "None the less, Mr. Tait," he added, "I think that some surprising situation dawned upon you as you stood in that doorway this morning, and I intend to find out what it was."

"It is your privilege to think anything you please, sir," replied the old man, and as Duff went out he carried a picture of the great criminal lawyer, gray of face and breathing heavily, sitting on a Victorian sofa and defying Scotland Yard.

Hayley was waiting in the lobby. "Been through the rooms of every man in the party," he reported. "No fragment of watch chain. No gray coat with a torn pocket. Nothing."

"Of course not," Duff replied. "Practically every mother's son of 'em has been out of the hotel this morning, and naturally any evidence like that went with them."

"I really must get back to my duties at Vine Street," Hayley went on. "You'll drop in after you've finished, old man?"

Duff nodded. "Go along. What was it that street orchestra was playing? There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding. It's true, Hayley. Damned true."

"I'm very much afraid it is," the other answered. "See you at the station."

As Duff turned, his worried frown disappeared. Pamela Potter was beckoning to him from the parlor doorway. He went over to her at once.

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"I was wondering, inspector," she said, "if you want to see mother now. I believe I can arrange it."

"Good," he answered. "I'll go up with you in a moment." He stepped inside the parlor, and with one final warning against leaving Broome's Hotel for the present, he dismissed the assembled crowd. "I shall want to see the five remaining members of your party," he said to Lofton.

"Of course. The moment they come in I'll let you know," Lofton agreed. He went on down the lobby, with Fenwick still arguing at his heels.

At the door of the suite occupied by Pamela Potter and her mother, Duff waited while the girl went inside. After several moments, during which he heard the sounds of a discussion going on beyond the door, the young woman returned and admitted him.

The shades were all drawn in the sitting room where he now found himself. Gradually accustoming his eyes to the gloom, he perceived, on a chaise longue in the darkest corner, the figure of a woman. He stepped nearer.

"This is Inspector Duff, mother," said Pamela Potter.

"Oh, yes," answered the woman faintly.

"Mrs. Potter," remarked the detective, feeling rather ill at ease, "I am extremely sorry to trouble you. But it cannot be avoided."

"I fancy not," she replied. "Won't you be seated? You won't mind the curtains being down, I hope. I'm afraid I'm not looking my best, after this terrible shock."

"I have already talked with your daughter," continued Duff, moving a chair as close to the couch as he dared, "so I shan't be here more than a moment. If there is anything you can tell me about this affair, I assure you that it is very important you should do so. Your knowledge of the past is, of course, a trifle more extensive than that of Miss Pamela. Had your father any enemy?"

"Poor father," the woman said. "Pamela, the smelling salts." The girl produced a green bottle. "He was a saint, Mr.—er—what did you say his name was, my dear?"

"Mr. Duff, mother."

"My father was a saint on earth, if ever there was one. Not an enemy in the world. Really, I never heard of anything so senseless in all my life."

"But there must be sense in it somewhere, Mrs. Potter. It is for us to find out. Something in your father's past——" Duff paused, and took from his pocket a wash-leather bag. "I wonder if we might have that curtain up just a little way," he added to the girl.

"Certainly," she said, and raised it.

"I'm sure I look a fright," protested the woman.

Duff held out the bag. "See, madam; we found this on the bed beside your father."

"What in the world is it?"

"A simple little bag, Mrs. Potter, of wash leather—chamois, I believe you call it." He poured some of the contents into the palm of his hand. "It was filled with a hundred or more pebbles, or small stones. Do they mean anything to you?"

"Certainly not. What do they mean to you?"

"Nothing, unfortunately. But think, please, Mrs. Potter. Your father was never, for example, engaged in mining?"

"If he was, I never heard of it."

"These pebbles could have no connection with automobiles?"

"How could they? . . . Pamela, this pillow——"

"I'll fix it, mother."

Duff sighed and returned the bag to his pocket. "You did not mingle, on the boat, with the other members of the travel party?"

"I never left my cabin," the woman said. "Pamela here was constantly wandering about, talking with all sorts of people, when she should have been with me."

The detective took out the fragment of watch chain, with the key attached. He handed it to the girl. "You did not, I suppose, happen to notice that chain on anyone with whom you talked?"

She examined it and shook her head. "No. Who looks at a man's watch chain?"

"The key means nothing to you?"

"Not a thing. I'm sorry."

"Please show it to your mother. . . . Have you ever seen that chain or key before, madam?"

The woman shrugged. "No, I haven't. The world is full of keys. You'll never get anywhere that way."

Duff restored this clew to his pocket and stood up. "That is all, I fancy," he remarked.

"The whole affair is utterly senseless, I tell you," the woman said complainingly. "There is no meaning to it. I hope you get to the bottom of it, but I don't believe you ever will."

"I shall try, at any rate," Duff assured her. And he went out, conscious of having met a vain and very shallow woman. The girl followed him into the hall.

"I thought it would be better for you to see mother," she said. "So you might understand that I happen to be spokesman for the family; sort of in charge, if you care to put it that way. Poor mother has never been strong."

"I understand," Duff answered. "I shall try not to trouble her again. It's you and I together, Miss Pamela."

"For grandfather's sake," she nodded gravely.

Duff returned to Room 28. His two assistants were waiting, their paraphernalia packed.

"All finished, Mr. Duff," the fingerprint man told him. "And very little, I fear, sir. This, however, is rather odd." He handed to the inspector the ear phone of the dead man.

Duff took it. "What about this?"

"Not a print on it," the other said. "Not even that of the man on the bed. Wiped clean."

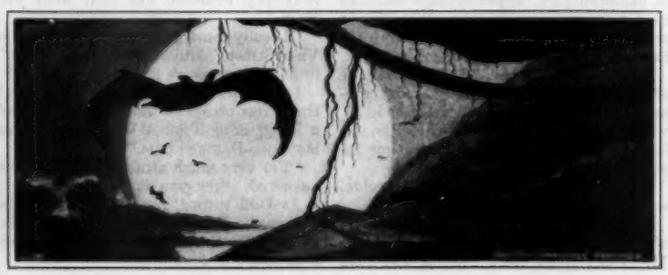
Duff stared at the instrument. "Wiped clean, eh? I wonder, now. If the old gentleman and his ear phone were in some other part of the hotel—if he was killed there, and then moved back here, and the ear phone was carried back too——"

"I'm afraid I don't follow you, sir," the assistant remarked.

Duff smiled. "I was only thinking aloud. Come on, boys. We must be getting along." He returned the ear phone to the table.

Though he did not suspect it at the moment, he had just held in his hand the key to his mystery. It had been Hugh Morris Drake's deafness that led to his murder in Broome's Hotel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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OLD HOLE IN ONE

(Continued from Page 17)

first lofter's a bit over, but the next four or five are plastered to the green.

"Nice shooting!" I observes.

"What's nice about it?" snaps Bendix. "There are putts left, aren't there?"

"Yeh," says I, "and there always will be, unless a freak bounce or a whiff of wind or even a misplaced blade of grass gives you the breaks. That might happen on your next shot or it might not happen again until the last cow comes home to the last milking."

"We have a hall for lectures up at the clubhouse," remarks the major dryly, "where you might air such theories as you have, but the course itself is for practical golf. Have you any suggestions toward improving the accuracy of my aim?"

I'm about to come back with a fast one, followed by a walk-off, when I pipes a plea for peace in the gal's lamps. So I sinks my pride in one and remembers my place.

"It might be a good idea," I tells the antique, "to try to drop your ball eight or ten feet in front of the pin. That'll give you a fair chance for a dribble in. Your tendency now's to shoot the cup. Bring the flag forward a few paces."

As luck would have it, Bendix lays the next one a couple of yards ahead of the pin, and the ball starts a slow roll toward the drop-in. I can almost hear his heart stop.

Six inches from the hole-out the ball loses momentum, flings away the last of its strength in a feeble hop and veers off to the left. The major turns from the green, bleakly silent.

"Demonstrating my point," says I. "There's an ace with its hair in a braid ruined by a worm cast or a misplaced dandelion shoot or a sudden change in windage or ——"

"I require no alibis," cuts in Bendix sharply. "If the ball'd been played properly it'd have gone in."

We continues our work-outs on the other short holes, but never again does the major come as close to the Promised Land as he did on the sixth. Nevertheless, he seems pleased with the changes I make in his stance and grip, and's almost amiable by the time the hour's clicked off.

"If you're not engaged for this afternoon," says he, as we're ambling back to the clubhouse, "I should like to have you play around with me."

"Sorry," I tells him, "but I'm tied up with Dan Semple."

"Semple?" frowns Bendix. "Who's Semple?"

"A new member, I believe," says I.

"Arrange a foursome," orders the major. "I don't usually play with strangers, but you may inform Mr. Semple that my daughter and I will be pleased to have him join us in a round."

"Very well," I returns, "if it's all right with Semple."

It's all right enough with Semple, but whether Semple'll be all right with the major is another matter. The new member, it develops at a bit of practice before noon, doesn't know any more about the royal and ancient than I do of the nesting habits of the Peruvian killaloo bird. Besides, he's a boisterous sort of barrel-house bravo who must've got into Hiawatha while the membership committee was watching a parade. Personally I wouldn't've voted to let him in on the census.

"Sure, I'll play with the major," says he jovially. "That's nothing to me. Last fall I played around with General Motors. Went out in 90 and came back in 42. What kind of guy's the maje?"

"The kind of guy," I replies, "that I don't think I'd spring the G. M. gag on. Or any other."

"Ramroddy, eh?" remarks Semple. "How about the daughter? Anything to turn up the lights for?"

"I don't discuss the ladies of the club," says I, chilly, and switches the subject.

The major and Clara are on the tee when I arrives with the egg. He introduces himself with a fanfare and a roll of drums, and the game gets under way; the old gent grooving a two-hundred-yarder down the alley for a starter. His daughter follows with a good one for a gal. Semple muffs three from here to Halifax, but, finally, with my help, gets off the spot on a slice to the near east. The getting off, not the slice, is with my help.

"I'm not going so good, am I?" grins the new member.

"No," says Bendix, "you're not. New player?"

"Freshly laid," comes back Semple, "but I'll get better as I go on. Probably be selling at par before the day's over."

"H'm," grunts the major, and stalks down the fairway. Both he and I iron out our seconds to the edge of the green. Miss Bendix's with us in three, but Pestiferous remains in the hinterland dallying with divots.

I stands by him chanting the usual singsong about keeping his head down, coming back slowly, hesitating at the top of the swing, and the rest of the recitation that distinguishes a pro from an attack of gallstones, but it's no go. The caddie's kept busy putting the course back.

"Never mind replacing the turf," says Bendix wearily. "After he gets done we'll returf the place."

"Take it easy," encourages Clara. "You're catching up on the green. Don't work so hard. Let the club do it."

"I'm willing," returns Semple. "What do I lie now?"

"Sixteen," I tells him, at random. "Play it cagey and you've a good chance of breaking twenty."

"I doubt it," says he. "My short game's not so good."

Semple rapidly gets no better, but that's just so much that with me. I'm being paid for my company. The major, however, gets increasingly restive and I'm expecting every moment to hear him order his golf shoes off the course without removing 'em. One thing, though, holds him—the approaching short holes and the hope that lies therein.

It's my honor on the sixth, and just to show the boys and girls that a pro's also a proficient, I lays the pill within a foot of the pin. I turns away from the tee to find the major at the back end holding some sort of a metal doodad in his outstretched hand. Semple's looking at him pop-eyed.

"What's that?" he blurts out, beating me to the blurt.

"An anemometer, *sir*," answers Bendix, and advances to the shooting line.

"It's an instrument to tell the direction and velocity of the wind," his daughter whispers to us.

"Wind!" exclaims Semple. "Why, there isn't any wind."

"There's always wind," snaps the major, with a glare at the boy friend. "I trust you will die down while I'm shooting."

"Shoot," says the new member.

The old boy takes another peek at the anemometer, sets himself with meticulous care, starts his swing and then suddenly changes his mind.

"Caddie!" he shouts, and the kid who's down by the side of the green comes a-running.

"There's a bit of leaf or something near the pin," says the major. "Clear it off."

"Gosh!" mutters Semple. "Is this the kind of game I've let myself in for? A carefree pastime, I calls it."

The sward being swept to his satisfaction, Bendix again sets himself, and this time he lets go. The ball loops through the air, falls a suspicion short of the green and kicks into the trap.

"It's all right, caddie," yelps the new member. "You can put that leaf back now."

"Tough luck," says I, hasty, to cover up the nasty crack. "You gave it too much height."

But the major has no repartee. Muttering to himself, he slumps into a bench as his daughter goes to bat. She hooks one into the rough, leaving Semple to make both her own and her old man's shots look good.

"Use this," I advises, pulling a mashie from his bag. "Stand back a little and get under it."

"Nope," says he. "I'm off of irons for life. What's the matter with the old brassie?"

"The same thing," I tells him, "that's the matter with a red sweater at a funeral. It isn't the right spot. You use a brassie for distance from a smooth lie."

"Well," says Semple, "let's give it a surprise." While still talking and not even looking at the ball, he takes a wild wallop. The ball's topped, bounces along a strip of turf that bisects the trap and runs onto the green, where I lose it in the sun.

Suddenly I sees the four caddies as one boy drop their bags and wave frantically. At the same time I hears a gurgled gasp from the bench.

"What's the matter?" demands Semple.

"Nothing," I returns. "You've only made a hole in one."

"Oh, yeh?" says he. "Is that a treat?"

III

THE following Saturday Miss Bendix drops into the shop. I hadn't seen her or her father since the fateful foursome.

"How's the major?" I asks.

"Better," she replies. "It was only shock."

"You can't blame him," says I. "I'd be shocked, too, if I'd tried for thirty years to deal myself an ace and then had a sap show me one on the first cut. What does your father think of accidents now?"

"The same as ever," comes back Miss Bendix. "Though he is willing to admit that Semple's shot was a horseshoe from heaven, he still insists that eagles on three-par holes are primarily garlands around the brow of accuracy, if you get my figures of speech."

"I get 'em," I assures her. "Then the campaign continues?"

"*Und wie!*" says she. "An obsession yesterday, a monomania today. We're now featuring the scientific approach."

"The which?" I inquires.

"Since last Sunday," explains Miss Bendix, "the ancestor's been in a huddle with a high mind from the university, a laddie who's up on ballistics, air pressure, wind stress, triangulation and a lot of other subjects much too dignified even to be mentioned in a low golf shop. Of course, you don't know what ballistics are ——"

"I have an idea," I interrupts. "I once took a correspondence course in sex appeal, and they sent me some engineering papers by mistake. The strangulation idea sort of defeats me though."

"Triangulation," says she. "It's quite a skit. Give a first-class journeyman triangulator a young angle to work with and in hardly no time at all he'll figure out for you anything from the number of red-headed zither tuners in Latvia to the name of the blonde you were seen with last night at the Junction."

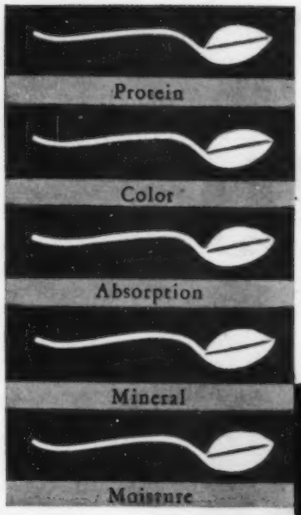
"That wasn't a blonde," I tells her; "it was a male quartet—but now go on with the story. How does this bozo dope out holes in one?"

"He doesn't, exactly," replies Miss Bendix. "The professor merely proves on blue prints that, given certain conditions, the horse is in and blanketed. It's all a trifle vague to me, but as I understand it, the catch is that you have to create the conditions."

"I see," says I. "Such as a sudden whiff of wind out of the northeast, or a topped brassie that'd bounce through a trap, or a ——"

"The main idea," cuts in the major's daughter, "is the foot-pounds you put

(Continued on Page 91)



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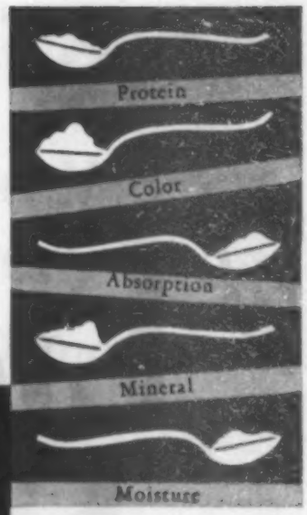

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Every day more women discover that Pillsbury's Best has some quality not found in other flour. They don't know what it is, but they know it's there. Because everything they bake — bread, biscuits or pastry — turns out better. Because everything has a delicate, unmistakably richer flavor.

Pillsbury's Best *is* different. It is scientifically "balanced" for successful baking. "Balanced" according to a wheat combination used only by Pillsbury. There is no other flour just like it. Pillsbury's Best is made from no single variety of wheat — for no single type of wheat contains just the right amount of protein, mineral, etc., to work perfectly for all baking. Pillsbury's Best is made from a special blend of different types of finest wheat. Each of these different wheats has some quality necessary to the perfectly "balanced" flour.

You know your recipes must be properly balanced — that you must use just the right amount of each ingredient. It's just as important to use a perfectly "balanced" flour. Try Pillsbury's Best. You'll discover how *good* baking can become really *perfect* baking. If you bake bread, you'll get better bread. When you bake biscuits or pastry, you'll find a striking improvement in appearance and flavor. There's a real difference—ask for the "balanced" flour—Pillsbury's Best. Your grocer has it.

Pillsbury's "balanced" for Best Flour perfect baking

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY • • General Offices: Minneapolis, Minnesota

Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Graham and Durum Flours

TRAVELS TO THE PROVING GROUNDS OF CUTLER-HAMMER EXPERIENCE

200 Tons of LIQUID STEEL

Just a good handful for Modern Industry

IN INDUSTRY today, modern electric cranes swiftly and easily move loads human hands could never carry. One man—by the effortless movement of a few control levers—makes electric motors do things a thousand men could never accomplish by the sweat of human toil. Electric motors by thus magnifying the productive ability of individual workmen have become the very backbone of Industry.

For this reason Motor Control has taken a position of extreme importance. Where one man makes electric motors do the labor of hundreds of workmen, the link between that *one* man's mind and his Herculean electric muscles can cause waste in the same measure that it saves.

Thus with the increasing use of electric power the name Cutler-Hammer on Motor Control equipment has been of growing moment. It marks the product of specialists . . . but what is more, the product of pioneers. Cutler-Hammer Motor Control today, whether it is specially engineered for a huge crane, or if it is a simple motor starter that comes to you from a jobber's shelf, has been born of long experience. Cutler-Hammer *Standardized* Motor Control incorporates features of safety and dependability gleaned from many fields . . . features which prevent troubles which any narrower experience could not foresee.

Such features, and the experience fathering them, have prompted leading manufacturers of motor-driven machines to incorporate Cutler-Hammer Motor Control as a guarantee of machine performance . . . farsighted motor builders to recommend Cutler-Hammer for directing and protecting the motors they build . . . and progressive electrical wholesalers to offer Cutler-Hammer Motor Control to their trade.

The Final Result of This Pioneering

Cutler-Hammer standardized Motor Control has features which only pioneer engineering could produce—features which only experience covering all problems of electric motor application could perfect. Thus, Cutler-Hammer "ready-to-use" equipment meets every common requirement with reserve to spare—provides for all usual motor applications the same superior performance, safety and economy for which Cutler-Hammer specially engineered Motor Control has been outstanding throughout three decades of Industry's electrification.

CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc.
Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus
1259 St. Paul Avenue MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

CUTLER HAMMER

The Control Equipment Good Electric Motors Deserve

(A-200)

(Continued from Page 88)

behind the ball. Do foot-pounds mean anything to a pro?"

"Not a great deal to this pro here present," I admits, "but I'd certainly like to hear your version."

"A foot-pound," explains Miss Bendix, "is the amount of energy required to kick a cat weighing a pound a foot, or, in father's case, the amount of stuff involved in getting the ball from here to there."

"What do they do?" I inquires. "Measure it off and shoot it into your right arm?"

"In a way," says she. "Nowadays the Einstein boys can measure anything—even the distance from a planet that doesn't exist to a dog house you haven't got. Father's frolicking with the foot-pounds now."

"How does the frolicking go?" I inquires.

"Well," returns Miss Bendix, "some kind of contraption's been rigged up in the back yard with a meter effect. Every time it's hit, the yardage you'd have made if, is indicated. Father's getting so he clicks off a hundred and thirty regularly. That gives him the ten yards for dribbling in, according to your prescription."

"Apparently," I observes, "the old gentleman's passing up the other short holes to specialize on the sixth."

"So it would seem," says she. "Of course, you understand with this scheme of his you've got to make allowances for gravity and ——"

"You must be having a tough time keeping yours," I remarks. "Can't the major get a ground rule through the greens committee abolishing it?"

"Please be serious when you play with father," begs Miss Bendix. "He rather likes you, but thinks you're too flippant. I expect he'll be around this afternoon for a joust with Dan Semple."

"Semple!" I exclaims.

"Yep," says she. "Father's the sort who writes fan letters to clover leafs who make holes in one, regardless of the how, when or where. Semple's the only member of this club who's ever performed the trick, so you can imagine how he stands."

"With you?" I blurts out.

"With me," returns Miss Bendix, apparently not offended, "he could do the course in three under ones and still be what he is. But getting back to father, I wish you wouldn't make light of his hopes. They're pretty vital to him. Encourage him ——"

"I'll do it," says I. "I'll make inspirational talks, hold rallies in the caddie house and sing Hail, Hiawatha, on the tee. Listen; when am I going to teach you to sink forty-eight-foot putts?"

"After you've taught father to sink a-hundred-and-forty-yard drives," she laughs. "You know, you're quite nice for a professional."

"I'm not a regular professional," I tells her. "I'm really the eldest son of the Earl of Nichtness, who was banished from his Scotch estates and a couple of shooting boxes in Clamorganshire for losing a ball at St. Andrews."

"How foul!" sympathizes Miss Bendix.

"Well, you see," I goes on, just to keep her in the shop, "the ball'd been in the family for generations. Can you picture the pater's rage when he learned of the loss? It meant the end of golf, a game he was daft about."

"Send him another ball," suggests the major's daughter, "and he might forgive you and kill the fatted haggis."

"That wouldn't help any," says I, mournful. "He'd cut me off for extravagance. It's a terrible situation."

"What is?" booms a voice, and Dan Semple's among us. "No situation can be terrible with Miss Bendix about."

"What do you want?" I asks, surly. "Balls, tees ——"

"Not this Christmas tree," he comes back breezily. "I'm still collecting on the hole in one—balls by the dozen, shirts without end, and enough shoes to take care of a centipede. If I shoot some more aces this summer, will you take the stuff off my hands?"

"Yeh," I grunts, "and when I do I'll give you my left ear and right arm for a receipt."

"Don't be so reckless," advises Semple. "I expect to sink a lot of solitaires before the season's over. Well, I got to be hustling along. Got a match with your father," he adds to Miss Bendix. "The old gent wants to get a line on my techinc. Bye-bye, sweetness."

"I wish," she snaps, when the epidemic evaporates, "that somebody'd sink him."

"You just have," says I, with a bow.

IV

MISS BENDIX goes in for putting lessons in a big way during the next couple of weeks, but I don't see a great deal of the major. I learns from his daughter, however, that he's been working out with the professor at home in the mornings and on the course in the afternoons.

"How's he shooting?" I asks her.

"Way below his form," says she. "He does well to get on nowadays. Probably gone stale."

"That's it," I tells her. "He isn't playing the game, he's fighting it for a purpose, and this is no pastime for a purpose. Relaxation's the winning recipe. The old gent'll worry himself sick and get nowhere. In a month he'll have a tough time breaking a hundred."

"I know," sighs Miss Bendix, "but he won't listen to me. If only the big accident'd happen!"

"I wish I could help it along," says I, "but I'm in the same position as the Eskimo merchant out in Kansas who wouldn't buy cyclone insurance, because he didn't know how to start a cyclone. I've tried to think up some shenanigan such as getting him out when it was growing dark or ——"

"It's nice of you to bother," she interrupts, "but you'll never put over anything on the ancestor. He's too cute."

"Probably," I admits, "but I'd sure like to slip him an ace from the bottom of the deck, for your sake."

"That," says she, with the kind of smile you can slice and sell for sweets, "is even nicer of you."

Two or three days later I happens to meet up with the major on his favorite tee. He's hitting out fungoes from notes. The old gent looks a little washed out, but under the bushy brows is the same determined glitter.

"How are they running?" I inquires.

"Quite well," comes back Bendix, a bit gruff. "I've decided to give up ——"

"What!" I gasps.

"—— that hand grip of yours," he finishes coldly.

"Oh, yeh," says I, coming up from under the ice. "What's the matter with it?"

"The results I'd hoped for," returns the major, "have not been forthcoming."

"They forthcame in my case," I points out.

"Perhaps," he shrugs, "but things that pay Peter do not necessarily pay Paul."

"Very true," says I. "You're quite wise returning to your natural way of shooting. Golf is a game of relaxation, not an intensive study or ——"

"I disagree with you, sir," cuts in Bendix, bristly. "Golf should be taken seriously and scientifically. It is governed by the laws of physics, and unless those laws are understood and applied ——"

"Scientific, eh?" I remarks, forgetting my new foreign policy. "I suppose that's why caddies who can't even read or write turn out to be sharks. I'll bet 95 per cent of the Class A players in this country don't even know anybody who can spell physics."

"I believe," says the major, "I have already spoken to you of the lecture hall at the club."

He turns away from me, digs his nose into the notes he's toting and drives a few from the tee. The shots are not so hot, with the exception of a couple that skirt the pin.

"Great stuff!" I exclaims to square my conscience. "What are those notes about?"

"Mathematics," replies Bendix, "the only exact science, and the sign by which I shall conquer."

(Continued on Page 93)

TODAY

The Work and Worry of Lugging Every Drop of Water

-Tomorrow Running Water Always on Tap-

WHAT a change — what a difference! Instead of working for every drop of water, to make water work for you. Instead of adding burdens to the labor of the day, to have it lighten countless tasks, bring countless comforts.

MYERS Water Systems have brought *modern convenience* and *modern living conditions* to thousands of suburban and country homes. They have brought added profits to thousands of farms. They have facilitated thousands of commercial enterprises where *a reliable system of running water* was an absolute necessity. They are built in styles and sizes to meet all conditions. Capacities from 150 to 10,000 gallons per hour. *For deep or shallow wells;* for operation by hand, windmill, pump jack, engine or motor.

MYERS engineers are at your service. Write for booklet.

The F. E. Myers & Bro. Co.
45 Orange Street, Ashland, Ohio

Name of nearest dealer on request.

Pumps, Water Systems, Hay Tools, Door Hangers

MYERS
Water Systems

"Pump Builders Since 1870"

Take Off Your Hat to The MYERS

PUMPS FOR EVERY PURPOSE

The F. E. Myers & Bro. Co.
45 Orange Street
Ashland, Ohio

Kindly furnish information in regard to items for the purposes noted.

Pumps for _____ Water Systems for _____

Name _____

Address _____

KNAPP-FELT HATS

The Preference of Well Dressed Men

SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

For three generations designers of smart hats for Young Americans

An interesting booklet "FROM HARE TO HAIR," *sent upon request*

(Continued from Page 91)

"You may at that," says I, almost reverently. "Some of those drives were accurate enough to be uncanny. When are you and I going to play around again? I should love to be in at the death."

"I shall be pleased," comes back the major graciously, "to have you join us this afternoon. My daughter and Mr. Semple'll make up the foursome. Are you free?"

"Quite," I assures him, and hurries back to the club to break three appointments I'd made for the P.M. Baldy Bruce shakes his shiny pate in disapproval as I'm phoning.

"It's your horse and your neck, feller," says he, "and if you want to take the jumps, that's your business, but you're riding for a fall."

"Behave!" I growls. "Miss Bendix's a good sport and a good golfer. Is there any reason why I can't be with her professionally?"

"None, professionally," returns Baldy, "but when you start standing up other members to trail her around, you're setting yourself for a stymie. Remember, you're only a hired hand ——"

"So's President Hoover," I snaps. "Even a cat may look at a king."

"Yeh," says the old club maker, "but when it does, it usually gets its tail stepped on."

At two bells I joins the boys and girl on the tee.

Semple, as usual, reminds me of somebody who's just breezed out of an empty taxicab. He's got more conversation than most farmers have hay, and less to say than a deaf mute Digger Indian standing on his constitutional rights. But Miss Bendix!

"I'm so glad you were able to be with us," says she.

"I'll call that 'glad,'" I grins, "and raise it a stack of 'happys.'"

"I'll see the raise," declares the major's daughter.

Bendix plays the first two holes as if he didn't care whether the schoolhouse burned down or not, taking a five and a six on a couple of four-pars. He seems weary and sort of drags himself along. Clara's right up with her father, while Semple checks in with a pair of buzzards. What I writes down on the card for myself's of no importance.

The third's a short baby—a tough two hundred and ten yards, all carry, and here the major shows signs of life, laying one on the edge of the green. Miss Bendix runs into tough luck. The wind catches her sailer and carries it into a tangle of brush at the right of the narrow fair. Semple bangs into the trees on the other side and, leaving him to do his own pioneering, I goes to help Clara find her ball.

"Guess I'd better throw one out," she remarks, after a bit. "When they're lost here, they usually stay lost." As a matter of record, we've done mighty little looking for it.

"There's no hurry," says I. "The hole in back of us is clear. We've got to find the ball. Remember what happened to me at St. Andrews. You don't want me to be banished again, do you?"

"No," she comes back, "I don't think I do."

"What are you two doing in there?" barks the major, after the passage of some time. "Building a bird nest?"

"Hunting the ball," says I brilliantly.

"There it is," chimes in the caddie.

"Where?" I asks.

"Under your foot," replies the cursed kid.

The major plays the fourth and fifth dully, but on the short sixth he perks up and again takes on an appearance of importance. It's my honor. A stiff wind's blowing in my teeth and, underestimating its strength, I drops one into the pit. Clara does the same, and I turns my attention to Bendix.

The old gent's fussing around with the anemometer. That gazipe taken care of, he pulls notes from his pocket, squats on his haunches for a sight down the alley and then, with his mashie niblick, walks up to shoot.

"I beg your pardon," says I, "but I wouldn't use that club."

"Why not?" demands the major.

"Wind's too strong," I tells him. "You'll never reach the green with it. If I were you I'd take a No. 3 iron."

"Ridiculous!" snorts Bendix. "I've been playing ——"

"He's right, dad," interjects his daughter. "You can't make it."

"Well, perhaps not," he surrenders as a sudden gust almost bowls him over. "Caddie!"

"Never mind bringing him back," says I. "Use my club. It's the one I made two aces with."

Without a word, the major takes my iron, swings a few for practice and shoots. There's too much body to the wallop. The ball hooks to the right and bangs into a tree to the rear of the green. Bendix turns on me with a look of disgust.

"Bah!" he grunts.

"Bah, your aunt!" shouts Semple excitedly. "Give it a look!"

The ball's bounded off the tree onto the green and is slowly rolling down the slope toward the pin. All four caddies make a rush for the flag. It's yanked just in time. The ball hesitates for the fraction of a second at the lip of the cup and then disappears!

I expects next to hear the dull thud of the major's fainting body, but nothing like that happens. On the contrary, he stands before us quiet and cool and apparently unaffected.

"Gentlemen," says he, "you are witnesses to the fact that I've made a hole in one?"

"We are," return Semple and I.

"There's no question about it?" goes on Bendix.

"None," I assures him.

"Very well," says the major, and motions his caddie to approach. Taking the bag from the boy, he tilts it against the bench, deliberately draws out each of the clubs and breaks it in two over the top. The bag he kicks off the tee, and silently strides away toward the clubhouse. After thirty years the old gent'd got from golf its supreme gift.

"Isn't it wonderful?" exclaims Clara, gripping me tight. "And you did it for him."

"Sure," I grins. "I wonder if he'll give me half his property and his ——"

"Do you want his property?" she cuts in.

"No," says I, "not his property."

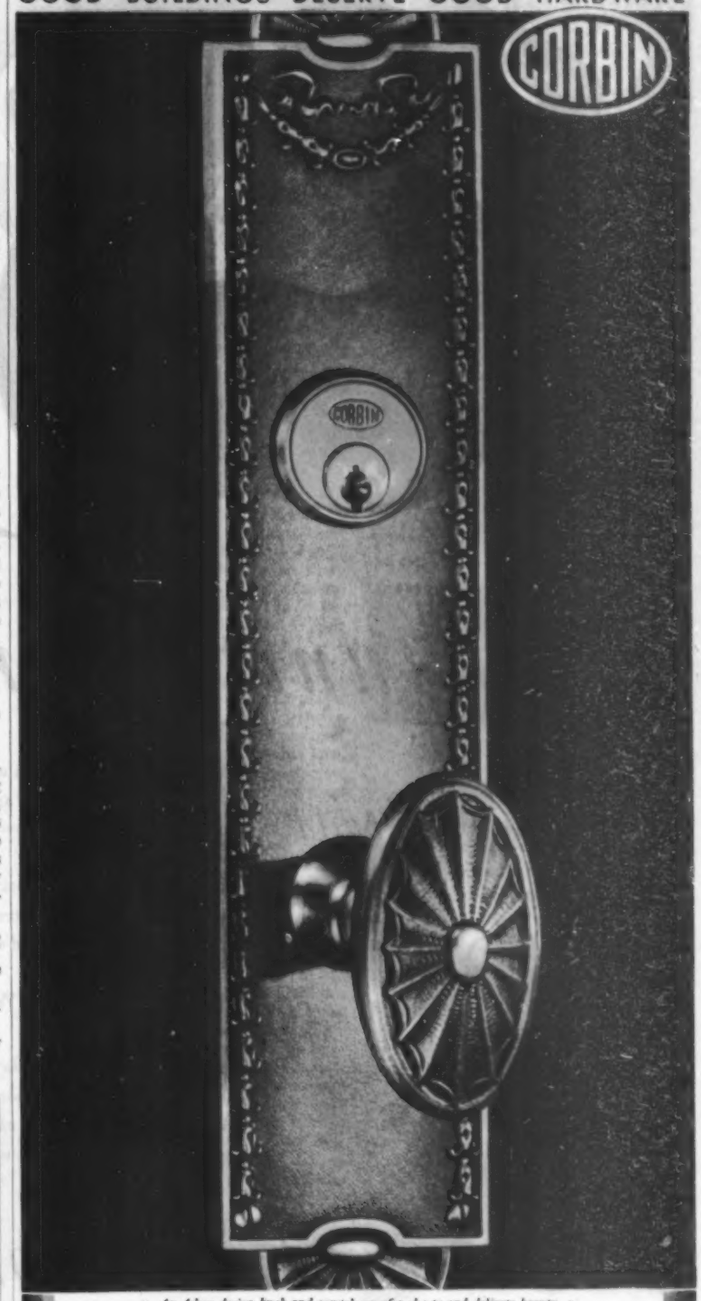
"Come on," growls Semple. "Let's play golf."

PHOTO. COPYRIGHT BY GEO. F. BLAKE

Sugar Hill Birches, in the White Mountains

Beauty without Security has little Virtue

GOOD BUILDINGS DESERVE GOOD HARDWARE



• *An Adam design knob and escutcheon of a chaste and delicate beauty* •

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN, CONN., U. S. A.

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

Makers of the world's most complete line of builders' hardware

BUY—BUILD—WHEN VALUES ARE GREATEST

Again

Opportunity Comes...Disguised

Why those who build

During Depressions

Profit Most.....

A great banker said, "You want to know my secret of making money? It's simple. I bought when everyone wanted to sell—I sold when everyone wanted to buy."

This was the acting principle of those who founded some of the greatest fortunes in America. They bought during "hard times"—they sold during "good times."

History repeats itself. What happened before will happen again.

Profit from a Buyer's Market

The man who has the money or credit to buy or build during a depression can get values he cannot get when business is back to normal. He can save money on real estate, let more favorable contracts, and profit when the pendulum inevitably swings back to a seller's market.

If you are contemplating building a home or a business block within the next few years, contract during the low ebb of building activity when the purchasing power of a dollar is at its peak.

Many people today regret having passed up the opportunity presented by business depressions of the past.

Buy—build—in a buyer's market and be ready to profit through the increased dividends of a returning prosperity.

See your Architect and Building Contractor.

The Herman Nelson Corporation* Moline Illinois

BELFAST, ME. BOSTON SPRINGFIELD, MASS. PROVIDENCE, R. I. NEW YORK CITY SYRACUSE ALBANY BUFFALO
PHILADELPHIA SCRANTON HARRISBURG PITTSBURGH JOHNSTOWN, PA. WASHINGTON, D. C. CHARLOTTE, N. C. GRAND RAPIDS
SAGINAW, MICH. FLINT, MICH. DETROIT CLEVELAND CINCINNATI TOLEDO LOUISVILLE INDIANAPOLIS
CHICAGO PEORIA, ILL. DES MOINES MILWAUKEE GREEN BAY MINNEAPOLIS DULUTH ST. LOUIS
BIRMINGHAM ATLANTA NEW ORLEANS MEMPHIS DALLAS OMAHA EMPORIA, KAN. KANSAS CITY
TULSA, OKLA. DENVER SALT LAKE CITY BUTTE, MONT. SPOKANE PORTLAND, ORE. SEATTLE SAN FRANCISCO
VANCOUVER TORONTO WINNIPEG, MAN. CALGARY LONDON OSLO MELBOURNE TOKIO, OSAKA

*Makers of the *Univent*, for the ventilation of schools, offices, churches and all buildings having an acute ventilating problem—the *Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator*, for residences, apartments, hotels, offices and monumental structures—the *Herman Nelson kiJet Heater*, for economical distribution of heat in factories, mills, garages, warehouses and smaller buildings.

THE BLOT ON BENNERSVILLE

(Continued from Page 13)

factory, stock in a blanket-manufacturing plant; he owned half the main business block of the town and held no one knew how many mortgages. He had dealings with stockbrokers in cities.

"I—ah ——" The great Ira Haller was redder than when he had entered. He was more moist. He took a clean white handkerchief out and mopped his face and neck. "I—ah ——" he repeated. "It has truth still," he affirmed. "Everything they have said—er—has truth to it. That there—ah—Cedar Gardens is such a blot on the fair name of—of Bennersville. We—we got to ——" He stopped, wiped his brow again. He seemed to be desperately uncomfortable here in the office of the young man at whose hands he had suffered his first political defeat. His eyes sought about for a way of escape.

Dan puffed his cigarette. "Just what," he inquired politely, "do you want that I should do?"

"You are to fight in the columns of the Clarion against this here menace," Earnest Puntzmaier pointed out.

"You are to write off such editorials denouncing it even," William Longenecker said with heavy authority.

"We aim to run it out of the township," Hartzel said firmly, "and you are to help even."

"That's so—that's so." Ira Haller mopped his face again. He went to the rear of the office, threw up a window and stood there, cooling himself.

"I've got no interest in the matter either here nor there," Dan said. Here were three who had taken their advertising away from him, he reflected coldly. Here was one who was working against him night and day. "In fact," he proceeded deliberately, "I think it is a good idea that we come up-to-date a little here in Bennersville. In my seven years in Philadelphia I learned already how folks can dance and not be outcasts. Back home here the Dutch comes easy again to my tongue, but not so easy the Dutch ideas into my head." He blew a cloud of smoke and behind it thought rapidly. "It is a paper's place to reflect off the sentiments of the town," he decided finally, waving the smoke away, "provided"—he sat forward and eyed his visitors levelly—"it has got the support of the town."

"What do you mean?" Three of his callers shifted uncomfortably in their chairs. Haller came back from the window.

"Fancy talk makes nothing," Dan said bluntly. "What I mean is that if you give over your advertising to me again, I will put up such a hot campaign against that there Cedar Gardens as you never heard of before." He sat back.

His callers exchanged uneasy glances. "Them two things has got nothing to do, one with the other," Puntzmaier said feebly.

"With the support of the town behind me," Dan reflected, "I could write off such scorching editorials as would shut that dance place up overnight almost."

"Don't pay no attention to him," Haller ordered rudely. "He ain't got no influence. Nobody reads his paper ever. It was a mistake to come, like I told you."

"Influence we have got," Dan said, "not only in Bennersville but in the county over."

The three merchants looked at one another uncertainly. They were afraid of Haller, but ——

"Could you shut that there place up if we give you some advertising back?" Longenecker scratched the back of his neck and looked at Dan anxiously.

"Gentlemen, I would make things so hot under them Cedarers ——"

"A contrack fur half the space I had last year I might sign off in that case," Hartzel said. He avoided the eyes of Ira Haller.

"I, too, even," Puntzmaier conceded reluctantly.

"No, gentlemen," Dan said, "it would have to be the full contract, like last year."

Hartzel made a tortured gesture. "Get it out then," he rasped. "I will sign it off."

"More important than anything it is that our sons and daughters be ——" Puntzmaier's words shriveled at a baleful glance from Haller, but he proceeded to take out an ancient, barrel-like fountain pen. William Longenecker, too, set his labored signature down.

"Gentlemen"—Dan had much ado to keep his voice businesslike—"I will at once get busy on an editorial that will singe the shingles on the roof of that there Cedar Gardens." He held the screen door open with a Chesterfieldian gesture. "Remember that any time you want to come in with ideas for the attack, the door of the Clarion is swinging wide open. Remember that any time you want to write off a letter of protests in person, the columns of the Clarion are wide open too. Good afternoon, gentlemen."

"Give out to parents a warning that they keep their boys and girls out of that jazz-infested place," Puntzmaier said with some pathos from the steps. This Amishman had two daughters who refused to dress plain. He had a son who loved to get his hands on the wheels of neighbors' cars, in direct violation of the rules of the sect.

"I'll make it some hot under them," Dan promised. His callers filed out.

"Wait once!" Dan stopped the fourth and last nervously. "Mr. Haller, I should like to speak some words to you on such a subject ——"

"I don't know of any subject we got to talk about," the older man said heavily.

"I should like"—Dan braced himself—"if we could shake hands together and let bygones be bygones."

Haller's face was apoplectic. "You——" He attempted speech. "That I should——"

"Wait. Wait just a minute," Dan begged. "Listen once, Mr. Haller. Perhaps it is a disappointment to you that you lose your office." He cleared his throat desperately. The face of Alvina, with its pink, its cream, its young blue, was before him. "Och," he struggled, "could we not be friends? Could not Alvina and I ——"

"Alvina!" The other's pent-up rage burst its bounds. "Alvina, yet!" he shouted. "Speak out but the name of my daughter oncet again and I will come with a shotgun after you! You—you upstart! You thief of wotes! You—you——" Speech failed Haller. He turned and charged down the steps.

"Well, Albert"—Dan went to the inner door—"some advertising has come in anyhow."

"Time it was, a'ready," Albert observed.

"Things are in some ways going a little better."

Albert silenced his clanking press and shifted his gum. "It gives nothing fur any good where that Haller is mixed up at," he delivered his opinion.

Dan sat in his office next morning and looked across his desk at Harvey Raffensberger. He tapped a sheaf of papers with a businesslike air and tried to maintain a poker face.

"You have decided, after all, to sign an advertising contract with us, Mr. Raffensberger?" he inquired.

"And with twicet the space," Raffensberger confirmed. "It come word from Harrisburg this morning."

Dan tapped on. Under his pencil were three Manila sheets which held his denunciation of Cedar Gardens as an evil influence on Bennersville. He thought fast.

"We have some such contracts now on the press," he said at length evasively. "I will bring one late this afternoon out for you to sign."

"It don't matter when," Raffensberger said. "Only that the double spread gets in this week is all we care."

"Well, Albert"—Dan had watched his early morning visitor go down the steps and climb into his car—"more advertising even!" He grinned.

"Humph," Albert said doubtfully. "From that there Cedar Gardens?"

"Even." Dan's grin widened.

"Right away I will get to work on it," Albert offered.

"Och, no." Dan rescued it from under his grimy fingers. "Not yet so fast, Albert," he cautioned, with a wink. "First I've got to go out and talk around some to the business men of the town." He put the Cedar Gardens ad carefully away in a drawer; he folded the neat sheets of the new editorial and tucked them into his vest pocket. "Hold onto your horses until I come back, Albert," he advised, with another wink.

In two hours he was back, his collar wilted, his hair on end, but a light of triumph in his eye. "Get out here once!" he shouted exuberantly. "Look at this here! Double the space on the Emporium Dry Goods contract!" He slapped one paper down upon his desk. "Double the space on the Community Coal and Ice, and on the Longenecker Construction Company even!" He slapped two more. "And contracts from six smaller merchants who want also that that Cedar Gardens be shut up on the public."

Albert blinked. "It ain't quite clear in my head," he admitted.

"When politics gets mixed up with morals once in this town"—Dan swung one knee over the other enjoyably—"it wouldn't be clear in anybody's head. It was some educational, though, to see them squirm. Och, Albert, don't be dumb. When I told them how big an ad these Cedar Gardens wanted to run off, they up and doubled their own space. I can't denounce them Cedarers if I take their money, can I?"

"Anyways"—Albert blinked again—"I see we got some copy to work on." He picked up the evidences of Dan's day's work and started toward the composing room. He turned at the door and a grin of reluctant admiration broke over his face. "It wouldn't surprise me none if tomorrow you should walk in with such a full-page ad on first mortgages from that there skinflint, Haller," he said.

"That could happen too," Dan called after him optimistically. He whistled softly and stepped about the office with a light tread. He stopped in front of the mirror, slicked his tan hair back, and rearranged his dotted blue tie. "When luck begins to turn on you, what's to prevent it from turning further even?" He put this reasonable query to the alert tan visage which confronted him in the mirror. "If it turns in business, why wouldn't it turn outside of business too?" he pursued. "Och, you are getting some self-confidence back in you, Dan Frischkorn," he approved. "You come near to forgetting there a whiles back what it said in that there Business Psychology, how self-confidence is half the battle still." He set his hat on at a jaunty angle. "Perhaps even—perhaps even ——"

His thoughts refused to carry him past this "perhaps," but the happiness to which it pointed the way was there in the back of his mind as he drove down heat-hazed Market Street.

"Now I got to tell that Raffensberger what the situation is," he planned. "It ain't likely he'll want still to advertise with us. But first off"—he guided the car to the side of the street in front of the Golden Bowl and stopped—"I will get a cold drink."

(Continued on Page 98)

MAYBE you wouldn't call out the cops to guard the flavor of an ordinary cigar. But every whiff of Rocky Ford's Sumatra wrapper and fragrant domestic long filler is too priceless to lose.

AND since each Rocky Ford leaves the factory fresh as a rose-petal and in prime condition, it should reach you with all its freshness intact.

SEALED in this sparkling case that keeps impurities out and flavor in. Always in the "pink" of condition. Never too dry or too moist.

EVEN a Houdini couldn't produce a Rocky Ford for a nickel. Only Rocky Ford's amazing machines can do that. If you want a greater thrill than even Houdini gave—try this better 5¢ cigar.

Rocky Ford

the 5¢ cigar

WITH THE 10¢ TASTE

If dealer can't supply you, send 25¢ for trial package of 5 cigars to P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40th St., New York.

© P. Lorillard Co.

ADVERTISING

IN THE YEAR 1921 the post-war business depression reached its lowest level. A number of advertisers, realizing the opportunity for larger markets, more good will and greater profits, increased their advertising expenditures. This same thing happened in 1929 and is happening now.

A careful analysis of the profitable results of these companies as compared with the companies who decreased their expenditures discloses the following facts:

There were 184 national advertisers who expended $150,000, or more, in leading magazines during 1920 or 1921. Of these 184 advertisers, 59, or 32.1%, increased their advertising expenditures in 1921 as compared with 1920.

The remaining 125 decreased their advertising expenditures in 1921 as compared with 1920.

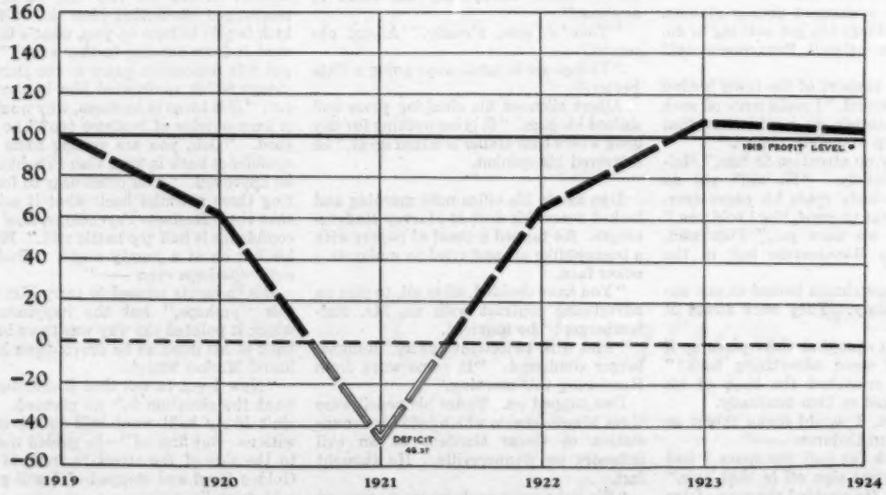
Of the 59 advertisers who increased their advertising expenditures, 30 published profit and loss figures for the years 1919 to 1924 inclusive. Only these 30 advertisers are included in the analysis.

Of the 125 advertisers who decreased their 1921 advertising expenditures, 46 published profit and loss figures from 1919 to 1924 inclusive. Only these 46 are included in the analysis.

The profits for each group, that is, those who decreased their advertising and those who increased their advertising, were averaged for the six years 1919 to 1924 inclusive.

TREND OF NET PROFITS

46 COMPANIES THAT DECREASED THEIR MAGAZINE ADVERTISING IN 1921
INDEX RELATIVE TO 1919



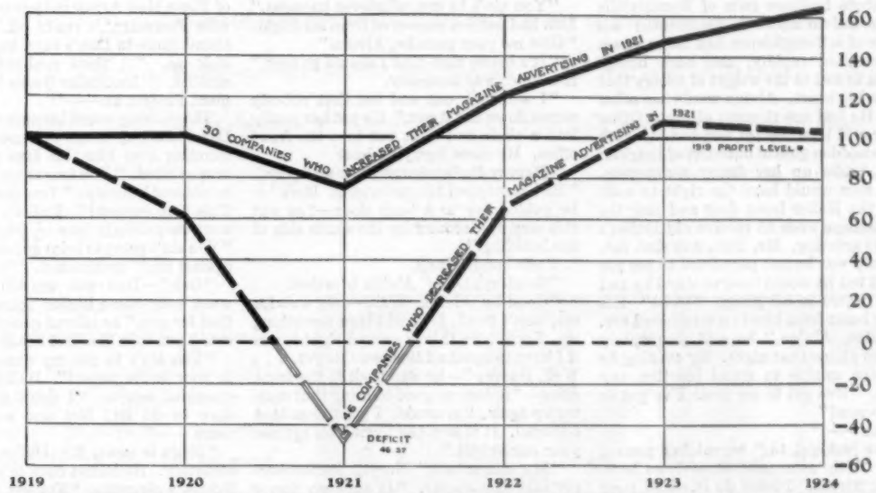
This chart shows the six-year profit performance of the 46 companies who decreased their advertising in the year 1921 as compared with 1920.

* 1919 PROFITS WERE TAKEN AS A STANDARD AND PROFITS FOR OTHER YEARS WERE FIGURED ON THOSE OF 1919 AS A BASE

AND PROFITS

COMPARISON OF TREND OF NET PROFITS

INDEX RELATIVE TO 1919



* 1919 PROFITS WERE TAKEN AS A STANDARD AND PROFITS FOR OTHER YEARS WERE FIGURED ON THOSE OF 1919 AS A BASE

This chart shows the profit performance of the 30 companies who increased their advertising in the year 1921, compared with the profit performance of the 46 companies who decreased their advertising in 1921.

The 30 companies who increased their advertising expenditure in the year 1921 over 1920, and whose profit performances are charted above, represent a large number of diversified industries, including:

Agricultural Implements	Fountain Pens	Lubricants & Fuel Oils	Passenger Cars
Cameras	Furniture	Machinery	Plumbing Fixtures
Electrical	Heating Equipment	Men's Ready-to-Wear	Smoking Materials
Electrical Equipment	House Furnishings & Equipment	Motion Pictures	Soaps & Cleansers
Foods	Jewelry & Silverware	Paints & Varnishes	Toilet Goods

A considerable number of advertisers have increased their advertising in 1930 over 1929. These advertisers have increased their purchases of advertising space in spite of rather poor business conditions.

We believe the net profits of the firms who increase their advertising expenditures will average considerably higher than the profits of those advertisers who fail to take advantage of the opportunities offered in 1930. And when business returns to normal (as it always does in America) they will reap even greater benefits from their farsightedness.

Based upon the study by The Ralph H. Jones Advertising Agency—New York, Cleveland, Cincinnati

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit and Cleveland

The Best Shave in all your life or Your Money Back

To prove that MOLLÉ will give you the quickest, cleanest and smoothest shave in all your life, we make this exceptional offer!

Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube and we will refund your purchase price.

A Shaving Revelation

To get a quick, easy shave that leaves a most delightful after-feel, simply do this:

(1) *Wash your face—leave it wet*

(2) *Apply MOLLÉ with finger-tips like a fragrant cold cream*

(3) *Shave with your favorite razor*

More than a million shavers now use and like MOLLÉ. You, too, will like everything about MOLLÉ—the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and, best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and don't forget—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down."

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 95)

Dan's buoyancy carried him through the door of the Golden Bowl and up to the soda fountain. He raised his glass to his lips, and set it down again, untouched. There were other patrons at the far end of the counter. Harold Kountz, the neat, dark-haired chemistry teacher of the township high school, was sitting beside a girl with trim amber scallops showing on either side of her small blue hat; Harold Kountz was leaning toward this girl with an air of intimacy and understanding. The girl's darkened blue eyes were locked with Dan's in the mirror.

"Alvina," he gulped.

"Och, Dan!" she choked miserably.

Dan got, somehow, out through the screen door again. He drove down Market Street and out into the country at a rate of speed which caused pedestrians to look up in alarm as they scurried for the sidewalks. The sweetness of his triumph over the astute business men of Bennersville had turned to bitter in his mouth; his mantle of self-confidence had fallen away. He breathed rapidly, and each breath seemed to add to the weight of misery that was on his heart. Alvina would see other men. He had not thought of that. Other men would lean toward her, would watch for the sudden gleeful outburst of laughter which broke up her funny seriousness. Other men would have the right to walk up to the Haller front door and ring the bell, perhaps even to receive old Haller's hand in greeting. He, Dan, was shut out. Not only was he not permitted to see her himself but he would have to stand by and watch others in his place. "Och!" His misery burst from him in a smothered cry.

"Listen, Alvina," he said desperately into the phone that night. By evening he had been unable to stand inaction any longer. "I've got to see you. I've got to talk to you!"

"Dan ——"

"I've just got to," he cut her protest short. "Slip away and come down here. Please, Alvina. Please do it. Tell your pop it is to the library you go, to see some of the girls. Tell him anything! Ach, if I could talk to you in the back room of the office for ten minutes only ——"

In the end she came, her eyes wide with apprehension and her breath coming quickly. She ran up the steps and closed the office door behind her. "Och, Dan!" Her hands went fluttering out to him.

He drew her, without speaking, into the cluttered domain of Albert Bittner. He placed her in a chair and walked up and down, his eyes hungrily upon her.

"Dan"—she twisted her hands—"it wasn't my fault that that Harold Kountz picked me up coming out from the school. Always hanging around he is till I can't avoid him even. Och, a hundred times even did I wish it could have been you!"

Dan stopped walking. "We've got to get married, Alvina," he said roughly. "Whether your pop likes it or not! Whether he ——"

"My pop ——" she began despairingly.

"Don't talk. Just listen. Things are picking up a little here. Not that we would be rich, Alvina, but ——"

"Dan—Dan, as if it would matter ever if we should be rich or poor. Not that it is at all, Dan, but ——"

"We'll elope on him." Dan caught her hands. "It's the only way. Say yes, Alvina. Say yes once. Och, I know it isn't anyhow right, but —— Tomorrow we'll go off —— We ——"

"Och, no!" Her head went down. "No is all I could say to that ever. There"—she placed her hand on his—"do you not feel how even now I tremble to be here?"

"No need you would have to be frightened," he urged. "I would be here always. My wife you would be. My wife! Och, Alvina!"

Her bright head went lower. "It would not be right," she said faintly. "Never—never could I do it. Scared I am of my pop, but love I have for him, too, Dan. Hard he is to others maybe, but to me, except in this, he has been soft always. Did he not send me to normal even when he does not believe in education for females? Did he not give me a car so that I would not have to wait for the bus in the cold? Dan—Dan!"

Tears were forming on the tangled lashes. Tears were coursing down the pink-and-cream cheeks.

"Alvina!" Dan cried in a panic. "Alvina! Och, you shouldn't cry! Better anything, anything, than that you should cry! Don't!" he begged. "Please don't! Better that you should marry that Kountz even!" He hovered over her. He wiped her eyes with his handkerchief and brought her water from the faucet in the next room.

"There," she said at length. "All right I am now, I—I think. Nerves I have got in me, maybe. Better it is, you see, Dan, that we—that we don't see one another at all."

"You ain't to cry, whatever happens." Dan had not yet recovered from his fright. "Give me your promise, Alvina."

"It's better then that I should go now." Her voice was unsteady.

"I will look out and see that nobody comes down the street." He put her gently into a chair and went out into the front office. He came hurrying back.

"Harvey Raffensberger," he whispered. "He has stopped his car outside. Here"—he guided her to a back door—"go out this way and around by the south side of the building."

Their hands clung.

"Good-by, Dan," Alvina breathed.

"Good-by, Alvina. Wait—only wait for me, won't you? I—I will turn something up. I will turn things around right for us if I have to upset all Bennersville yet. . . . Well, Harvey"—he was back in the front office—"it does no good to bring that matter up again, I'm afraid. I got to run that editorial. It is how the town feels against your dance hall."

"My dance hall," Harvey Raffensberger said disgustedly. "It ain't my dance hall—not by such a long shot. And listen—listen oncet! I don't even work there no more. There gives a limit to what I will have put onto me by anybody. This here visit"—he sat forward in his chair—"has to do with such a news item for the Clarion."

"Och, yes, Harvey." Dan picked up a pencil wearily. "On what subject?"

"On a subject," Harvey said vengefully, "that will maybe have interest fur the public of Bennersville! On the ownership of that there Cedar Gardens!"

Dan's face changed. "Wait!" he shouted. He leaped from his chair. "Wait once! Don't say it! I will say it! Och, dumb—dumb I was." He paced up and down, pounding his left palm with his right fist. "How queer he acted when he come in with the committee!" he remembered. "How quick come the order for more space!" Dan checked each enlightenment with a gleeful snap of his finger. "The ownership of Cedar Gardens"—he turned to Raffensberger jubilantly—"is in the name of ——" He mentioned a name not obscure in the annals of Bennersville's civic history.

"Och, well," Raffensberger said disgustedly, "if you are so smart I can't tell you nothing ——"

The sun shone through the windows of the Clarion office. The chirping of birds on the branches of maples outside was a pleasant sound. The scent of cigarette smoke lingered on the air as young Dan Frischkorn, editor and publisher of the Bennersville Clarion and county commissioner of Hirts County, flipped one blank sheet after another on his desk with an air that might best have been described as nonchalant.

"Young man," Ira Haller said wrathfully, "whatever the purpose of that there fool message was you sent me, it is best to come to the point of it at oncet. I ain't one to be led on a wild-geese chase."

"Och, Mr. Haller"—Dan raised his hand in a placating gesture—"we got lots of time. I wanted only to discuss over with you such a news item we got for our next issue."

"I ain't interested," the older man snapped. He got heavily to his feet.

"Wait. Wait a minute once. You will maybe be interested when you hear the subject of it. It's one right up prominent before the public eye in Bennersville just now. Sit down, Mr. Haller."

"I can stand." The ex-commissioner stared at the commissioner balefully. "Speak out what it is," he ordered, "and quick."

"Better it is that I should read it to you," Dan said blandly. He raised one of the blank sheets before his face and cleared his throat judiciously. "'Cedar Gardens Local Enterprise,'" he read clearly. "That there's the headline, Mr. Haller. We got a subhead too: 'Jazz Palace on Outskirts of Town New Arrow in Quiver of Bennersville Financier,' it reads off." A choking sound came to Dan's ears, but he did not look up. "A third subhead even!" he exulted. "'Ira Haller Backs New Amusement Project at ——'"

The choking sound became a cry of rage. Dan looked up to see the ex-commissioner standing over him, his face mottled, his arm uplifted. "You tear them papers up!" he ordered hoarsely. "Tear them up oncet! This here instant!" Haller's clumsy feet went surprisingly into an intricate dance. "You ain't going to print anything like that against me!" he shouted. "You ——"

"Och"—Dan was unruffled—"if you want your name higher up, we could do that for you," he offered generously. "We could put it in the first headline even."

"You ain't to put my name anywheres in your entire paper!" Haller freed half-strangled words. "I don't give you the dare to do it! Not one word of that there ——"

"News is news, Mr. Haller," Dan said smoothly. He leaned back in his chair and lighted a cigarette. "You got no reason to object," he pointed out. "It's all praises for you! Listen here, how I call you 'Bennersville's foremost citizen.' Down here a ways I have it written how you are at the 'front in the van of civic improvement always!'"

"Nothing you are to write off about me!" Haller shouted. He waved his arms impotently. "Nothing!"

"Och!" Dan's one eyebrow was high on his forehead. "It surprises me that you don't want free publicity," he said. "Wait! You ain't heard the best of all. How I call you 'a bulwark of morals and an example to the young' yet! Your church work I here touch onto ——"

Dan's caller backed away from him with something between a cry of rage and a groan of anguish. He took a white square from his pocket and wiped his face. He went to the door of the inner room as though to assure himself that the worn old press was not already grinding out the story of his hypocrisy, to the street door as though fearful that newsboys might even now be shouting it in the street. He closed both doors and came back.

"Mr. Frischkorn," he pleaded, "as one business man to another, what do you want?"

Dan folded his blank papers and his right eyebrow came down from its perch. "I have already several days back told you what I want, Mr. Haller," he said. "Only that you would take my hand as a friend and say that bygones should be bygones between us ——"

Haller made a convulsive movement.

"Wait once!" Dan fended him off. "—— and that I should come into your house as a favored suitor for the hand of your daughter," he finished.

His hand was clutched. "You will tear them up?" Ira Haller looked fearfully at the papers.

"Absolutely." Dan crumpled the imaginary news story.

(Continued on Page 101)

CASTLES IN SPAIN

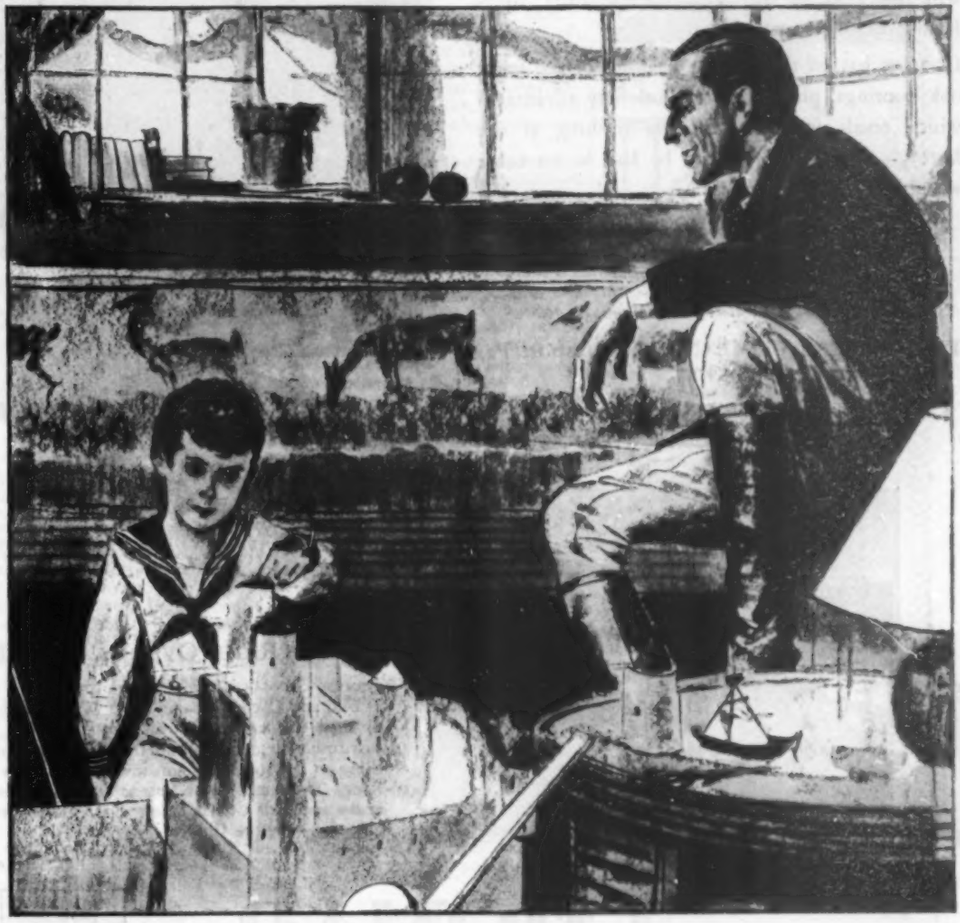
Towers and turrets—a drawbridge—a moat. And high in her bower the Princess waves to the gallant Knight who rides to her rescue. . . . Only a step to the schoolroom—even now you can see his curly head buried in his books—serious, lovable, mischievous as ever. On into college with honors—tall, erect, the halfback type perhaps. Then business or a profession, fully equipped with rugged health, finest training, and sufficient backing to meet any challenge that the world may make. . . . Will your *dream castles crash? If you are not here—will his training stop at grammar school? Will opportunity elude him? Will lack of a foundation chain him to relentless drudgery?*

THE LEADERS of the future are now building and dreaming in the nurseries of the nation. Youth to be called upon to withstand the most highly competitive weeding-out process the world has ever known. Youth to be selected largely on the basis of the completeness of their preparation. Youth in need of the finest heritage.

Each one of these future leaders deserves his full share of the life value of his predecessors. And it is largely the institution of insurance that is conserving for him the life and property values of the nation.

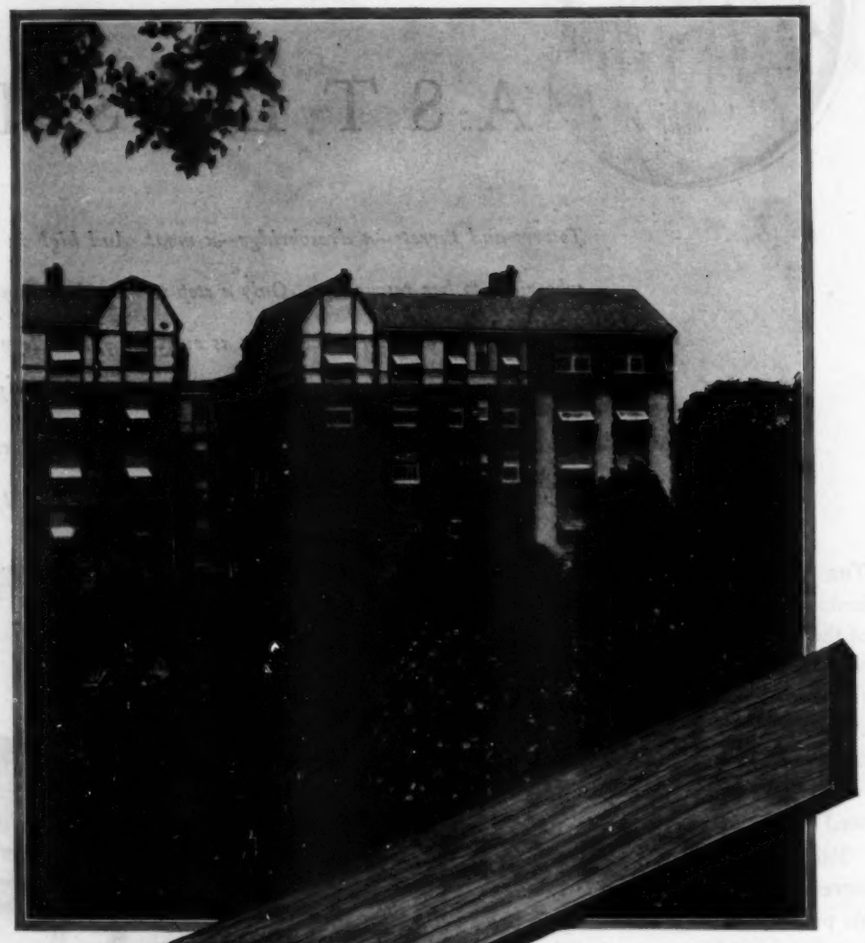
The conservation of values—this is a primary purpose of all insurance. Only through this medium are existing values indemnified against loss. For large, crushing, uncertain losses, insurance substitutes small, easily borne, certain payments in the form of premiums. Thus are the costs of risk-bearing, that are prohibitive to the individual, distributed among many equitably and harmlessly.

Through Ætna, you may secure protection against virtually every hazard that may threaten. Through Ætna you may purchase an estate . . . protect your property . . . provide for your old age and assure the higher education of your children. Through Ætna you can build your castles in Spain.



ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY COMPANY, AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE COMPANY, STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

For the thousand-room apartment house or the most modest home . . CROMAR Oak Flooring is Revolutionary



When, ten years ago, the CROMAR Company announced oak flooring finished completely at the factory, like furniture, it started something which is revolutionizing the business of floor-laying.

The builder of today receives his CROMAR Flooring ready to lay and use the same day. CROMAR is milled, filled, varnished and even treated to resist moisture—at the CROMAR plant, by machines. There is nothing left to do but nail it down!

And yet, CROMAR Floors cost the owner no more than ordinary oak floors, and cost him much less to maintain.

He can see exactly what the floors will look like before he buys, and two rooms or two thousand will have exactly the same fine, uniform, long-lasting finish.

CROMAR has *all* the familiar qualities of the finest oak floorings, plus those revolutionary advantages which result from the machine-finishing at the factory—advantages that can be had in no other wood flooring in the world.

Write for free sample and booklets which explain these advantages in full detail. CROMAR is sold by lumber dealers, but carpenters and contractors install it. Consult any of these for further information. If you have the slightest trouble in getting satisfaction, write us and we shall give your inquiry immediate personal attention.

THE CROMAR COMPANY, Williamsport, Pa.

Pacific Greater West Distributors:
HILLS and HAMILTON COMPANY
Offices and Warehouses
200 Davis Street, San Francisco, California

When Kew Hall, exclusive Long Island Apartment Residence, was erected at Kew Gardens, CROMAR Floors were installed throughout. The Builders of Kew Hall, Kew Hall Co., Inc., say: "We selected CROMAR Oak Floors for various reasons. In the first place, CROMAR allowed us to get our building ready for occupancy just about three weeks sooner, and that was an important financial consideration. But aside from that, we chose CROMAR for the superior beauty of the finish and because we expected the CROMAR machine-finish to result in a long-lasting surface. Our clientele demands the best and yet we must give due regard to costs—and the amazingly low cost of upkeep of CROMAR Floors over a period of six years has proved the correctness of our judgment."

Interior of an old home, where the CROMAR Floor was nailed right over the worn floor—in One day.

CROMAR RIGHT OVER YOUR OLD FLOORS

Because CROMAR is completely finished at the factory, it is Laid and Used the Same Day! When the beautifully finished CROMAR strips reach you, *crated* in compact, easy-to-handle, damage-proof bundles, there is not another thing to do but nail them down—right over your old floors. The complete job (just nailing, remember) is done at the speed of a room a day. Started after breakfast—completed before dinner!

CROMAR is a *tongue-and-groove* flooring—which means that the nails are driven *not* through the finished surface but through the tongue, and are thus concealed by the groove of the adjoining strip.

After Breakfast—the room cleared and the carpenter ready to nail down the finished CROMAR Flooring

In the Evening of the same day—the last nail driven and the new CROMAR Floor in use

CROMAR
FACTORY FINISHED
Oak FLOORING

(Continued from Page 98)

"Och." Ira mopped his face again and his shoulders straightened a little. "Come up and eat along tonight, why don't you?" he invited weakly.

"That I would be glad to do," Dan returned. A light came into his eyes and his lips turned up at the corners. His eyes strayed to the telephone.

Mr. Haller had edged toward the door. "I got to take steps to sell off my interests in that there dance hall," he said. "Like a bumblebee's nest it has been on my hands till a month back a'ready. And yet"—a shadow of regret passed over his face—"two hunert dollars it brought in on Saturday night."

"Too advanced your ideas are for this community, maybe," Dan said diplomatically. His eye strayed again to the phone.

"Smart enough you are to be son-in-law to anybody even." Haller delivered one grudging tribute before he left.

No sooner had his broad shoulders disappeared than Dan was out of the office like a shot.

By traveling sixty he could reach the township school while the noon recess was still going on.

"Ach, no," Alvina protested, frightened. "I can't ride with you, Dan."

Several astonished third-grade pupils looked up from a game of drop-the-handkerchief to see their serious, small teacher picked up bodily and bundled into a car.

"I have come out to tell you how you are engaged once!" Dan cried gleefully. He shifted to second. "How your fiancé or whatever comes out to supper tonight!"

"Och, Dan." Her face was pale. "Are you crazy or something?"

"On your pop's invitation he comes!" Dan shifted triumphantly into high.

They were a mile down the road when she finally comprehended.

"Wonderful!" Her hand crept up his arm. "Wonderful you are, Dan."

Dan did not shake off this clinging hand. He did not turn his head from the sweet perfume of her praise.

"A little business talk we had together only." He shrugged. "How it is better we keep the county commissionership in the family we agreed."

"Wonderful!" she breathed again. "I knew it always."

Dan looked down at her. Her nose wrinkled, her lips parted and a gale of merriment burst from her. In one moment the miraculous change from seriousness to gayety had been effected.

"This time I got to do it," Dan said. He stopped his car. He kissed her swiftly, purposefully.

"Och!" When Alvina recovered she was serious again. "This gives no place for such demonstrations of affection, Dan," she said severely.

THEY TOLD BARRON

(Continued from Page 21)

NEW YORK, December 20, 1918.

President Wilson told John McCormack that Lloyd George cannot survive. No leader can unless he has a great political party behind him. Without a party, he is on quicksands. Wilson also said: "I must have Irish blood in my veins, for there are moments when I have a delightful sense of irresponsibility."

LONDON, March 16, 1919.

At lunch with Lord and Lady Swaythling at 28 Kensington Court. She is thirty-nine; looks nineteen—just a girl of about one hundred pounds in weight, with bright eyes and sweet face, but one of the hardest-working women in England and the head of the entertainment committees to look after the American naval and army men. She has one girl and three sons, fourteen, eighteen and twenty. She dances, runs a mile in seven minutes and says she keeps herself well by singing, eating very little, especially of meat, and never touches coffee, tea or wine.

Lord Swaythling's mother died last night, and Lady Swaythling canceled both of the invitations to luncheon with me. Lord Swaythling says England will pull through economically and commercially all right, but labor and the coal miners should have more.

LONDON, February 27, 1919.

Lord Shaughnessy says that Canada must not be a signatory to a League of Nations. "We want to preserve our independence and we do not want to be involved in a squabble in Southeastern Europe."

LONDON, February 26, 1919.

J. B. Body said: "The international committee just formed by Mexico was at the request of the State Department, which started negotiations six months ago and invited France and England to coöperate, but the United States wanted half the commission. The others objected, claiming their interests were jointly three times the United States'.

"The reply came back that the interests of the United States were paramount geographically, and now the committee has been made up, the other nations assenting to the United States having one-half on the committee."

RITZ HOTEL, LONDON, March 16, 1919.

P. A. O'Farrell says: "The Diesel engine will rule the world in ten years. England will have her oil stations around the world and desires the Mexican oil supply.

"Why should the United States build ships for the future and have no oil supply for them?

"The United States should build Diesel engines and hold oil supplies and be supreme in the commerce of the world.

"Doheny has got the oil supplies the United States needs, and it will be a crime if he is forced to part with them by Carranza or the British interests. Germany was after the Mexican oil before the war, and it now looks as if England might get it."

NEW YORK, September 3, 1919.

E. L. Doheny said: "I do not know who is putting Pan-American up to 120. I certainly am not doing it. I have just made some figures that would indicate that next year both companies may make $28,000,000. Of this, Pan-American may be entitled to $18,000,000, as it owns the control of Mexican Petroleum. I have sold more than 40,000,000 barrels of oil for delivery next year and I have ordered the pipe today for another pipe line.

"Of course we will have to consider financing, but I don't know what form it will take."

NEW YORK, May 12, 1920.

H. F. Sinclair said: "There is no truth in the rumor that we have lost $22,000,000 in the Duke-Knowles pool. We never lost any such money in all our history. We never invested any substantial amount of money in that pool, but we have a pipe line in there and buy the oil. We do not put millions into the oil lands in Texas, as a rule. Texas drilling is done upon leases.

"I have no patience with these bears. They are destroyers of value, crucifiers of credit. They never build anything and they make no money except out of other people's losses. Men may work all their lives to build up; the bears watch to see how they can destroy and carry off a small fraction of what they destroy.

"The bears are putting Sinclair down—today 34⅞. If it were not sustained, they would drive it on down, and the lower a thing goes, the more they will sell. If I did not have responsibilities because my friends have invested heavily in the stock, I could step aside and let the bears drive the price down to ten dollars, buy it all myself and own it all.

"Why, bless you, we can sell our properties outside the United States for $100,000,000. We have recently contracted with the Standard Oil Company for 60,000 more barrels of oil a day in Mexico. They put the money up and built the pipe line to our wells.

"Our great money is coming from Costa Rica and Panama, if we are successful there. It is right at the seaboard and the canal is available without great expense, whereas our 3,000,000 acres in the United States of Colombia can only be developed at great expense. That is a matter of the far-away future. We lost our two wells in the Costa Rica-Panama district through bad piping in the drill and have had to start over again. One was down 900 feet and the other 1600 feet. Both went through gas and oil areas.

"You could not hire me to take Teagle's job. He has these vast stomachs of refineries to keep going. We are selling them thousands of barrels a day. I thought I would test them out the other day when they came to us for oil. I named a good price and specified $2,500,000 cash in advance, and they sent in the contract and the check immediately. They wanted delivery that day, and we delivered. The time has gone by when the Standard Oil can dictate either the transportation of oil, the price of oil, the merchandising of oil, the refining of oil or the price for oil or oil products."

NEW YORK, May 27, 1920.

Prentiss T. Moore, the writer on oil, said: "The big producer in Texas is the Gulf Company, with 55,000 barrels daily. The Mellons own 85 per cent. Seven hundred thousand barrels a day, or 60 per cent of the American oil production, comes from the Mid-Continental field.

"I estimate that Sinclair has 18,000 barrels output a day, including 4000 barrels of flush production." Sinclair told me by telephone the next day that Sinclair production in the United States was 20,000 barrels a day net.

"Gilliland has been a winner in the Homer field. He got there early, hiring carpenters and others at big wages to work in the field, and produced oil quickly. Gilliland told me, when he was paying these big wages: 'I am buying time. That is valuable in this field.'

"Sinclair is getting 3000 or 4000 a day out of deep sands in North Texas. He is leasing from the Texas Pacific and drilling on halves. The strong point about Sinclair is that he has settled production and not flush production. The bears all over this Street are down on Sinclair, but Sinclair will come out on top, in my judgment, because he has settled production. He is rounding out a big proposition. I have not been altogether in favor of Sinclair, but the bears who go short of Sinclair around this price of 31 will go broke."

CLEVELAND, OHIO, January 26, 1921.

An art collector and big real-estate operator tells me Rockefeller was the man of vision in Standard Oil.

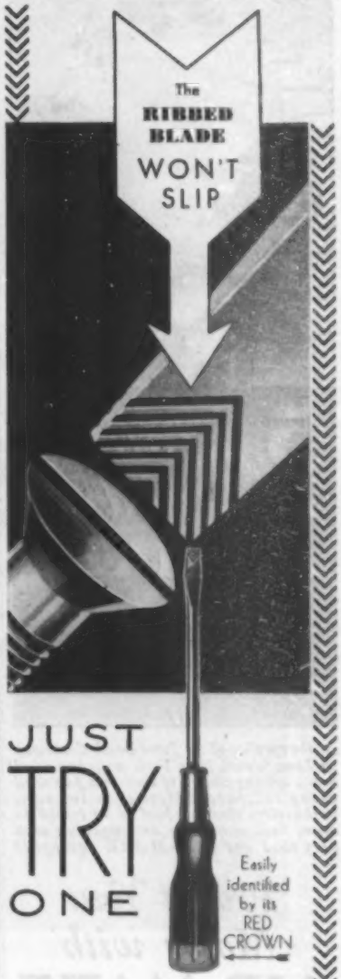
"There could never have been the development in oil from the oil barrel that there was by reason of the tank car and the pipe line, and transportation in tank car and by pipe lines was the conception of John D. Rockefeller. His associates did not believe in it. On this issue I sold out the larger part of my stock at a very low price to Rockefeller.

"Teagle is a very big man in oil and may yet make Standard Oil of New Jersey as big as was the old Standard Oil before dissolution."

LONDON, April 29, 1921.

Lord Cowdray said: "Just before the war I ordered twenty tankers of 12,000 tons each, increasing the British tanker tonnage 20 per cent.

NON-SKID
Screw Drivers



JUST TRY ONE

Easily identified by its RED CROWN

YOU'VE tried *skidding* screw drivers all your life—now try a *Non-Skid!* Just place the *ribbed* point in a screw slot—and *turn!* It *grips* the screw like a gear in mesh—prevents the screw driver from slipping! Makes every screw *easier* to drive and draw!

Ask your dealer to show you the new Bridgeport Red Crown *Non-Skid* Screw Driver. It is easily identified by the bright *red crown* atop the handle. At the same time, see the Bridgeport *Spiral-Ratchet* Screw Driver with *Non-Skid* bits—it, too, is known by its bright *red crown.*

Mechanics, carpenters and electricians everywhere are replacing their old smooth-blade screw drivers with the *Non-Skid,* because it turns screws *easier, quicker, safer.* Everyone who uses tools—as well as every plant manager—should know how the *Non-Skid* speeds up work. Send for interesting literature—free upon request. Just mail the coupon.

Bridgeport
THE CHOICE *of* MEN WHO KNOW TOOLS

The Bridgeport Hdwe. Mfg. Corp., Bridgeport, Conn. Please send me literature on the rigid and spiral-ratchet Bridgeport Red Crown *Non-Skid* Screw Drivers.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

At the opening of the Jones Beach Causeway on Long Island, New York, a strong wind arose, driving clouds of dust and fine sand along the roads. More than 100 cars, carburetors clogged, had to be towed to town. Such occurrences are impossible with cars that are AIR-MAZE equipped!

Protect Your Motor with
AIR-MAZE

It takes only five minutes to install AIR-MAZE, the *open mesh* air filter for automobiles, trucks, airplanes, tractors, boats, and stationary engines. AIR-MAZE not only prevents hard silicon carbon formation, it gives your motor the same sort of protection that Nature gives your lungs—keeps out the dust, dirt, and grime that wear down pistons and bearings, that cause loss of power and inefficiency. And Underwriters Laboratories endorse AIR-MAZE as positive protection against dangerous flame from back fire. AIR-MAZE is standard equipment on Rolls-Royce, Studebaker and 39 other leading makes of engines. Write for full information. Address: AIR-MAZE Corp. 335 Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

"The Mexican Eagle concession was given to me personally, and when it came to organizing a company, the Diaz people said it was only right it should be a Mexican company. I agreed. At one time, of course, we owned all the shares—my firm and my family. Of course, I had always to hold the absolute control.

"I sold this control to the Royal Dutch and Shell companies, but I do not think they hold the full control now. I still have considerable interest in the company. But I retired from the management and do not go to the office of the Royal Dutch-Shell companies or see Deterding more than once a year. Deterding is a wonderful man. He does not need to think. He knows it all by instinct. He has force, foresight and judgment, and knows exactly what to do. His one fault is that he is not a good organizer. He can do it all so well himself.

"Now he leaves the office to go out of town, and the result is organization behind him, because when he is away there has to be organization. He thinks it better that there should be organization. A great many of our people served us in Mexico as a personal matter. Body is standing by as manager until he can turn over the lines to somebody else.

"When Sir Eric Geddes was thirty-eight, he was considered too young to be manager of the London & North Eastern Railroad, so there was a nominal manager, but he did the work. He is an able, practical man. I hear his brother is not getting on so well in Washington." I told him I heard he was a theorist like Wilson, but he impressed me as a sound man.

S. S. Olympic, May 7, 1921.

Ryan says: "The Cowdray firm was S. Pearson & Son, Ltd. Their great works were Birkenhead tunnel, Vera Cruz harbor improvements, Mexico City drainage, Dover Harbor, Malta, works in China, and at São Paulo, Brazil. A large sum was spent at Tehuantepec in partnership with the Mexican Government.

"Cowdray, at eighteen, came to America and hired out with a shovel on the railways to get an understanding of labor. Lady Cowdray was the daughter of Sir John Cass. She calls her husband, Dick, for his name is Weetman Dickinson Pearson. He is interested in the jute mill at Orizaba and the lighting companies at Pueblo and Vera Cruz. He put $2,000,000 into Mexican oil exploration and development before he took out a penny."

September 23, 1921.

E. L. Doheny said: "There is no change in the Mexican situation except that the collection of taxes has been deferred, and probably the understanding is that they will not insist upon the carrying out of the last decree in respect to the amount of taxes. The settlement will be in December.

"The Mexican Government has been hard put to it to get money, especially after we shut down on the taxes. The proposed taxes would have meant for the two taxes thirty-three to thirty-seven cents a barrel. Under the agreement, we hope for the two taxes to be about nineteen cents a barrel. Altogether there are six taxes, but four of them are minor.

"The United States stands just where it did in Hughes' note of June second. Capital is still not safe in that country."

New York, September 28, 1921.

Met for the first time the new president of Sinclair at the Sinclair office. I asked him when he came East. He said he could best answer that by his friend, who then spoke up: "Harry went West and found his brother out of health as president of the biggest bank in Tulsa, with $20,000,000 in deposits and $1,500,000 in capital and $1,000,000 surplus, and he thought he ought to come East. So he induced him to come here as president of the Sinclair Company."

I remarked jokingly: "Then for a sick company they got a sick man for president."

Sinclair said: "Not exactly. I have recovered my health, but for many years I passed on oil credits; probably six times as many oil credits as anybody else ever passed on.

"We had a strange situation out West when the Federal Reserve Bank in Kansas City declined to rediscount the paper of oil drillers, claiming that the drilling of a well was capital investment.

"There are just two periods in the oil business. One is when accumulating. The other is when you are distributing oil. We have been accumulating oil at the rate of 1,000,000 barrels a month in our Sinclair Purchase Corporation."

New York, September 28, 1921.

Called on Teagle, of the Standard Oil of New Jersey, at 4:45 P.M. He was very busy, as he was preparing to go West tomorrow morning. But I asked him about his impressions of Mexico. He said: "What does Doheny say?"

I said Doheny could see no change.

Teagle said: "Perhaps some more decisions in the Supreme Court with retroactive clauses may draw the teeth of that instrument. I was very much taken with the apparent honesty and ambitions of De la Huerta and Obregon. They seemed to me to be honest and straightforward and able. I had never been in Mexico before, while this was Doheny's seventy-fifth trip, but I found things better than I had expected.

"Doheny is in error when he says there is only one-tenth the gasoline now consumed as compared with the peak. Of course, there is a different class of riding. Men no longer start from San Francisco to smash across the continent in a motor car. Those fools are dead, but I don't believe that the motor consumption of gasoline is 25 per cent off."

New York, September 28, 1921.

Mr. Thomas W. Lamont said: "I have an open mind concerning Mexico. I have been invited by Obregon to go down there and discuss payment of interest on the foreign debt. Of course, I shall ask for his budget and how he expects to pay. He claims now that they can begin to pay from the proposed taxes on oil. I must accept the invitation and look into the situation.

"For seven years foreign debt holders have had no interest, and they will soon be on my neck as chairman of the international committee.

"Teagle went down the other day to Washington, not to talk recognition but to give his report to Washington on the oil agreement they made in Mexico.

"I am to go to luncheon now with Judge Gary, who has just returned from Mexico. I did not know that he was going down. There is no understanding and nothing else doing by us with Mexico other than what I tell you.

"The people do not yet appreciate the bad situation that may arise with this falling mark. It may be very disturbing."

Chicago, December 10, 1921.

Luncheon in Ernest R. Graham's office, with R. W. Stewart, president of Standard Oil of Indiana, John J. Mitchell, George M. Reynolds, president of the Continental Bank, James Simpson, of Marshall Field & Co., and President Markham, of the Illinois Central.

I had to do most of the talking in answer to questions about money. President Stewart said that he saw no evidence of any trouble in Mexico. He first met Calles in Paris between the date of his election and his inauguration, and he had recently met him in Mexico City.

Stewart said: "Calles was advised to withhold payments returning $7,000,000 due Doheny and the Mexican Petroleum Company, but he said no, everything was being paid.

"First thing Calles did—and it was a brave thing to do—was to discharge twenty-seven generals in the City of Mexico who had no real occupation.

"One day an official brought him a check for 25,000 pesos. He inquired what it was. The official said: 'It is your salary as president of the Mexican railways.' Calles said: 'How many people are being similarly paid?' The list was produced. He demanded that they all be taken off the pay roll and that his 25,000 pesos be returned to the treasury."

Paris, March 1, 1919.

Wickham Steed says I have come to Paris at the right time, as finance negotiations must begin. He seemed a bit captivated by A. E. Stilwell's plan to issue paper for all the war debts, to be guaranteed jointly by the United States and all other powers. He said he had submitted a synopsis of Stilwell's plan to the directors of the London County and Westminster Bank and they could find no flaw in the argument or details, if once you granted the premise.

Stilwell maintains that you must stop this taxation of capital by issuing non-interest-bearing paper and let the world go to work.

I told Steed that the United States would never guarantee the European war debt or join in any such guaranty. We had better build a navy or a Chinese wall around us and exist independently. A nation with 10 per cent of indebtedness would not join in partnership and make joint debts with nations indebted 60 per cent.

Steed said the United States could not exist independently. I said it could be sufficient unto itself and exist independently; that it needed to buy nothing of Europe except art and pleasure; our people would not join in guaranteeing European indebtedness.

Chicago, Illinois,
December 10, 1921.

Called upon John J. Mitchell, head of the Illinois Trust & Savings, which is to be consolidated. The construction of the new building has begun, to take the place of the beautiful palace-interior building now occupied, and covers a whole block. Mitchell says that Texas Oil has a sulphur deposit that was valued by its rivals two years ago as worth more than the entire capital of Texas Oil—then $62,000,000.

Mitchell says they are considering plans to give this sulphur deposit to the stockholders as a dividend, after they have put about $5,000,000 into it for its development, which will probably be done next year. Texas Oil has oil lands for which the Standard Oil would like to give them $25,000,000 for a piece, but they think it better to develop them for the stockholders.

January 5, 1922.

Spent the night with George J. Whelan at his Long Island home and retired at three A.M.

He believes that maintenance of dividends assists in the maintenance of earnings. If a dividend is reduced or passed, the net earnings are let down. There is no incentive to earn money.

American Tobacco will show for the past year seventeen dollars; for 1920, thirteen dollars. He maintains that the United Cigar Stores can open agencies by the thousand, and he proposes an advertising campaign to assist.

New York, June 8, 1922.

Met W. B. Thompson here, and he invited me to spend the night with him at Yonkers.

Driving from the Ritz Carlton with me, he said he believed Lamont intended to retire from Morgans' when he bought the Post, but Davison will probably never come back and Lamont was unable to carry out his plan.

Thompson said: "I no longer give orders on both sides of the market, but give one broker orders to do the business. I do not care to have even the appearance on my books of a wash sale.

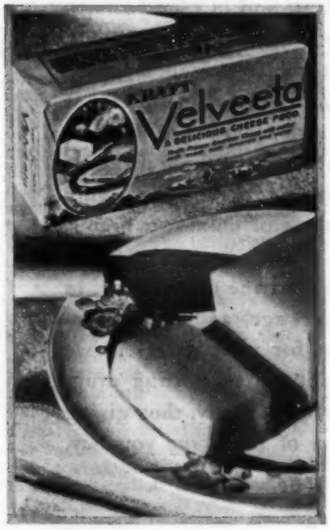
"From 35 down, the people interested in Sinclair put $10,000,000 in the purchase of stock. But they could not take everything. I think some of this stock may have been sold. Sinclair is a good fellow, but you never know what he is planning. He is now out West, and I think something will be doing when he comes back.

(Continued on Page 105)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "PHILADELPHIA" BRAND CREAM CHEESE

For the light, cool meals of sultry days

THIS RARE CHEESE GOODNESS



IT has a way with appetites. Healthy young athletic appetites . . . finicky, childish appetites . . . heat-worn appetites of grown-ups. *All* respond to the delicate cheese flavor, the cool, creamy quality of Velveeta.

The pleasant part is that Velveeta is so good *for* you. When you eat it freely, it's as wise as going back to the generous milk drinking of your childhood. For in Velveeta are the healthful qualities of the rich, whole milk from which it's made.

*

Digestible as milk itself!

Restored to a base of Cheddar cheese are the valuable milk minerals, lost in the usual cheese making. Calcium and phosphorus, milk-sugar, vitamin A, are in Velveeta. And it is as digestible as milk itself!

Enjoy this new cheese food in countless different ways. It spreads like butter, or slices when chilled. For toasted cheese, with an aroma that's a magnet, just slide your sandwiches into a hot oven.

Cook with it too—all manner of frothy, bubbly hot weather dishes belonging to the soufflé family. Velveeta melts quickly, blends smoothly. And its flavor adds the very touch that many a dish is colorless without.

Your grocer has Velveeta in the half pound packages. Order it today.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, General Offices, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company, Ltd., Montreal.

FREE—a recipe book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It." Full of suggestions for varying the old favorites. Many recipes for novel new dishes. There's new pleasure in cooking with Kraft Cheese. Send for your copy. Home Economics Department, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, 400-F Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

Name.....

Address.....

The new cheese food **KRAFT VELVEETA*** send for a recipe booklet

SUPPOSE YOUR WEEKLY WAGES WERE CUT 20%

WHAT A DISASTER! And the fact that you're sure you're worth the full wage and *more* would not make you any happier, would it?

Yet in many cases YOUR druggist is forced to accept prices that mean the very same thing as a wage cut to him.

YOUR druggist is entitled to a fair profit. He is entitled to buy at a standardized wholesale price, to add to this a proportionate share of his selling cost, then add a fair profit...the result is a fair retail price...When he is forced to sell some merchandise at cut prices he is either forced out of business or is forced to sell you other items—non-essentials, considerably over-priced, which is unfair. In the long run YOU pay.

Lehn & Fink, Inc., for many years has manufactured PEBECO TOOTH PASTE, HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM, and "LYSOL" DISINFECTANT. We take pride in these products—the quality of the ingredients used—the care with which they are made. At established prices they represent *fair value.* Sometimes they are used by druggists as lures to invite patronage. This reflects the great usefulness and popularity of these products but is destructive to your interests. We regret their having to "carry the load" for merchandise of unknown brands or uncertain value.

If you believe in the American doctrine of fair play, in the humane principle of a living wage, and in the economic soundness of giving value for value received, we believe you will see the desirability of supporting druggists who price ALL merchandise fairly, thus giving you confidence in the value of *everything* you buy.

LEHN & FINK, INC.
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Reprints of this advertisement sent on request.

CONTRIBUTED IN THE INTERESTS OF FAIR VALUE TO THE CONSUMER, FAIR PROFIT TO THE RETAILER, FAIR PROFIT TO THE MANUFACTURER

(Continued from Page 102)

"It is only a question of time when the big production from Mexico will be ended, and then oil will be higher in this country. Sinclair had the biggest support any stock ever had when the insiders put $10,000,000 into the stock from 35 down, but we could not take it all. Between 20 and 19 there was a good demand for the stock and the number of stockholders seems to increase below 20.

"I suspect that Harvey's Weekly was supported by J. P. Morgan, and then by James B. Duke and Thomas F. Ryan. I think it cost them $100,000 a year. It was cheaper to send Harvey to Europe as ambassador.

"Brisbane is a very rich man and one of the biggest real-estate operators in New York. He buys real estate between the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, right in the heart of the city, where it is steadily improving, and the rate of interest he pays on conservative mortgages eats up his rents and a little more."

NEW YORK, September 7, 1922.

James B. Duke said: "The trouble with Muscle Shoals is that it is in no situation to reach or establish industries to absorb its power and pay interest on the investment for many years.

"Properly developed, with reserve dams built above, Muscle Shoals could produce 2,000,000 horse power. But I would not take it as a gift today. Completed by the Government, I would take it on Ford's basis, where the Government gives him $50,000,000 and he only pays 5 per cent on $28,000,000, or $1,400,000 a year.

"My Southern Power Company is now turning 5,000,000 spindles. We cover a territory 400 miles one way by 200 miles another, and our 400,000 horse power is all sold. Seventy-five per cent of all the mills built in Carolina are on our lines, which cover nineteen out of 100 counties.

"Thirty to 40 per cent of all the spindles built in the South in the last five years are on our lines.

"Construction costs are too high now; they are double the cost per spindle that they were. Our water power is now taken up and the labor has been pretty well taken up, but they are raising babies down there to beat the band.

"Our reserve reservoir on the Catawba River covers 6500 acres and is 135 feet deep in the center. We have eight water-power plants, as well as steam plants. The red lines on the map show 100,000 horse-power transmission and the yellow lines 44,000 horse power or less. Eventually we shall have a red line northeast and southwest across our territory and various plants will feed into these as a trunk line.

"Yes, I bought the Leeds house at Newport. I have now four houses—my main place at Somerville, New Jersey; my home in the South, one at Newport and one on Fifth Avenue; and I am going to play golf the year round from these four places, and only work two months in the winter. If the United States should get a sensible system of taxation and put the taxes where they ought to be—on consumption—and let capital increase in this country, developing industries and employing labor, this country would dominate and make prices for the whole world.

"Why, today we can make cigarettes in the United States at half the cost they could be made for in England and Europe, and pay higher wages. Somehow, we know how to work, and they don't over there.

"There is only one thing I am crazy about—it is the dominant position of the United States today. I thought, when the war was over, impoverished Europe would get to work, send its goods over here, take our money and reduce our prices, but it hasn't begun to do it yet.

"There is something about failure in a nation, as in business, that is demoralizing and destroying to efficiency.

"Henry Ford is on the right tack with his money. He wants to put it into enterprise. This is what makes the country prosperous. You don't get rich by loaning out money; a country gets rich by paying wages to labor, maintaining large outputs, large consumption and large markets. Henry Ford had the right idea when he swept out the desks and told the men to get up to the factory and work with their hands. They wanted to save the desks. He said: 'No, sell the desks; if you keep them, you will hire men to sit at them.'"

COHASSET, MASSACHUSETTS, September 22, 1923.

George J. Whelan said: "I began work at three dollars a week in a Syracuse dry-goods store. My brother got me the news-stand privilege at the hotel, and although I made $10,000 a year on cigars at this news stand, I could never get a lease. The proprietor told me afterwards that I was an asset to the hotel and he wanted to keep me there, but if I had a lease I might put somebody else in to run it."

NEW YORK, November 9, 1922.

Had one-and-a-half-hour interview with H. F. Sinclair at his office on the twenty-ninth floor of the Sinclair Building, 55 Liberty Street, to tell him why I couldn't quote Mammoth Oil until I knew about it.

He said his business was to build up the Sinclair Company. People believe that he was foolish when, in the 1907 depression, he bought the Sinclair Oil Building. He had looked upon it from his offices in the Equitable Building; just put on his hat and went out after it.

He paid $2,000,000. It is now exactly what they wanted. It could not be replaced for $5,000,000; today it would cost $4,000,000 for the building alone. The Federal Reserve Bank Building is now building on the other corner.

NEW YORK, December 16, 1922.

Spent the afternoon from four to six with E. L. Doheny, at the Plaza Hotel. I asked him his opinion of Teagle, with whom he went to Mexico City; also, if the record of losses in Mexico by American oil companies was spread on the record.

He said he thought it was available on the record. Teagle was a man very well informed on the details of his business.

Doheny said: "I called Teagle's attention to the fact, which he may later put into his Washington testimony, that the cheapest oil is always produced when prices are high, because it goes directly from the wells to the consumer. When oil is low and has to be stored, there is the loss by evaporation, the cost of storage, the interest, so that, altogether, the country loses by storing oil instead of consuming it."

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 18, 1923.

H. F. Sinclair spent Thursday night with me at the Shoreham until one A.M. Friday. He doesn't look for any immediate increase in Sinclair dividend.

"Nothing great has yet been developed in Africa, although the prospects are tremendous and the drilling is within twelve miles of the seacoast. Costa Rica was drilled to a considerable depth, but only a little oil was found, and they will drill another well.

"The price of oil is going up, because the price has been too low. The stock of oil above ground is the largest ever—about a five months' supply instead of, as formerly, a sixty to ninety day supply—but the oil will all be needed. California oil is on an independent basis. There are not tankers enough in the world to bring any amount of oil from California to the Atlantic Seacoast."

LONDON, April 4, 1923.

At the office of Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of the Exchequer. His secretary said he understood the improvement in the steel business had stopped. He will send me figures on drink statistics, perhaps covering three years. The tax on spirits has had the effect of diminishing the consumption of hard liquors and the revenue next year from spirits will be still smaller. The tax on beer has restricted its consumption. More than half the cost of beer is represented by taxes.

ON TRAIN FROM CHICAGO TO CLEVELAND, October 20, 1923.

E. L. Doheny said: "In the Mexican revolution under Carranza the slogan was: 'Death to the capitalists.' It was open season for shooting the capitalists or the people of property who were not supporting the revolution. Capitalists fled the country, and many of them are now in and around New York.

"Harding, wishing to please everybody, yielded to the illusion that recognition was just a friendly act, and he insisted upon it. Washington has carried out the Harding program and now begins to see its mistake.

"Hughes always said that recognition should never be had without guaranties while he was in office."

NEW YORK, June 5, 1924.

Dined at 15 East 84th Street with Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Doheny, Mr. and Mrs. Wylie, and Lord and Lady Inverforth. Inverforth said: "The Labor Government is doing things and fulfilled the pledges of previous administrations when it took the duty off motors.

"Lord Pirrie, who sails with me a week from Saturday, is probably the richest man in England, and he has no heir or kin to whom to leave his wealth. He told Lloyd George, in my presence, that if he had not accepted Chequers as a residence for the Prime Minister, he would have donated his own estate for that purpose. It is one of the most beautiful estates in England. He was contemplating doing it when Lloyd George accepted Chequers.

"Lord Cowdray is amusing himself by building a new shipping port and industrial center on the Thames about twenty miles below London. He is very democratic and, though his wife has a motor in London, Cowdray rides in the public bus. I recently overhauled him with a new car and invited him to ride along with me. Later I complained to my chauffeur that the car was a bit dirty, as Cowdray had been smoking. My chauffeur responded, 'What can you expect from people who ride in busses?'"

Doheny said: "The big mistake Coolidge made was in not standing by Denby. Denby should have been upheld, for everything he did was right. As he said to the people of Michigan recently, if a pistol was at his head and he was told that the result of a repetition of his action as Secretary of the Navy would be the forfeiture of his life, he would do it all over again, and in exactly the same way, in defense of the nation's oil reserves."

BOSTON, August 10, 1925.

Lunched with George Whelan and his friend, Harder, at the Touraine at one o'clock today.

Whelan said: "Durant, in my judgment, will lose his money just where he has made it—in the stock market. He is too spread out. When I work in a stock I work only in that stock. The only way to success is concentration. I deal in only one stock at a time. I keep in touch with Durant, but the stock market game does not make for personal friendship. Every man has to be independent.

"I understand the Foundation or Standard Oil people are mad at Stewart for going into Mexico, but Stewart does not ask anybody what he shall do. He is the big fellow of Standard Oil and does as he pleases. He is a great, big, strapping fellow. I think the Standard Oil does not want to get mixed up in Mexican politics, but they cannot control Stewart.

"I think La Follette's slate is completely smashed."

COHASSET, MASSACHUSETTS, August 25, 1925.

By appointment, called upon President Coolidge at White Court, Swampscott, and first listened to his interview with a dozen newspaper correspondents, in which he seemed to have little to say, but of which

FORD OWNERS

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Why endanger health driving a cold car during chilly, damp Fall days and evenings when an Otwell Health Heater will keep it warm? The Otwell can be turned on or off easily. Heat (to the desired degree) can be directed where wanted. Delivers fresh, outside air—provides maximum heat—greater radiation—better circulation and ventilation. Safe—no fumes or gases.

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the newspapers made much. Afterward we talked for more than half an hour privately and frankly. The President said he had meant to come down and see me this summer, but Tarbell had taken nearly four weeks of his time to paint his picture for the state of Massachusetts. He gave him sittings for about four weeks, devoting an entire forenoon to him. The state of Massachusetts had made an appropriation for a portrait of himself, and Tarbell had declared that every hair line must be exactly right.

The President further said: "My plan is to go on the Mayflower to Plymouth and then motor to Cohasset. I should certainly like to see your cows. I don't know whether we can lunch with you or not, but how much notice would you require if I found the time to come to Plymouth?"

I responded that we could be ready for him on the shortest notice.

The President seemed much impressed by the crime wave, but I declared this was a local problem. Chicago certainly had wealth enough and force enough to curb her criminal classes.

When I left White Court, the newspapermen assailed me at the gate and wanted to know what I discussed with the President. I said we were old personal friends, and his friend, H. B. Endicott, and I were grandfathers to the same grandchildren and our families knew each other very well."

NEW CASTLE, NEW HAMPSHIRE,
August 9, 1927.

G. P. Whaley, president of the Vacuum Oil Company, said: "Boris Said brought this Russian oil business to us; although he cannot go into Russia, they like him and the Soviet representative over here in New York likes him, and we trust him.

"I recently spent a day with that Soviet representative in New York. Told him how I began in a grocery store at three dollars a week and served for five years, getting an increase of about one dollar each year. In that town there was a man who had a typewriter which I could have the use of for one hour a day, and I studied a book on shorthand written by a court stenographer, I think, in Baltimore. I mastered the keyboard and was a bum stenographer, but I wrote a thousand letters applying for a position, and finally got a reply from the manager of the Standard Oil in Pittsburgh. I went down to see him and he hired me for forty dollars a month. Later I went with the Standard Oil at 26 Broadway and was promoted to be over this agent at Pittsburgh. I asked him once if I was not a pretty bum stenographer and typist, and why he had not discharged me. He said he knew I was pretty poor, but admired my persistence and believed I would win out.

"Later Boris Said told me that this Soviet representative wrote out the whole business and sent it back to Russia, and it was published there, and the Vacuum Oil Company was declared to be a good company, promoting the interests of the worker."

NEW YORK, April 12, 1928.

Spent an hour and a half with August Heckscher at 50 East Forty-second Street. He said he has just sold that building at a large profit. Another high building is to be built all around it. He said: "McKinley had to borrow the money for his inauguration clothes and to go to Washington. Coolidge was worth only $10,000 when he found himself President. Mellon proposed a fund of $2,000,000, the income of which should go to Presidents when they were out of office. Coolidge replied: 'Do anything you please after me, but nothing for me.'

"I am eighty years old and hope to go abroad again soon to look after my charities there. The hospital which I back in Munich is now self-sustaining, and I propose to back a man in Germany who believes that criminals can be helped by slight surgical operations upon their brains."

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of reminiscences by Mr. Barron, as edited by Mr. Pound and Mr. Moore.

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Mail the Coupon Today!

POST SCRIPTS

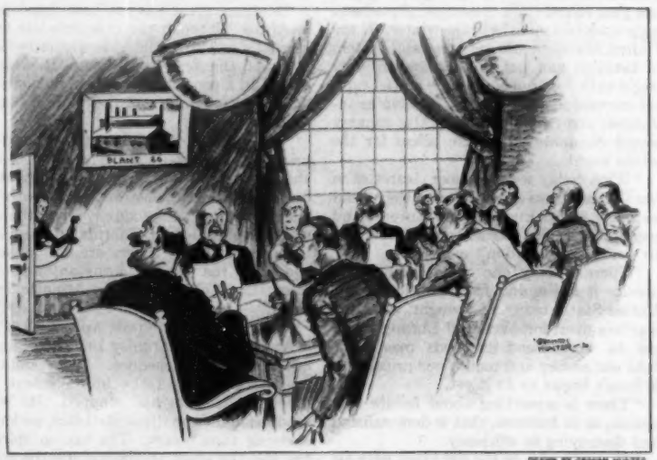
(Continued from Page 22)

classes—all much better. The self-consciousness. The resort to the most efficient manner of eliminating it. The loss of self-consciousness. The class-day exercises.

The entrance of the cap-and-gowned seniors. The speech by the senior president. The realization that you, too, once had ideals. The further reflection that tut, tut, maybe you still have some. The sudden thundershower. The confetti battle in the rain. The clearing. The first club dance, with vanilla ice cream with crushed strawberries for refreshment. The second club dance, with vanilla ice cream and crushed strawberries. The three following ones.

The ball game next day against the traditional rival. The 8 to 5 defeat. The disgust. The recollection that ten years ago your own team lost 18 to 2. The even more galling recollection that in the intervening years the team captured almost all the games you didn't see. The farewells. The protestations of a swell time and the promise to look up So-and-So and So-and-So and So-and-So. The trip home. The pile of mail on the office desk. The bill for $24.50 from the reunion committee to cover breakage at the Passout Inn, ruined costumes and extra charges for tea-dance tickets.

—PARKE CUMMINGS.



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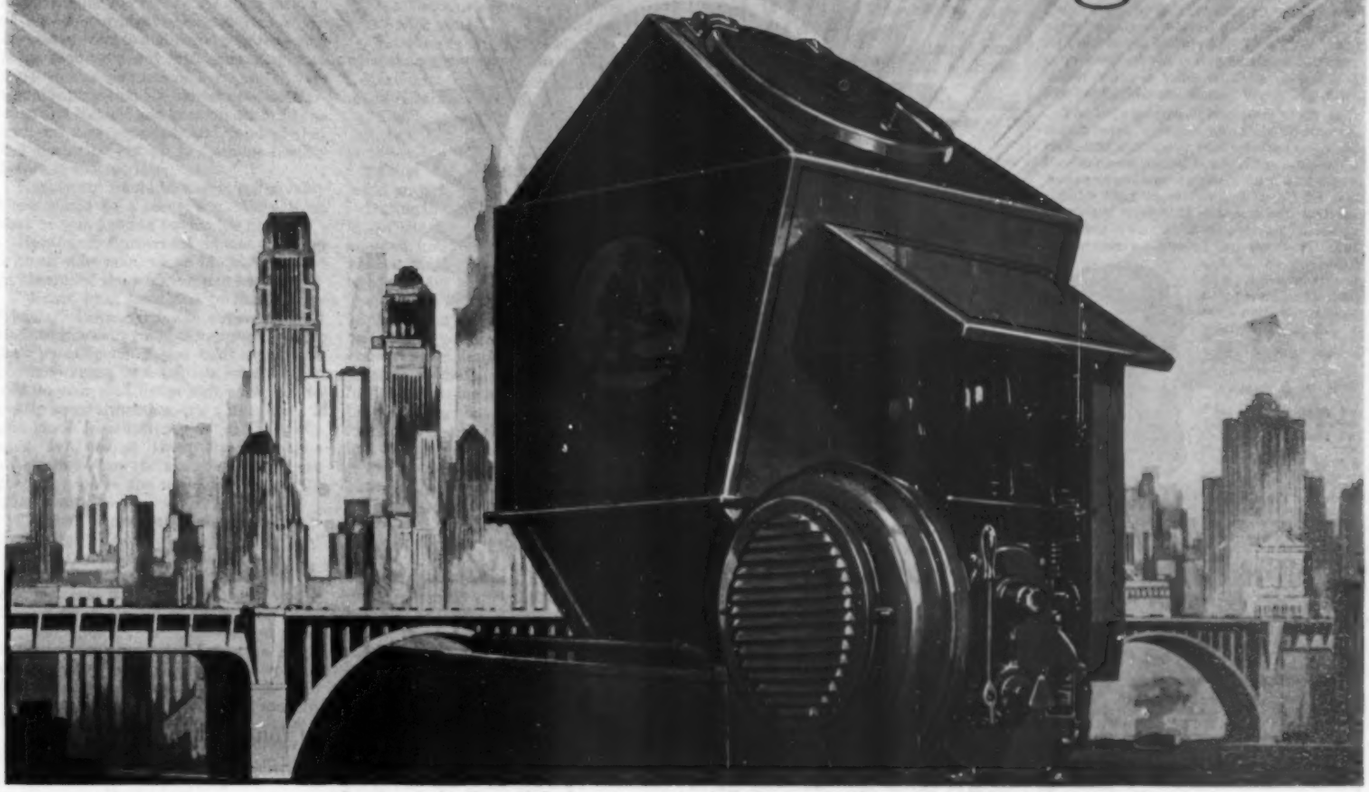

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Owensboro, Kentucky
A Division of Ken-Rad Tube & Lamp Corporation

THE BRIDAL PARTY

(Continued from Page 11)

the past and I feel sorry for you—for us—for the way we were."

Over her shoulder, Michael saw a man come toward them to cut in. In a panic he danced her away, but inevitably the man came on.

"I've got to see you alone, if only for a minute," Michael said quickly. "When can I?"

"I'll be at Jebby West's tea tomorrow," she whispered as a hand fell politely upon Michael's shoulder.

But he did not talk to her at Jebby West's tea. Rutherford stood next to her, and each brought the other into all conversations. They left early. The next morning the wedding cards arrived in the first mail.

Then Michael, grown desperate with pacing up and down his room, determined on a bold stroke; he wrote to Hamilton Rutherford, asking him for a rendezvous the following afternoon. In a short telephone communication Rutherford agreed, but for a day later than Michael had asked. And the wedding was only six days away.

They were to meet in the bar of the Hotel Jena. Michael knew what he would say: "See here, Rutherford, do you realize the responsibility you're taking in going through with this marriage? Do you realize the harvest of trouble and regret you're sowing in persuading a girl into something contrary to the instincts of her heart?" He would explain that the barrier between Caroline and himself had been an artificial one and was now removed, and demand that the matter be put up to Caroline frankly before it was too late.

Rutherford would be angry, conceivably there would be a scene, but Michael felt that he was fighting for his life now.

He found Rutherford in conversation with an older man, whom Michael had met at several of the wedding parties.

"I saw what happened to most of my friends," Rutherford was saying, "and I decided it wasn't going to happen to me. It isn't so difficult; if you take a girl with common sense, and tell her what's what, and do your stuff damn well, and play decently square with her, it's a marriage. If you stand for any nonsense at the beginning, it's one of these arrangements—within five years the man gets out, or else the girl gobbles him up and you have the usual mess."

"Right!" agreed his companion enthusiastically. "Hamilton, boy, you're right."

Michael's blood boiled slowly.

"Doesn't it strike you," he inquired coldly, "that your attitude went out of fashion about a hundred years ago?"

"No, it didn't," said Rutherford pleasantly, but impatiently. "I'm as modern as anybody. I'd get married in an aeroplane next Saturday if it'd please my girl."

"I don't mean that way of being modern. You can't take a sensitive woman ——"

"Sensitive? Women aren't so darn sensitive. It's fellows like you who are sensitive; it's fellows like you they exploit—all your devotion and kindness and all that. They read a couple of books and see a few pictures because they haven't got anything else to do, and then they say they're finer in grain than you are, and to prove it they take the bit in their teeth and tear off for a fare-you-well—just about as sensitive as a fire horse."

"Caroline happens to be sensitive," said Michael in a clipped voice.

At this point the other man got up to go; when the dispute about the check had been settled and they were alone, Rutherford leaned back to Michael as if a question had been asked him.

"Caroline's more than sensitive," he said. "She's got sense."

His combative eyes, meeting Michael's, flickered with a gray light. "This all sounds pretty crude to you, Mr. Curly, but it seems to me that the average man nowadays just asks to be made a monkey of by some woman who doesn't even get any fun out of reducing him to that level. There are darn few men who possess their wives any more, but I am going to be one of them."

To Michael it seemed time to bring the talk back to the actual situation: "Do you realize the responsibility you're taking?"

"I certainly do," interrupted Rutherford. "I'm not afraid of responsibility. I'll make the decisions—fairly, I hope, but anyhow they'll be final."

"What if you didn't start right?" said Michael impetuously. "What if your marriage isn't founded on mutual love?"

"I think I see what you mean," Rutherford said, still pleasant. "And since you've brought it up, let me say that if you and Caroline had married, it wouldn't have lasted three years. Do you know what your affair was founded on? On sorrow. You got sorry for each other. Sorrow's a lot of fun for most women and for some men, but it seems to me that a marriage ought to be based on hope." He looked at his watch and stood up.

"I've got to meet Caroline. Remember, you're coming to the bachelor dinner day after tomorrow."

Michael felt the moment slipping away. "Then Caroline's personal feelings don't count with you?" he demanded fiercely.

"Caroline's tired and upset. But she has what she wants, and that's the main thing."

"Are you referring to yourself?" demanded Michael incredulously.

"Yes."

"May I ask how long she's wanted you?"

"About two years." Before Michael could answer, he was gone.

During the next two days Michael floated in an abyss of helplessness. The idea haunted him that he had left something undone that would sever this knot drawn tighter under his eyes. He phoned Caroline, but she insisted that it was physically impossible for her to see him until the day before the wedding, for which day she granted him a tentative rendezvous. Then he went to the bachelor dinner, partly in fear of an evening alone at his hotel, partly from a feeling that by his presence at that function he was somehow nearer to Caroline, keeping her in sight.

The Ritz Bar had been prepared for the occasion by French and American banners and by a great canvas covering one wall, against which the guests were invited to concentrate their proclivities in breaking glasses.

At the first cocktail, taken at the bar, there were many slight spillings from many trembling hands, but later, with the champagne, there was a rising tide of laughter and occasional bursts of song.

Michael was surprised to find what a difference his new dinner coat, his new silk hat, his new, proud linen made in his estimate of himself; he felt less resentment toward all these people for being so rich and assured. For the first time since he had left college he felt rich and assured himself; he felt that he was part of all this, and even entered into the scheme of Johnson, the practical joker, for the appearance of the woman betrayed, now waiting tranquilly in the room across the hall.

"We don't want to go too heavy," Johnson said, "because I imagine Ham's had a pretty anxious day already. Did you see Fullman Oil's sixteen points off this morning?"

"Will that matter to him?" Michael asked, trying to keep the interest out of his voice.

"Naturally. He's in heavily; he's always in everything heavily. So far he's had luck; anyhow, up to a month ago."

The glasses were filled and emptied faster now, and men were shouting at one another across the narrow table. Against the bar a group of ushers was being photographed, and the flash light surged through the room in a stifling cloud.

"Now's the time," Johnson said. "You're to stand by the door, remember, and we're both to try and keep her from coming in—just till we get everybody's attention."

He went on out into the corridor, and Michael waited obediently by the door. Several minutes passed. Then Johnson reappeared with a curious expression on his face.

"There's something funny about this."

"Isn't the girl there?"

"She's there all right, but there's another woman there, too; and it's nobody we engaged either. She wants to see Hamilton Rutherford, and she looks as if she had something on her mind."

They went out into the hall. Planted firmly in a chair near the door sat an American girl a little the worse for liquor, but with a determined expression on her face. She looked up at them with a jerk of her head.

"Well, j'tell him?" she demanded. "The name is Marjorie Collins, and he'll know it. I've come a long way, and I want to see him now and quick, or there's going to be more trouble than you ever saw." She rose unsteadily to her feet.

"You go in and tell Ham," whispered Johnson to Michael. "Maybe he'd better get out. I'll keep her here."

Back at the table, Michael leaned close to Rutherford's ear and, with a certain grimness, whispered:

"A girl outside named Marjorie Collins says she wants to see you. She looks as if she wanted to make trouble."

Hamilton Rutherford blinked and his mouth fell ajar; then slowly the lips came together in a straight line and he said in a crisp voice:

"Please keep her there. And send the head barman to me right away."

Michael spoke to the barman, and then, without returning to the table, asked quietly for his coat and hat. Out in the hall again, he passed Johnson and the girl without speaking and went out into the Rue Cambon. Calling a cab, he gave the address of Caroline's hotel.

His place was beside her now. Not to bring bad news, but simply to be with her when her house of cards came falling around her head.

Rutherford had implied that he was soft—well, he was hard enough not to give up the girl he loved without taking advantage of every chance within the pale of honor. Should she turn away from Rutherford, she would find him there.

She was in; she was surprised when he called, but she was still dressed and would be down immediately. Presently she appeared in a dinner gown, holding two blue telegrams in her hand. They sat down in armchairs in the deserted lobby.

"But, Michael, is the dinner over?"

"I wanted to see you, so I came away."

"I'm glad." Her voice was friendly, but matter-of-fact. "Because I'd just phoned your hotel that I had fittings and rehearsals all day tomorrow. Now we can have our talk after all."

"You're tired," he guessed. "Perhaps I shouldn't have come."

"No. I was waiting up for Hamilton. Telegrams that may be important. He said he might go on somewhere, and that may mean any hour, so I'm glad I have someone to talk to."

Michael winced at the impersonality in the last phrase.

"Don't you care when he gets home?"

"Naturally," she said, laughing, "but I haven't got much say about it, have I?"

"Why not?"

"I couldn't start by telling him what he could and couldn't do."

"Why not?"

"He wouldn't stand for it."

"He seems to want merely a housekeeper," said Michael ironically.

"Tell me about your plans, Michael," she asked quickly.

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"My plans? I can't see any future after the day after tomorrow. The only real plan I ever had was to love you."

Their eyes brushed past each other's, and the look he knew so well was staring out at him from hers. Words flowed quickly from his heart:

"Let me tell you just once more how well I've loved you, never wavering for a moment, never thinking of another girl. And now when I think of all the years ahead without you, without any hope, I don't want to live, Caroline darling. I used to dream about our home, our children, about holding you in my arms and touching your face and hands and hair that used to belong to me, and now I just can't wake up."

Caroline was crying softly. "Poor Michael—poor Michael." Her hand reached out and her fingers brushed the lapel of his dinner coat. "I was so sorry for you the other night. You looked so thin, and as if you needed a new suit and somebody to take care of you." She sniffled and looked more closely at his coat. "Why, you've got a new suit! And a new silk hat! Why, Michael, how swell!" She laughed, suddenly cheerful through her tears. "You must have come into money, Michael; I never saw you so well turned out."

For a moment, at her reaction, he hated his new clothes.

"I have come into money," he said. "My grandfather left me about a quarter of a million dollars."

"Why, Michael," she cried, "how perfectly swell! I can't tell you how glad I am. I've always thought you were the sort of person who ought to have money."

"Yes, just too late to make a difference."

The revolving door from the street groaned around and Hamilton Rutherford came into the lobby. His face was flushed, his eyes were restless and impatient.

"Hello, darling; hello, Mr. Curly." He bent and kissed Caroline. "I broke away for a minute to find out if I had any telegrams. I see you've got them there." Taking them from her, he remarked to Curly, "That was an odd business there in the bar, wasn't it? Especially as I understand some of you had a joke fixed up in the same line." He opened one of the telegrams, closed it and turned to Caroline with the divided expression of a man carrying two things in his head at once.

"A girl I haven't seen for two years turned up," he said. "It seemed to be some clumsy form of blackmail, for I haven't and never have had any sort of obligation toward her whatever."

"What happened?"

"The head barman had a Sûreté Générale man there in ten minutes and it was settled in the hall. The French blackmail laws make ours look like a sweet wish, and I gather they threw a scare into her that she'll remember. But it seems wiser to tell you."

"Are you implying that I mentioned the matter?" said Michael stiffly.

"No," Rutherford said slowly. "No, you were just going to be on hand. And since you're here, I'll tell you some news that will interest you even more."

He handed Michael one telegram and opened the other.

"This is in code," Michael said.

"So is this. But I've got to know all the words pretty well this last week. The two of them together mean that I'm due to start life all over."

Michael saw Caroline's face grow a shade paler, but she sat quiet as a mouse.

"It was a mistake and I stuck to it too long," continued Rutherford. "So you see I don't have all the luck, Mr. Curly. By the way, they tell me you've come into money."

"Yes," said Michael.

"There we are, then." Rutherford turned to Caroline. "You understand, darling, that I'm not joking or exaggerating. I've lost almost every cent I had and I'm starting life over."

Two pairs of eyes were regarding her—Rutherford's noncommittal and unrequiring, Michael's hungry, tragic, pleading. In a minute she had raised herself from the chair and with a little cry thrown herself into Hamilton Rutherford's arms.

"Oh, darling," she cried, "what does it matter! It's better; I like it better, honestly I do! I want to start that way; I want to! Oh, please don't worry or be sad even for a minute!"

"All right, baby," said Rutherford. His hand stroked her hair gently for a moment; then he took his arm from around her.

"I promised to join the party for an hour," he said. "So I'll say good night, and I want you to go to bed soon and get a good sleep. Good night, Mr. Curly. I'm sorry to have let you in for all these financial matters."

But Michael had already picked up his hat and cane. "I'll go along with you," he said.

III

IT WAS such a fine morning. Michael's cutaway hadn't been delivered, so he felt rather uncomfortable passing before the cameras and moving-picture machines in front of the little church on the Avenue George-Cinq.

It was such a clean, new church that it seemed unforgivable not to be dressed properly, and Michael, white and shaky after a sleepless night, decided to stand in the rear. From there he looked at the back of Hamilton Rutherford, and the lacy, filmy back of Caroline, and the fat back of George Packman, which looked unsteady, as if it wanted to lean against the bride and groom.

The ceremony went on for a long time under the gay flags and pennons overhead, under the thick beams of June sunlight slanting down through the tall windows upon the well-dressed people.

As the procession, headed by the bride and groom, started down the aisle, Michael realized with alarm he was just where everyone would dispense with their parade stiffness, become informal and speak to him.

So it turned out. Rutherford and Caroline spoke first to him; Rutherford grim with the strain of being married, and Caroline lovelier than he had ever seen her, floating all softly down through the friends and relatives of her youth, down through the past and forward to the future by the sunlit door.

Michael managed to murmur, "Beautiful, simply beautiful," and then other people passed and spoke to him—old Mrs. Dandy, straight from her sickbed and looking remarkably well, or carrying it off like the very fine old lady she was; and Rutherford's father and mother, ten years divorced, but walking side by side and looking made for each other and proud. Then all Caroline's sisters and their husbands and her little nephews in Eton suits, and then a long parade, all speaking to Michael because he was still standing paralyzed just at that point where the procession broke.

He wondered what would happen now. Cards had been issued for a reception at the George-Cinq; an expensive enough place, heaven knew. Would Rutherford try to go through with that on top of those disastrous telegrams? Evidently, for the procession outside was streaming up there through the June morning, three by three and four by four. On the corner the long dresses of girls, five abreast, fluttered many-colored in the wind. Girls had become gossamer again, perambulatory flora; such lovely fluttering dresses in the bright noon wind.

Michael needed a drink; he couldn't face that reception line without a drink. Diving into a side doorway of the hotel, he asked for the bar, whither a *chasseur* led him through half a kilometer of new American-looking passages.

But—how did it happen?—the bar was full. There were ten—fifteen men and two—four girls, all from the wedding, all needing a drink. There were cocktails and champagne in the bar; Rutherford's cocktails and champagne, as it turned out, for he had engaged the whole bar and the ballroom and the two great reception rooms and all the stairways leading up and down, and windows looking out over the whole square block of Paris. By and by Michael went in and joined the long, slow drift of the receiving line. Through a flowery mist of "Such a lovely wedding," "My dear, you were simply lovely," "You're a lucky man, Rutherford" he passed down the line. When Michael came to Caroline, she took a single step forward and kissed him on the lips, but he felt no contact in the kiss; it was unreal and he floated on away from it. Old Mrs. Dandy, who had always liked him, held his hand for a minute and thanked him for the flowers he had sent when he heard she was ill.

"I'm so sorry not to have written; you know, we old ladies are grateful for ——" The flowers, the fact that she had not written, the wedding—Michael saw that they all had the same relative importance to her now; she had married off five other children and seen two of the marriages go to pieces, and this scene, so poignant, so confusing to Michael, appeared to her simply a familiar charade in which she had played her part before.

A buffet luncheon with champagne was already being served at small tables and there was an orchestra playing in the empty ballroom. Michael sat down with Jebby West; he was still a little embarrassed at not wearing a morning coat, but he perceived now that he was not alone in the omission and felt better. "Wasn't Caroline divine?" Jebby West said. "So entirely self-possessed. I asked her this morning if she wasn't a little nervous at stepping off like this. And she said, 'Why should I be? I've been after him for two years, and now I'm just happy, that's all.'"

"It must be true," said Michael gloomily.

"What?"

"What you just said."

He had been stabbed, but, rather to his distress, he did not feel the wound.

(Continued on Page 112)

PHOTO. BY ARTHUR G. LUND, NEW YORK

Moosehead Lake, Maine

★

THIS BUSINESS OF KEEPING YOU

SPICK AND SPAN

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The better laundries and the better cleaners-and-dyers give you better results because of Wyandotte

THERE are many laundries and many cleaning-and-dyeing establishments within your reach to which you can send your clothes with complete confidence that they will be returned not only clean, fresh and sweet-smelling, but in good condition . . . because for a third of a century a great organization has included laundering and dry-cleaning in its study of cleaning-problems, and the manufacture of specialized products to meet them.

That organization is The J. B. Ford Company, the greatest concern of its kind in the world. Its scientists are outstanding in their profession; they have worked with representatives of every industry to develop products which meet their particular needs superlatively well. And they have tremendous resources behind them.

Laundries needed a product which gently but surely would free even the most delicate fabrics of all impurities. Wyandotte produced it. Cleaners wanted something which would purify the materials they use, so they could give you better work at less cost. Dyers asked for a cleaning product which, without injury to garments, would insure their being totally free from foreign matter before dyeing. In each case, Wyandotte specialized products met the demand.

Thus, Wyandotte serves you by serving industry. Your clothes are cleaner—look better—and last longer. The bed linen in hotels you visit is spotlessly clean, because most hotels insist on Wyandotte cleanliness. The towels in great office-buildings . . . the table-linen in leading restaurants . . . these, too, are made clean with Wyandotte.

Wyandotte cleanliness is important to you, and more and more, those establishments which have been most particular about their customers' clothes have been depending on those specialized Wyandotte products made for their particular use.

If your laundry and your cleaner-and-dyer use Wyandotte, they will be glad to tell you so, because through serving them, Wyandotte serves you. The J. B. Ford Company, Wyandotte, Michigan.

The service-representatives of The J. B. Ford Company are available throughout the country, to help business-men with practical advice and assistance. A telephone call to our nearest branch — or a letter to us direct — will bring one promptly—and with no obligation.

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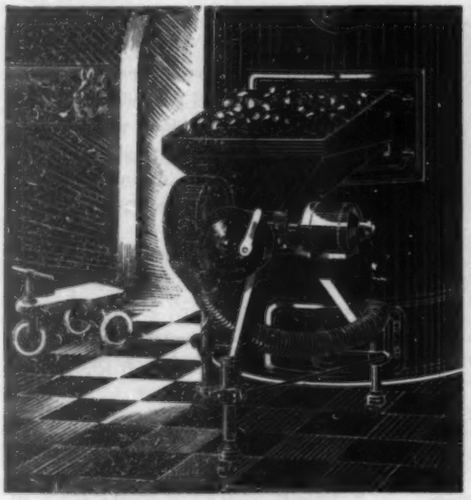

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Address .....
City ..... State .....
Type of heating plant ..... No. of rooms .....
(hot air, hot water, vapor, etc.)
SEP-8-9-72

(Continued from Page 110)

He asked Jebby to dance. Out on the floor, Rutherford's father and mother were dancing together.

"It makes me a little sad, that," she said. "Those two hadn't met for years; both of them were married again and she divorced again. She went to the station to meet him when he came over for Caroline's wedding, and invited him to stay at her house in the Avenue du Bois with a whole lot of other people, perfectly proper, but he was afraid his wife would hear about it and not like it, so he went to a hotel. Don't you think that's sort of sad?"

An hour or so later Michael realized suddenly that it was afternoon. In one corner of the ballroom an arrangement of screens like a moving-picture stage had been set up and photographers were taking official pictures of the bridal party. The bridal party, still as death and pale as wax under the bright lights, appeared, to the dancers circling the modulated semidarkness of the ballroom, like those jovial or sinister groups that one comes upon in The Old Mill at an amusement park.

After the bridal party had been photographed, there was a group of the ushers; then the bridesmaids, the families, the children. Later, Caroline, active and excited, having long since abandoned the repose implicit in her flowing dress and great bouquet, came and plucked Michael off the floor.

"Now we'll have them take one of just old friends." Her voice implied that this was best, most intimate of all. "Come here, Jebby, George—not you, Hamilton; this is just my friends—Sally ——"

A little after that, what remained of formality disappeared and the hours flowed easily down the profuse stream of champagne. In the modern fashion, Hamilton Rutherford sat at the table with his arm about an old girl of his and assured his guests, which included not a few bewildered but enthusiastic Europeans, that the party was not nearly at an end; it was to

(Continued on Page 114)

Index of Advertisers

August 9, 1930

	PAGE
Ætna Life Insurance Company and Affiliated Companies	99
Air-Maze Corp.	102
Armstrong Cork Company	30
Auburn Automobile Company	35
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.	39
Bridgeport Hdwe. Mfg. Corp., The	101
Buick Motor Company	58, 59
California Packing Corporation	II Cover
Campbell Soup Company	23
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.	115
Coca-Cola Co., The	1
Combustioneer, Inc.	112
Corbin, P. & F.	93
Crofut & Knapp Co., The	92
Cromar Company, The	100
Curtis Publishing Company, The	96, 97
Cutler-Hammer, Inc.	90
Dodge Brothers Corporation	33
Elgin National Watch Company	66, 67
Estate Stove Company, The	72, 73
Fairbanks, Morse & Co.	109
Fisher Body Corp.	28
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	106
Ford Company, The J. B.	111
Ford Motor Company	50, 51
General Baking Company	116
General Electric Company	48
Glo-Co Company	110
Goodrich Rubber Co., The B. F.	80
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	44, 45
Graham-Paige Motors Corporation	37
Gulf Refining Company	75
Hartford Fire Insurance Co., The	70
Hertel Co., The John A.	109
Hudson Motor Car Company	41
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	77
Indian Refining Company	61
Industrial Refining Co., Inc.	110
Insurance Company of North America, The	53
International Nickel Company, Inc., The	69
Invincible Metal Furniture Co.	105
Iron Fireman Manufacturing Co.	107
Ken-Rad Corporation, Incorporated, The	108
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation	103
Kroehler Mfg. Co.	III Cover
Lavoris Chemical Company	62
Lehn & Fink, Inc.	104
Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company	84
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company	81
Lorillard Company, P.	95
Mellon National Bank	88
Mennen Company, The	54
Mollé Company, The	98
Myers & Bro. Co., The F. E.	91
Nelson Corporation, The Herman	94
New Haven Clock Company, The	86
Niagara Hudson Power Corporation	113
Northern Paper Mills	85
Otwell Company, The	105
Paramount Publix Corporation	55
Philco	42
Pillsbury Flour Mills Company	89
Plymouth Motor Corporation	68
Probak Corporation	39
Process Corporation, The	110
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
RCA Radiotron Co., Inc.	47
Reo Motor Car Company	87
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	82
Sealright Co., Inc.	71
Shaw, Inc., M. T.	110
Sikes Company, The	74
Simoniz Co., The	76
Standard Statistics Company, Inc.	83
Swift & Company	25
United States Rubber Company	78
Universal Pictures	63
Vacuum Oil Company	27, 79
Washburn Crosby Co.	IV Cover
Wheeling Corrugating Company	56
White Company, The	64
Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.	114

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

"IF A MAN . . . MAKES A BETTER MOUSETRAP THAN HIS NEIGHBOR, THOUGH HE BUILD HIS HOUSE IN THE WOODS . . . THE WORLD WILL MAKE A BEATEN PATH TO HIS DOOR."

The MOUSE-TRAP MAKER *comes out of the woods*

BUSINESS hadn't been so good with the old mouse-trap maker. He still made the finest mouse-traps. Yet fewer and fewer villagers followed the proverbial "beaten path" that led through the woods to his door.

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If you are a manufacturer interested in locating your plant on a modern scientific fact basis, send for the new 28-page illustrated booklet, "New York, the Great Industrial State". It is sent without a personal follow-up. Address Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, Industrial Development Bureau, Albany, N.Y.

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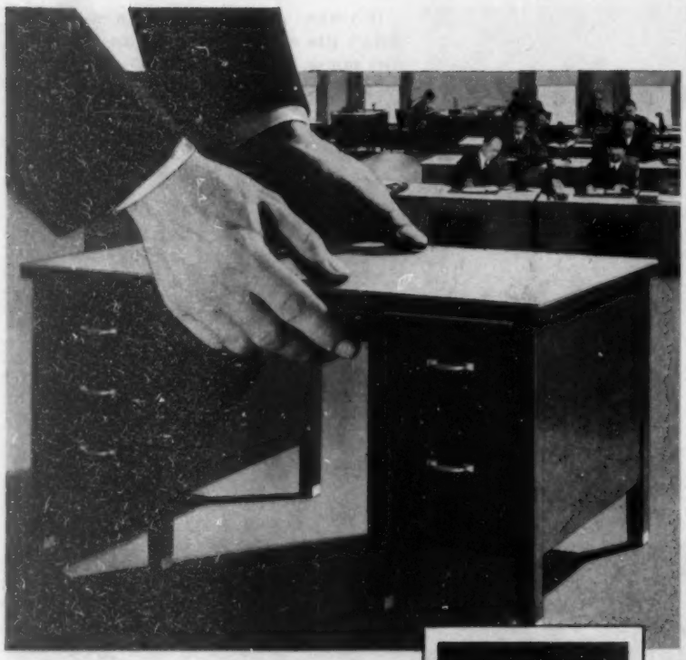

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OFFICE EQUIPMENT

STEEL AND WOOD FILING CABINETS...STEEL DESKS...STEEL SHELVING
SAFES...OFFICE SYSTEMS & SUPPLIES...BANK & LIBRARY EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 112)

reassemble at Zelli's after midnight. Michael saw Mrs. Dandy, not quite over her illness, rise to go and become caught in polite group after group, and he spoke of it to one of her daughters, who thereupon forcibly abducted her mother and called her car. Michael felt very considerate and proud of himself after having done this, and drank much more champagne.

"It's amazing," George Packman was telling him enthusiastically. "This show will cost Ham about five thousand dollars, and I understand they'll be just about his last. But did he countermand a bottle of champagne or a flower? Not he! He happens to have it—that young man. Do you know that T. G. Vance offered him a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year ten minutes before the wedding this morning? In another year he'll be back with the millionaires."

The conversation was interrupted by a plan to carry Rutherford out on communal shoulders—a plan which six of them put into effect, and then stood in the four-o'clock sunshine waving good-by to the bride and groom. But there must have been a mistake somewhere, for five minutes later Michael saw both bride and groom descending the stairway to the reception, each with a glass of champagne held defiantly on high.

"This is our way of doing things," he thought. "Generous and fresh and free; a sort of Virginia-plantation hospitality, but at a different pace now, nervous as a ticker tape."

Standing unself-consciously in the middle of the room to see which was the American ambassador, he realized with a start that he hadn't really thought of Caroline for hours. He looked about him with a sort of alarm, and then he saw her across the room, very bright and young, and radiantly happy. He saw Rutherford near her, looking at her as if he could never look long enough, and as Michael watched them they seemed to recede as he had wished them to do that day in the Rue de Castiglione—recede and fade off into joys and griefs of their own, into the years that would take the toll of Rutherford's fine pride and Caroline's young, moving beauty; fade far away, so that now he could scarcely see them, as if they were shrouded in something as misty as her white, billowing dress.

Michael was cured. The ceremonial function, with its pomp and its revelry, had stood for a sort of initiation into a life where even his regret could not follow them. All the bitterness melted out of him suddenly and the world reconstituted itself out of the youth and happiness that was all around him, profligate as the spring sunshine. He was trying to remember which one of the bridesmaids he had made a date to dine with tonight as he walked forward to bid Hamilton and Caroline Rutherford good-by.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

August 9, 1930

Cover Design by Guy Hoff

SHORT STORIES

		PAGE
The Champion From Far Away—*Ben Hecht*	*Illustrated by F. R. Gruger*	8
The Bridal Party—*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	*Illustrated by John La Gatta*	10
The Blot on Bennersville—*Brooke Hanlon*	*Illustrated by Robert W. Crowther*	12
Old Hole in One—*Sam Hellman*	*Illustrated by Austin Jewell*	16

ARTICLES

My War Diary—*Benito Mussolini*	*Photographs*	6
Tenants for the Sky Line—*Boyden Sparkes*	*Photographs*	14
They Told Barron—*Edited by Arthur Pound and Samuel Taylor Moore*	*Photographs*	21
Points South—*Garet Garrett*	*Photographs*	29

SERIALS

Charlie Chan Carries On (In six parts)—*Earl Derr Biggers*	*Illustrated by Henry Raleigh*	3
The Wrong Side of the Tracks (Second part of five)—	*Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers*	18
The Bell Bird (Third part of four)—*Henry C. Rowland*	*Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers*	24

MISCELLANY

Editorials	20
Post Scripts	22
Cartoon and Comedy	32

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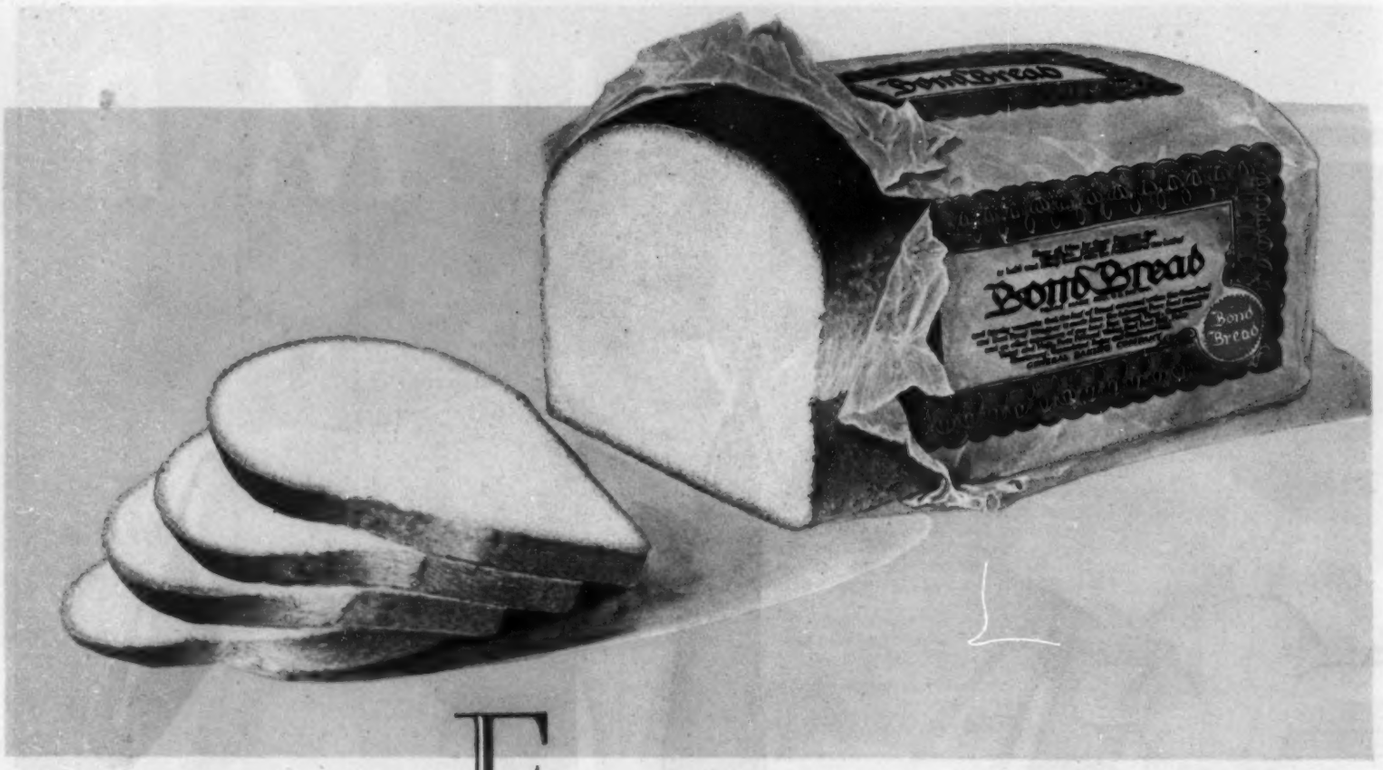

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Place the firm, even, close-knit texture of Bond beside the loose, fluffed texture of ordinary bread and ask yourself if the substantial Bond loaf isn't to be preferred. Compare the wheaty, wholesome flavor of Bond with any other, and say which must be richer in milk, sugar, yeast, and carefully blended flours. Taste Bond Bread plain just to see how rich this flavor is. Toast a few slices as another test of pure ingredients, and thorough baking.

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GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

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Sterling Quality Suite No. 443—2 Pieces $190

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Standard Quality Suite No. 244—2 Pieces $150

Large sofa of extended front design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of colorful jacquard moquette. Also available in many colors of mohair or tapestry. The two pieces priced at only $150. Extra chair where three pieces are desired, $48.50. $150

IN these new 1931 suites, Kroehler again strikes a new high note in living room furniture values. Newer and smarter designs distinguish each nationally known price group! New covering fabrics, of obvious quality and style, clothe these groups in charming new colors. The illustrations can give but a slight impression of the *super-values* represented in these new, luxuriously comfortable Kroehler suites at the moderate prices quoted. See them without delay. Selecting your new living room suite from one of these specialized Kroehler-made groups — and this applies to any one of the three price classes — will guarantee you: 1. Non-warping, life-time frame of finest hardwoods in every piece; 2. The famous Kroehler Spring Steel Underconstruction in place of ordinary webbing; 3. Styles of modern beauty; 4. Coverings of selected quality; 5. Sincere workmanship in every hidden detail, as well as in visible parts; 6. The most outstanding value in living room furniture. Invest no furniture money until you see these new and amazing *super-values* from the great Kroehler shops and with Kroehler's guarantee. A wide variety of new designs and coverings, in each price group, are being shown by Kroehler dealers everywhere. See them. Compare them. Save money. If you don't recall a Kroehler dealer nearby, write us at once. We will promptly send the name and address, also a free copy of our book, "Enjoyable Living Rooms by Kroehler". Address:

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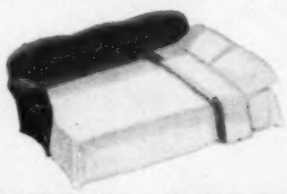
Factories at: Chicago, Illinois; Naperville, Illinois; Kankakee, Illinois; Bradley, Illinois; Dallas, Texas; Binghamton, New York; Los Angeles, California; San Francisco, California; Cleveland, Ohio. *Canadian Factories:* Stratford, Ontario, and Montreal, Quebec

All prices slightly higher in Western Canada



Either of these suites may be had with davenport bed in place of stationary davenport.

No. 1244—two pieces—$180
No. 1443—two pieces—$220
No. 1937—two pieces—$250

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